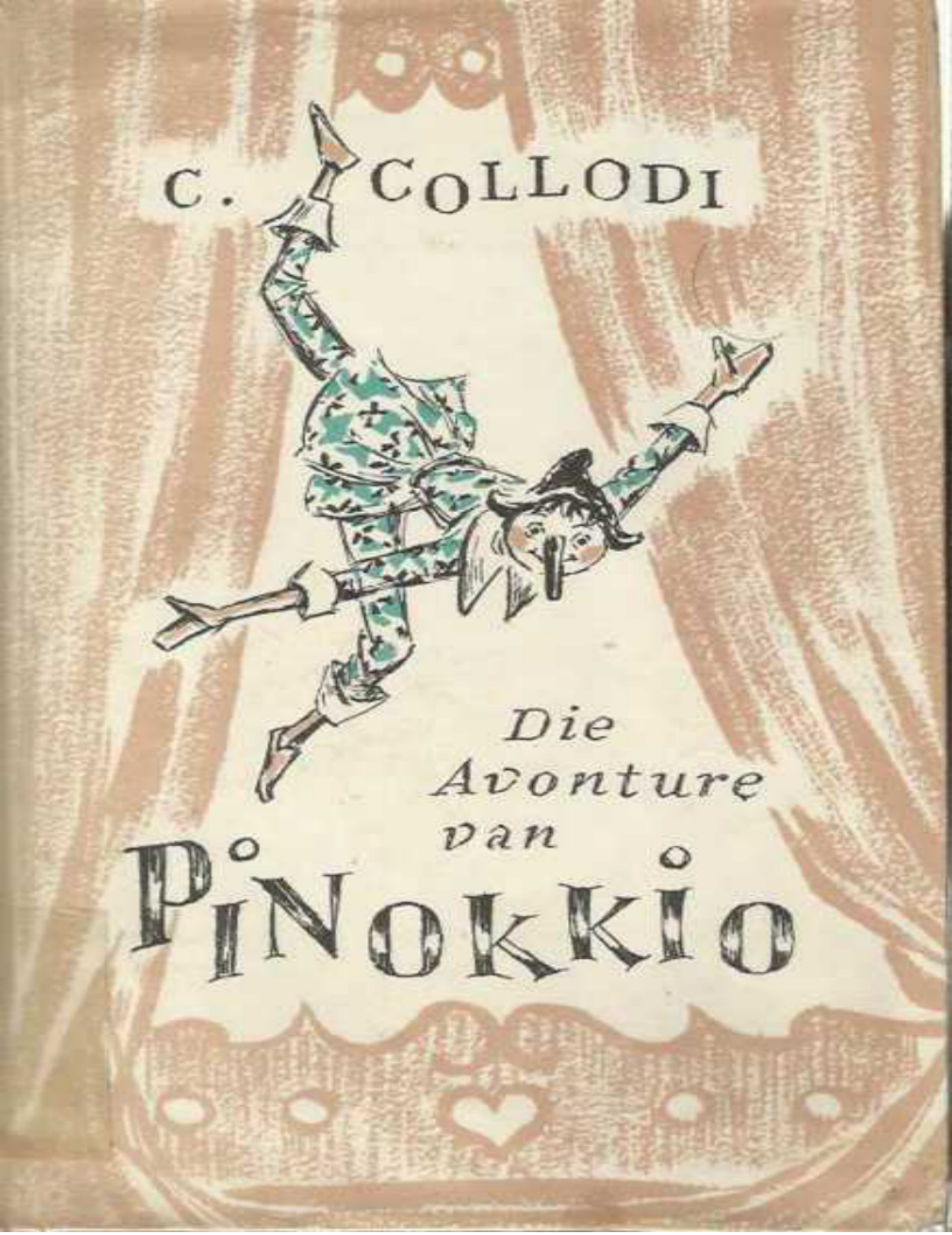

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PINOKKIO

The Adventures of Pinocchio, by

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THE ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO

by C. Collodi

[Pseudonym of Carlo Lorenzini]

Translated from the Italian by Carol Della Chiesa

Die Avonture van Pinokkio

Geoutoriseerde vertaling uit die Italiaans
deur Marie Malherbe

Gettlustreer

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CHAPTER 1

How it happened that Mastro Cherry, carpenter, found a piece of wood that wept and laughed like a child. Centuries ago there lived—
“A king!” my little readers will say immediately.

No, children, you are mistaken. Once upon a time there was a piece of wood. It was not an expensive piece of wood. Far from it. Just a common block of firewood, one of those thick, solid logs that are put on the fire in winter to make cold rooms cozy and warm.

I do not know how this really happened, yet the fact remains that one fine day this piece of wood found itself in the shop of an old carpenter. His real name was Mastro Antonio, but everyone called him Mastro Cherry, for the tip of his nose was so round and red and shiny that it looked like a ripe cherry.

As soon as he saw that piece of wood, Mastro Cherry was filled with joy. Rubbing his hands together happily, he mumbled half to himself:

“This has come in the nick of time. I shall use it to make the leg of a table.”

He grasped the hatchet quickly to peel off the bark and shape the wood. But as he was about to give it the first blow, he stood sti l with arm uplifted, for he had heard a wee, little voice say in a beseeching tone: “Please be careful! Do not hit me so hard!”

What a look of surprise shone on Mastro Cherry’s face! His funny face became sti l funnier.
He turned frightened eyes about the room to find out where that wee, little voice had come from and he saw no one! He looked under the bench—no one! He peeped inside the closet—no one! He searched among the shavings—no one! He opened the door to look up and down the street—and sti l no one!

“Oh, I see!” he then said, laughing and scratching his Wig. “It can easily be seen that I only thought I heard the tiny voice say the words! Well, well—to work once more.”

He struck a most solemn blow upon the piece of wood. “Oh, oh! You hurt!” cried the same faraway little voice.

Mastro Cherry grew dumb, his eyes popped out of his head, his mouth opened wide, and his tongue hung down on his chin.

As soon as he regained the use of his senses, he said, trembling and stuttering from fright:

“Where did that voice come from, when there is no one around? Might it be that this piece of wood has learned to weep and cry like a child? I can hardly believe it. Here it is—a piece of common firewood, good only to burn in the stove, the same as any other. Yet— might someone be hidden in it? If so, the worse for him. I’ll fix him!”

With these words, he grabbed the log with both hands and started to knock it about unmercifu ly. He threw it to the floor, against the walls of the room, and even up to the ceiling.

He listened for the tiny voice to moan and cry. He waited two minutes —nothing; five minutes—nothing; ten minutes—nothing.

“Oh, I see,” he said, trying bravely to laugh and ruffling up his wig with his hand. “It can easily be seen I only imagined I heard the tiny voice! Well, well—to work once more!”

The poor fellow was scared half to death, so he tried to sing a gay song in order to gain courage.

He set aside the hatchet and picked up the plane to make the wood smooth and even, but as he drew it to and fro, he heard the same tiny voice. This time it giggled as it spoke:

“Stop it! Oh, stop it! Ha, ha, ha! You tickle my stomach.”

This time poor Mastro Cherry fell as if shot. When he opened his eyes, he found himself sitting on the floor. His face had changed; fright had turned even the tip of his nose from red to deepest purple.

I

Hoe dit gekom het dat Baas Kers, die timmerman,
die stuk hout gevind het wat kon lag en huil soos n kind.

Lank gelede was daar …
,,n Koning! roep my lesertjies dadelik.
Nee, kinders, daar het julle dit mis. Daar was eenmaal n stuk hout…

Dit was nie n fyn soort hout nie, net n gewone stuk brandhout, soos n mens in die winter in stowe en kaggels gebruik om die vuur op te maak en die kamers te verwarm.
Ek weet werklik nie hoe dit gekom het nie, maar dis n feit
dat op n mooi dag die stuk hout beland het in die werkplek van
n ou timmerman met die naam van baas Teuns, maar almal het hom baas Kers genoem, omdat die punt van sy neus altyd geblink het en persagtig rooi was soos n ryp kersie.
Was baas Kers nie in sy skik toe hy die stuk hout sien nie!
Tevrede vrywe hy sy hande en mompel: Daardie stuk hout kom net te pas; ek sal daar n tafelpoot van maak.
So gesę, so gedaan; hy gryp dadelik die byl om die bas af te
kap en die stuk enigsins te vorm, maar net toe hy vir die eerste keer die byl daarop wil laat neerkom, bly hy met opgehewe arm staan, want daar hoor hy n baie fyn stemmetjie wat smekend sę:
Moet my tog asseblief nie te hard slaan nie!

Julie kan julle seker verbeel hoe dit vir oubaas Kers verbaas het!
Verskrik kyk hy orals rond om te sien waar die stemmetjie
vandaan gekom het, maar hy sien niemand nie! Hy kyk onder die werkbank: niemand nie; hy kyk in n kas wat altyd gesluit is: nee, niemand nie; hy kyk in die mandjie met krulle en saagsels: daar is ook niemand nie! Toe maak hy die winkeldeur oop om in die straat te kyk, maar hy kon niks sien nie! Wat kon dit tog gewees het . . ? I
Nou verstaan ek dit! sę hy toe laggend en krap sy pruik,
ek het my natuurlik verbeel dat ek die stemmetjie hoor. Kom, laat ek voortgaan! En hy vat weer die byl en gee n harde kap op die stuk hout. Eina, jy maak my seer! roep dieselfde stemmetjie verwytend.
Toe staan baas Kers asof hy versteen is; sy oë val byna uit van angs, en sy tong hang tot amper op sy ken, kompleet asof hy die waterspuwende kop van n fontein is.
Hy bewe van skrik en sodra hy weer kon praat, stotter hy:
Maar waar het die stemmetjie wat ,Eina gesę het, dan vandaan gekom ? Hier is tog gn lewende siel te sien nie! Sou die stuk hout altemit geleer het om te huil en te kla soos n kind? Dis tog te moeilik om te glo! Kyk nou na hierdie stuk hout, dis n doodgewone stuk brandhout en as jy dit in die vuur gooi, kan jy maklik n groot pot boontjies daarop gaar kook… Hoe verstaan n mens dit dan tog? Sou daar iemand binne-in wees ? Maar as dit so is, soveel te erger vir hom! Dan sal ek hom darem n skoot goed opdreun!
En terwyl hy praat, pak hy die arme stuk hout met altwee sy hande beet en begin ongenadig daarmee teen die muur te slaan.
Toe hou hy op om te luister of hy die klaende stemmetjie
weer hoor. Hy wag twee minute en hoor niks; vyf minute:

niks; tien minute: nee, niks nie!
Nou verstaan ek dit! sę hy toe en hy lag en vryf oor sy pruik. Daardie stemmetjie wat eina gesę het, het ek vir my verbeel. Wag, ek gaan maar weer voort.
En omdat hy eintlik baie bang voel, probeer hy n bietjie te neurie om homself moed te gee. Hy sit nou die byl opsy en neem n skaaf om die stuk hout netjies glad te skawe; maar terwyl hy so op en neer skaaf, hoor hy weer dieselfde stem metjie wat nou lag en sę: Hou tog op, jy kielie my oor my hele lyf!
Hierdie keer val baas Kers van skrik skoon onderstebo en toe hy sy oë weer oopmaak, merk hy dat hy plat op die grond sit. Sy gesig is onherkenbaar van skok en selfs die punt van sy neus wat anders altyd blouagtig rooi lyk, is nou donkerblou.

CHAPTER 2

Mastro Cherry gives the piece of wood to his friend Geppetto, who takes it to make himself a Marionette that wi l dance, fence, and turn somersaults.

In that very instant, a loud knock sounded on the door. “Come in,” said the carpenter, not having an atom of strength left with which to stand up.

At the words, the door opened and a dapper little old man came in. His name was Geppetto, but to the boys of the neighborhood he was Polendina,* on account of the wig he always wore which was just the color of yellow corn.

* Cornmeal mush

Geppetto had a very bad temper. Woe to the one who called him Polendina! He became as wild as a beast and no one could soothe him.

“Good day, Mastro Antonio,” said Geppetto. “What are you doing on the floor?” “I am teaching the ants their A B C’s.”
“Good luck to you!”
“What brought you here, friend Geppetto?”

“My legs. And it may flatter you to know, Mastro Antonio, that I have come to you to beg for a favor.” “Here I am, at your service,” answered the carpenter, raising himself on to his knees.
“This morning a fine idea came to me.” “Let’s hear it.”
“I thought of making myself a beautiful wooden Marionette. It must be wonderful, one that wi l be able to dance, fence, and turn somersaults. With it I intend to go around the world, to earn my crust of bread and cup of wine. What do you think of it?”

“Bravo, Polendina!” cried the same tiny voice which came from no one knew where.

On hearing himself called Polendina, Mastro Geppetto turned the color of a red pepper and, facing the carpenter, said to him angrily:

“Why do you insult me?” “Who is insulting you?” “You called me Polendina.” “I did not.”

"I suppose you think I did! Yet I KNOW it was you." "No!"
"Yes!" "No!" "Yes!"
And growing angrier each moment, they went from words to blows, and finally began to scratch and bite and slap each other.

When the fight was over, Mastro Antonio had Geppetto's yellow wig in his hands and Geppetto found the carpenter's curly wig in his mouth.

"Give me back my wig!" shouted Mastro Antonio in a surly voice. "You return mine and we'll be friends."
The two little old men, each with his own wig back on his own head, shook hands and swore to be good friends for the rest of their lives.

"Well then, Mastro Geppetto," said the carpenter, to show he bore him no ill will, "what is it you want?" "I want a piece of wood to make a Marionette. Wi l you give it to me?"
Mastro Antonio, very glad indeed, went immediately to his bench to get the piece of wood which had frightened him so much. But as he was about to give it to his friend, with a violent jerk it slipped out of his hands and hit against poor Geppetto's thin legs.

"Ah! Is this the gentle way, Mastro Antonio, in which you make your gifts? You have made me almost lame!" "I swear to you I did not do it!"
"It was I, of course!"

"It's the fault of this piece of wood."
"You're right; but remember you were the one to throw it at my legs."
"I did not throw it!"
"Liar!"

"Geppetto, do not insult me or I shall call you Polendina." "Idiot."
"Polendina!" "Donkey!" "Polendina!" "Ugly monkey!" "Polendina!"
On hearing himself called Polendina for the third time, Geppetto lost his head with rage and threw himself upon the carpenter. Then and there they gave each other a sound thrashing.

After this fight, Mastro Antonio had two more scratches on his nose, and Geppetto had two buttons missing from his coat. Thus having settled their accounts, they shook hands and swore to be good friends for the rest of their lives.

Then Geppetto took the fine piece of wood, thanked Mastro Antonio,

and limped away toward home.

2

Baas Kers gee die stuk hout aan sy vriendjaap present.

Op daardie oomblik klop daar iemand.
Binne! roep die timmerman, maar hy het nie die krag om op te staan nie.
n Vietse ou mannetjie met die naam van Jaap kom toe
in. Mieliepruik was die bynaam wat die seuns van die buurt agter hom aangeroep het as hulle hom woedend wou maak, omdat sy geel pruik kompleet soos die baard van n mieliekop gelyk het.
Goeiemore, baas Teuns! sę Jaap. Wat maak jy daar op
die grond?
Ek leer die miere reken!
Mag dit jou goed bekom.
Wat bring jou na my, baas Jaap?
My bene. Jy sien, baas Tetms, ek kom jou n guns vra.
Vra maar! antwoord die timmerman, terwyl hy hom op sy knieë oplig.
Ek het vanmóre n idee gekry.
Laat maar hoor!
Ek het so by myself gedink, sę nou ek maak n mooi houtpop, maar n baie besonderse ene wat kan dans, skerm en

A
bolmaldesie slaan. Met so n marionet kan ek dan rondreis em geld te verdien. Wat dink jy van die plan ?
,,Mooi so, Mieliepruik! roep die stemmetjie weer.
Toe hy homself Mielieprnik hoor noem, word baas Jaap so rooi soos n rissie; briesend draai hy na die timmerman en gkreeu woedend:
Hoekom beledig jy my?
Wie beledig jou hier?
Nou wil jy seker voorgee dat ék dit gedoen het! Ek sę dat
jy dit gedoen het!
Is nie!
Dit is!
Is nie! Is'
En hulle raak al hoe meer opgewonde; van woorde kom dade, hulle gryp mekaar aan die hare en krap en byt en takel mekaar net lelik toe.
Toe die geveg op n end was, vind baas Teuns dat hy Jaap se geel pruik in sy hand hou en Jaap merk dat hy die timmerman se peper-en-sout pruik in sy mond het!
Gee my pruik! sę baas Teuns uitasem.

Sal jy dan myne gee en sal ons vrede maak?
Nadat altwee die ou mannetjies hul eie pruike terug het, gee hulle mekaar die hand en sweer om nou vir die res van hul lewe vriende te bly, wat ook al gebeur.
Nou ja, en nou, vriend Jaap, sę die timmerman as bewys dat die vrede gesluit is, wat kan ek nou vir jou doen?
Ek wil graag n stukkie hout van jou hę om die marionet van te maak. Sal jy dit vir my gee ?
Baie in sy skik loop baas Teuns dadelik na sy werkbank om die stuk hout te haal wat hom alreeds soveel angs besorg het. Maar net toe hy dit aan Jaap wil oorhandig, gee dit hom skielik
n skop, gly uit sy hand en kom met n harde slag teen Jaap se uitgedroogde kuite te lande.
Ai, baas Teuns, is dit nou n manier om iemand n present te gee ? Jy het my amper kruppel gemaak!
Ek sweer dis nie ek nie!
So, dink jy dan altemit dat dit my skuld was?
Dis heeltemal die skuld van daardie stuk hout . .
Natuurlik het die hout dit gedoen, maar jy het daarmee teen my been geslaan!
Ek het nie!
Leuenaar!
Jaap, moenie my beledig nie, anders noem ek jou Mieliepruik!
Esel!
Mieliepruik!
Domkop!
Mieliepruik!
,,Lelike aap!
Miehepruik!
Toe Jaap darem vir die derde keer daardie Mieliepruik hoor, word hy blind van woede, dam die timmerman by en die twee slaan mekaar dat dit gons.
Toe die geveg oor was, het baas Teuns nog twee ekstra krap—
pe op sy neus, en daar was knope af van Jaap se baadjie. Na hulle op hierdie manier hul rekening vereffen het, druk hulle mekaar die hand en sweer weer lewenslange goeie vriendskap.
Daarna vat Jaap sy stuk hout onder die arm, bedank vir baas
Teuns en gaan kruppel-kruppel na sy huis.

CHAPTER 3

As soon as he gets home, Geppetto fashions the Marionette and calls it Pinocchio. The first pranks of the Marionette.

Little as Geppetto's house was, it was neat and comfortable. It was a small room on the ground floor, with a tiny window under the stairway. The furniture could not have been much simpler: a very old chair, a rickety old bed, and a tumble-down table. A fireplace full of burning logs was painted on the wall opposite the door. Over the fire, there was painted a pot fu l of something which kept boiling happily away and sending up clouds of what looked like real steam.

As soon as he reached home, Geppetto took his tools and began to cut and shape the wood into a Marionette.

"What shall I call him?" he said to himself. "I think I' l call him PINOCCHIO. This name wi l make his fortune. I knew a whole family of Pinocchi once—Pinocchio the father, Pinocchia the mother, and Pinocchi the children—and they were all lucky. The richest of
them begged for his living."

After choosing the name for his Marionette, Geppetto set seriously to work to make the hair, the forehead, the eyes. Fancy his surprise when he noticed that these eyes moved and then stared fixedly at him. Geppetto, seeing this, felt insulted and said in a grieved tone:

"Ugly wooden eyes, why do you stare so?" There was no answer.
After the eyes, Geppetto made the nose, which began to stretch as soon as finished. It stretched and stretched and stretched ti l it became so long, it seemed endless.

Poor Geppetto kept cutting it and cutting it, but the more he cut, the longer grew that impertinent nose. In despair he let it alone. Next he made the mouth.
No sooner was it finished than it began to laugh and poke fun at him.
"Stop laughing!" said Geppetto angrily; but he might as well have spoken to the wall. "Stop laughing, I say!" he roared in a voice of thunder.
The mouth stopped laughing, but it stuck out a long tongue.

Not wishing to start an argument, Geppetto made believe he saw

nothing and went on with his work. After the mouth, he made the chin, then the neck, the shoulders, the stomach, the arms, and the hands.

As he was about to put the last touches on the finger tips, Geppetto felt his wig being pu led off. He glanced up and what did he see? His yellow wig was in the Marionette's hand. "Pinocchio, give me my wig!"

But instead of giving it back, Pinocchio put it on his own head, which was half swallowed up in it.

At that unexpected trick, Geppetto became very sad and downcast, more so than he had ever been before.

"Pinocchio, you wicked boy!" he cried out. "You are not yet finished, and you start out by being impudent to your poor old father. Very bad, my son, very bad!"

And he wiped away a tear.

The legs and feet sti l had to be made. As soon as they were done, Geppetto felt a sharp kick on the tip of his nose. "I deserve it!" he said to himself. "I should have thought of this before I made him. Now it's too late!"
He took hold of the Marionette under the arms and put him on the floor to teach him to walk.

Pinocchio's legs were so stiff that he could not move them, and Geppetto held his hand and showed him how to put out one foot after the other.

When his legs were limbered up, Pinocchio started walking by himself and ran all around the room. He came to the open door, and with one leap he was out into the street. Away he flew!

Poor Geppetto ran after him but was unable to catch him, for Pinocchio ran in leaps and bounds, his two wooden feet, as they beat on the stones of the street, making as much noise as twenty peasants in wooden shoes.

"Catch him! Catch him!" Geppetto kept shouting. But the people in the street, seeing a wooden Marionette running like the wind, stood still to stare and to laugh until they cried.

At last, by sheer luck, a Carabineer* happened along, who, hearing all that noise, thought that it might be a runaway colt, and stood bravely in the middle of the street, with legs wide apart, firmly resolved to stop it and prevent any trouble.

* A military policeman

Pinocchio saw the Carabineer from afar and tried his best to escape between the legs of the big fellow, but without success. The Carabineer grabbed him by the nose (it was an extremely long one and seemed made on purpose for that very thing) and
returned him to Mastro Geppetto.

The little old man wanted to pull Pinocchio's ears. Think how he felt when, upon searching for them, he discovered that he had forgotten to make them!

All he could do was to seize Pinocchio by the back of the neck and take him home. As he was doing so, he shook him two or three times and said to him angrily:

"We're going home now. When we get home, then we' l settle this matter!"

Pinocchio, on hearing this, threw himself on the ground and refused to take another step. One person after another gathered around the two.
Some said one thing, some another.

"Poor Marionette," called out a man. "I am not surprised he doesn't want to go home. Geppetto, no doubt, will beat him unmercifully, he is so mean and cruel!"

"Geppetto looks like a good man," added another, "but with boys he's a real tyrant. If we leave that poor Marionette in his hands he may tear him to pieces!"

They said so much that, finally, the Carabineer ended matters by setting Pinocchio at liberty and dragging Geppetto to prison. The poor old fellow did not know how to defend himself, but wept and wailed like a child and said between his sobs:

"Ungrateful boy! To think I tried so hard to make you a well-behaved Marionette! I deserve it, however! I should have given the matter

more thought.”

What happened after this is an almost unbelievable story, but you may read it, dear children, in the chapters that follow.

3
Tuis gekom, het Jaap dadelik aan sy houtpop begin en hom die naam Pinokkio gegee. Eerste kwajongstreke van die pop.

Nou moet ek julle eers vertel dat Jaap se hele huis bestaan het uit een kamertjie op die onderste verdieping en dat dit sy lig onderdeur n trap gekry het. Die meubels kon seker nie eenvoudiger gewees het nie: n stukkende stoel, n mankolieke bed en n reggemaakte tafel.
Teen die agterste muur was n skoorsteen met n vuurtjie daaronder, maar die vuur was geskilder, en bokant die vuur was daar n pot geskilder wat gesellig kook en n wolk van stoom versprei, kompleet nes regte stoom.
Dadelik toe hy tuis kom, vat Jaap sy gereedskap en begin aan die hout te sny om die pop te vorm.
Hoe sal ek hom noem? sę hy by homself. Hy moet maar Pinokkio heet, dié naam sal my seker geluk bring. Ek het n hele Pinokkio-familie geken - Vader Pinokkio, Moeder Pinokkio en n klomp kinders Pinokkio en hulle was baie voor-spoedig. Die rykste van hulle het altyd gaan bedel.
Toe hy n naam vir sy pop gevind het, begin hy vol ywer te werk en maak eerste Pinokkio se hare, toe sy voorkop en daarna sy oë. Net toe die oë klaar was, merk hy - verbeel julle sy verbasing - dat die oe kan roer en hom stip aanstaar!
Toe Jaap sien dat die houtoë hom so aankyk, word hy n bietjie kwaad en sę bitsig:
Haai, lelike houtoë, hoekom kyk julle so na my?
Daar was geen antwoord nie.
Na die oë maak hy die neus; maar skaars was dié klaar, of dit begin te groei en te groei, sodat dit na n paar minute n reus van n neus was.
Die stomme Jaap het sy bes gedoen om dit weer af te sny,
maar hoe meer hy afsny en inkort, hoe langer word die brutale neus. Toe laat hy dit maar staan.
Na die neus maak hy die mond. Dié was nog nie heeltemal
klaar nie of dit begin al te lag en grappies te maak.
Maar sal jy ophou met daardie gelag? brom Jaap vererg. Hy kon maar net so goed met die muur gepraat het.
Hou op met lag, sę ek! skreeu hy dreigend.
Toe lag die mond nie meer nie, maar steek net so ver soos hy kan sy tong uit.

Om die saak nie te vererger nie, maak Jaap of hy niks merk
nie en werk verder. Eers aan die ken, toe aan die nek, skouers, maag, arms en eindelik het hy die hande gemaak.
Sodra die hande klaar was, voel Jaap dat die pruik van sy kop gelig word. Hy kyk en wat sal hy sien! Die pop het sy pruik beet!
Pinokkio, gee my dadelik my pruik terug! raás hy.
Maar in plaas van dit terug te gee, sit Pinokkio die pruik op sy eie kop, wat amper daarin verdrink. Jaap het so bedroef en ongelukkig oor hierdie brutale, spottende handelwyse geword soos nog nooit tevore in sy hele lewe nie. Hy draai hom na Pinokkio en sę: *
Jou niksnuts van n seun, jy is nog nie eens klaar nie en nou
begin jy al om so min eerbied vir jou vader te toon. Dis baie lclik van jou, my seun, baie lelik! En hy vee n traan weg.
Nou moes die bene en die voete nog gemaak word.
Toe Jaap die voete klaar het, kry hy n skop teen sy neus.
Dit verdien ek, sę hy toe by homself. Ek moes eerder daaraan gedink het. Nou is dit te laat. Daarop vat hy die pop onder sy arm en sit hom op die vloer om hom te laat loop.
Pinokkio se bene was styf en eers kon hy hom glad nie roer nie. Jaap het egter sy hand vasgehou en hom geleer hoe om een voetjie na die ander te versit. Sodra sy bene n bietjie losser word, begin hy alleen deur die kamer te loop en toe hy by die deur kom, gee hy net een spring na die straat en weg is hy!
Die arme Jaap hoi hom agterna, maar kon hom nie inhaal nie, omdat die deugniet van n Pinokkio soos n haas spring en met sy houtvoete só op die straatstene klepper dat dit raas soos twintig paar houtskoene.
Vang hom, vang hom! skreeu Jaap, maar die mense in die straat, wat die pop sien hardloop soos n resiesperd, bly verbaas staan en kyk en lag. Ja, hulle lag en lag; julle kan nie dink hoe hulle gelag het nie!
Gelukkig kom daar toevallig n soldaat verby wat, toe hy die lawaai hoor, meen dat dit n perd is wat op hoi gegaan het. Ewe dapper gaan staan hy wydsbeen in die middel van die straat, vasbeslote om die dier tot staan te bring en erger ongelukke te voorkom.
Toe Pinokkio in die verte die soldaat sien wat so dwarsoor die straat keer, probeer hy om onverwags tussen sy bene deur te glip, dog sy poging misluk.
Die soldaat bly net so staan en gryp hom netjies aan sy neus
(dit was ook so n ekstra groot neus dat dit gelyk het of hy eintlik bedoel was om deur dieners beetgepak te word) en gee hom aan Jaap. Jaap wou hom n les leer en sy ore flink trek. Maar stel julle sy verbasing voor toe hy die ore soek en hulle nie kon vind nie! En weet julle hoe dit gekom het ? Omdat hy in sy groot haas om klaar te kry, glad vergeet het om vir Pinokkio ore te gee.
Toe gryp hy hom aan sy nek, en op pad huis toe sę hy dreigend,

terwyl hy sy kop skud:
Ons gaan huis toe en jy kan my glo, dáár sal ek met jou afreken.
Hierdie aankondiging maak dat Pinokkio hom op die grond
gooi en weier om verder te loop. Dadelik kom allerhande nuuskieriges en leeglopers rondom hulle staan en veroorsaak n hele opstootjie.
Die een sę dit en die ander dat.
Arme pop! sę party. Hy sal seker n goeie rede hę waarom hy nie huis toe wil gaan nie! Wie weet hoe Jaap hom miskien mishandel.
En ander sę weer boosaardig:
Ja, die Jaap lyk verniet so goed, hy is n tiran vir seuns. As ons die arme pop in sy mag laat, is hy in staat en slaan hom uitmekaar!
Kortom, hulle het so n opskudding veroorsaak dat die soldaat
vir Pinokkio los en vir Jaap na die tronk vat, en dié kon nie dadelik dink wat om te sę nie. Maar terwyl hy loop, snik en huil hy soos n kind en stotter:
Die ellendige seun! As ek daaraan dink hoeveel moeite dit my gekos het om n goeie pop van hom te maak! Ek moes eerder oor dit alles gedink het …
Julle sal skaars kan glo wat hierna gebeur het. Ek sal dit in
die volgende hoofstukke vir julle vertel.

CHAPTER 4

The story of Pinocchio and the Talking Cricket, in which one sees that bad children do not like to be corrected by those who know more than they do.

Very little time did it take to get poor old Geppetto to prison. In the meantime that rascal, Pinocchio, free now from the clutches of the Carabineer, was running wildly across fields and meadows, taking one short cut after another toward home. In his wild flight, he leaped over brambles and bushes, and across brooks and ponds, as if he were a goat or a hare chased by hounds.

On reaching home, he found the house door half open. He slipped into the room, locked the door, and threw himself on the floor, happy at his escape.

But his happiness lasted only a short time, for just then he heard someone saying: “Cri-cri-cri!”
“Who is calling me?” asked Pinocchio, greatly frightened. “I am!”
Pinocchio turned and saw a large cricket crawling slowly up the wall.
“Tell me, Cricket, who are you?”
“I am the Talking Cricket and I have been living in this room for more than one hundred years.”

“Today, however, this room is mine,” said the Marionette, “and if you wish to do me a favor, get out now, and don’t turn around even once.”

“I refuse to leave this spot,” answered the Cricket, “until I have told you a great truth.” “Tell it, then, and hurry.”
“Woe to boys who refuse to obey their parents and run away from home! They wi l never be happy in this world, and when they are older they wi l be very sorry for it.”

“Sing on, Cricket mine, as you please. What I know is, that tomorrow, at dawn, I leave this place forever. If I stay here the same thing wi l happen to me which happens to all other boys and girls. They are sent to school, and whether they want to or not, they must study. As for me, let me tell you, I hate to study! It’s much more fun, I think, to chase after butterflies, climb trees, and steal birds’ nests.”

“Poor little si ly! Don’t you know that if you go on like that, you will

grow into a perfect donkey and that you'll be the laughingstock of everyone?"
"Keep sti l, you ugly Cricket!" cried Pinocchio.

But the Cricket, who was a wise old philosopher, instead of being offended at Pinocchio's impudence, continued in the same tone: "If you do not like going to school, why don't you at least learn a trade, so that you can earn an honest living?"
"Shall I tell you something?" asked Pinocchio, who was beginning to lose patience. "Of all the trades in the world, there is only one that really suits me."

"And what can that be?"

"That of eating, drinking, sleeping, playing, and wandering around from morning ti l night."

"Let me tell you, for your own good, Pinocchio," said the Talking Cricket in his calm voice, "that those who follow that trade always end up in the hospital or in prison."

"Careful, ugly Cricket! If you make me angry, you' l be sorry!" "Poor Pinocchio, I am sorry for you."
"Why?"

"Because you are a Marionette and, what is much worse, you have a wooden head."

At these last words, Pinocchio jumped up in a fury, took a hammer from the bench, and threw it with all his strength at the Talking Cricket.

Perhaps he did not think he would strike it. But, sad to relate, my dear children, he did hit the Cricket, straight on its head. With a last weak "cri-cri-cri" the poor Cricket fell from the wall, dead!

4
Die geskiedenis van Pinokkio en die Pratende Kriek,
waaruit n mens kan sien hoe stout kinders nie ore het nie.

Verbeel julle tog, kinders, terwyl die arme Jaap tronk toe ge-neem word, het die ondeunde Pinokkio aan die hardloop ge-gaan, sommer dwarsoor die veld, om maar gou by die huis te kom. En in die hardloop spring hy toe oor vore en slote vol water net so behendig

soos n bokkie of n hasie wat deur jag-ters agtervolg word.
Toe hy tuis kom, vind hy die voordeur op n skrefie. Hy stoot dit gou oop, glip na binne en sodra hy die skuif opgesit het, gaan hy met n sug van verligting plat op die grond sit. Maar hierdie stemming duur nie lank nie, want daar hoor hy in die kamer n stem wat sę:
Kri-kri-kri!
Wie roep daar? vra Pinokkio benoud.
Dis ek!
Pinokkio draai om en sien n vet ou kriek, wat stadig teen die muur opklim.
Haai, Kriekie, wie is jy eintlik?
Ek is die Praat-Kriek en woon al langer as honderd jaar in hierdie kamer.
Maar nou is dit my kamer, sę die pop brutaal, en as jy my
n plesier wil doen, verkas jy nou op die daad en kyk nie eens om nie.
Ek kan nie hier weggaan, antwoord die kriek, voor ek jou
goed die waarheid vertel het nie.
Nou toe dan, maar maak gou!
Wee die seuns wat ongehoorsaam aan hul ouers is en som-mer vir n gril wegloop van die huis! Dit sal nooit goed met hulle gaan nie en vroeër of later sal dit hulle bitter berou.
Klets maar, Kriekie; ek is tog van plan om móreoggend vroeg hier weg te gaan; want as ek hier bly, gebeur daar met my wat met al die kinders gebeur, en dit is dat ek skool toe gestuur word en dan sal ek, of ek nou lus het of nie, moet leer. En tussen ons gesę, daarvoor het ek geen lus nie; ek gaan baie Hewers skoenlappers vang of boomklim en voëlnessies uithaal.
Arme domkop! Weet jy dan nie dat jy op daardie manier
later n esel van die ergste soort sal word en dat almal met jou die gek sal skeer nie?
Hbu jou mond, Kriek, met jou ongeluksvoorspellings!
skreeu Pinokkio verontwaardig.
Maar die kriek wat geduldig en verstandig was, neem hom hierdie onhebbelikheid glad nie kwalik nie en gaan op dieselfde toon voort: En as dit jou nie aanstaan om skool toe te gaan nie, hoekom leer jy dan nie ten minste n ambag om eerlik jou brood te kan verdien nie ?
Sal ek jou iets sę? antwoord Pinokkio, wat al ongeduldiger
word. Daar is maar één ambag op die węreld waarvan ek sou hou.
En dit is?
Eet, drink, slaap en pret maak en van die more tot die aand rondswerf.
Laat ek jou dan n bietjie reghelp, antwoord die Praat-Kriek nog net so kalm soos tevore. Byna almal wat daardie ambag kies, my vriendjie, beland uiteindelik in n hospitaal, of in die tronk.
Pas op, lelike Kriek, met jou ongeluksvoorspellings! As dit vir my te

erg word, raai ek jou, pas op!
Arme ou Pinokkio, ek is sowaar jammer vir jou!
Hoekom kry jy my jammer?
Oor jy n poppekas-pop is en wat erger is, oor jy met jou houtkop n domkop is!
By die laaste woorde spring Pinokkio briesend orent, gryp
n houthamer van die werkbank en smyt dit na die Praat-Kriek.
Miskien het hy glad nie bedoel om hom raak te gooi nie, maar
ongelukkig tref hy hom juis teen sy kop, sodat die arme kriek nog net asem genoeg oor het om kri-kri-kri te sę; daarna bly hy platgeslaan teen die muur klewe.

CHAPTER 5

Pinocchio is hungry and looks for an egg to cook himself an omelet; but, to his surprise, the omelet flies out of the window.

If the Cricket's death scared Pinocchio at all, it was only for a very few moments. For, as night came on, a queer, empty feeling at the pit of his stomach reminded the Marionette that he had eaten nothing as yet.

A boy's appetite grows very fast, and in a few moments the queer, empty feeling had become hunger, and the hunger grew bigger and bigger, until soon he was as ravenous as a bear.

Poor Pinocchio ran to the fireplace where the pot was boiling and stretched out his hand to take the cover off, but to his amazement the pot was only painted! Think how he felt! His long nose became at least two inches longer.

He ran about the room, dug in all the boxes and drawers, and even looked under the bed in search of a piece of bread, hard though it might be, or a cookie, or perhaps a bit of fish. A bone left by a dog would have tasted good to him! But he found nothing.

And meanwhile his hunger grew and grew. The only relief poor Pinocchio had was to yawn; and he certainly did yawn, such a big yawn that his mouth stretched out to the tips of his ears. Soon he became dizzy and faint. He wept and wailed to himself: "The Talking Cricket was right. It was wrong of me to disobey Father and to run away from home. If he were here now, I wouldn't be so hungry! Oh, how horrible it is to be hungry!"

Suddenly, he saw, among the sweepings in a corner, something round and white that looked very much like a hen's egg. In a jiffy he pounced upon it. It was an egg.

The Marionette's joy knew no bounds. It is impossible to describe it, you must picture it to yourself. Certain that he was dreaming, he turned the egg over and over in his hands, fondled it, kissed it, and talked to it:

"And now, how shall I cook you? Shall I make an omelet? No, it is

better to fry you in a pan! Or shall I drink you? No, the best way is to fry you in the pan. You will taste better."
No sooner said than done. He placed a little pan over a foot warmer full of hot coals. In the pan, instead of oil or butter, he poured a little water. As soon as the water started to boil—tac!—he broke the eggshell. But in place of the white and the yolk of the egg, a
little yellow Chick, fluffy and gay and smiling, escaped from it. Bowing politely to Pinocchio, he said to him:

"Many, many thanks, indeed, Mr. Pinocchio, for having saved me the trouble of breaking my shell! Good-by and good luck to you and remember me to the family!"

With these words he spread out his wings and, darting to the open window, he flew away into space till he was out of sight.

The poor Marionette stood as if turned to stone, with wide eyes, open mouth, and the empty halves of the eggshell in his hands. When he came to himself, he began to cry and shriek at the top of his lungs, stamping his feet on the ground and wailing all the while:

"The Talking Cricket was right! If I had not run away from home and if Father were here now, I should not be dying of hunger. Oh, how horrible it is to be hungry!"

And as his stomach kept grumbling more than ever and he had nothing to quiet it with, he thought of going out for a walk to the near-by vi lage, in the hope of finding some charitable person who might give him a bit of bread.

5
Pinokkio het honger en soek na n eier om te bak,
maar onverwags vlieg die eier by die venster uit.

Intussen begin dit donker word en Pinokkio, wat daaraan dink dat hy nog niks geëet het nie, kry n aaklige gevoel in sy maag, wat verbasend baie na lus vir kos lyk.
Honger groei by n seun mos gou, en binne n paar minute
het die lus gegroei tot honger en die honger word in n oomblik
n honger soos dié van n wolf, n honger om van te beswyk.
Die arme ou Pinokkio loop haastig na die vuur waarbo n kokende pot hang en wil die deksel aflig om te sien wat daarin is - maar die pot is op die muur geskilder.
Hy staan beteuterd en kyk! Sy neus wat tog al so lank was, rek nog

goed vier vinger langer.
Daarop loop hy haastig deur die kamer, snuffel in al die laaie en hoeke om n stukkie brood te vind, al was dit maar n uitgedroogde stukkie of n korsie, of anders maar n beentjie vir die hond, n visgraatjie, n kersiepitjie, of wát ook al, al was dit net iets om te kou; maar hy vind niks nie; geheel en al niks nie.
En sy honger word al erger en erger, en die arme Pinokkio kon daar niks aan doen nie, net maar gaap; en hy gaap so dat sy mond partykeer amper tot by sy ore oopgaan. En as hy dan so gegaap het, word hy so naar op sy maag dat hy gn raad weet nie.

Wanhopig begin hy te huil en hy snik:
Die Praat-Kriek het gelyk gehad! Ek het verkeerd gedoen om ongehoorsaam te wees aan my vader en uit die huis uit te loop … As my vadertjie nou hier was, sou ek my nie amper dood hoef te gaap nie. O, watter vreeslike siekte is honger tog nie!
Skielik verbeel hy hom dat hy in n hopie saagsels iets rond en wit sien wat kompleet na n eier lyk. Met een sprong is hy daarby en gryp dit. Dit is werklik n eier!
Dis onmoontlik om vir julle sy vreugde te beskrywe, maar julle sal dit vir julle kan voorstel. Omdat hy so half en half dink dat hy droom, draai hy die eier rond in sy hande, tik daarteen en soen dit.
Eindelik vra hy vir homself:
Ja, hoe sal ek dit nou berei ? Sal ek roer-eiers maak in n pan
… of is dit miskien lekkerder gebak? Miskien slal dit nog lekkerder smaak as dit aan altwee kante gebak word! Ek kan dit ook sag kook. Nee, dis tog maar die gouste om dit in n pannetjie te bak; ek is tog te lus om dit gou op te eet!
So gesę, so gedaan. Hy sit n pannetjie op n tessie met
gloeiende kole, gooi water in plek van botter of olie daarin, en toe die water begin kook, slaan hy, tik … die dop stukkend, om die eier in die pan te laat val.
Maar in plaas van die wit en geel kom daar n vrolike,
beleefde kuikentjie uit, wat met n netjiese buiginkie vir hom sę:
Baie dankie, meneer Pinokkio, dat u my die moeite gespaar het om die dop deur te breek. Tot siens, alles van die beste, en groete tuis!
Daarop sprei hy sy vlerkies uit, vlieg deur die venster en
is in n oomblik uit die gesig.
Die stomme pop staan die diertjie en nagaap, asof hy betower is, met oopgespalkte mond, en in elke hand n stuk eierdop.
Toe hy egter van sy eerste skrik bekom het, begin hy te huil en skreeu en van wanhoop met sy voete op die grond te stamp en toe roep hy snikkend uit:
Die Praat-Kriek was tog maar reg! As ek nie uit die huis

uit gehardloop het nie en my vadertjie nou hier was, sou ek nie van honger hoef dood te gaan nie. O, wat n nare siekte is honger tog!
En omdat sy maag al hoe meer knor, en hy nie weet hoe om
sy honger te stil nie, dink hy dat hy maar uit die huis moet loop na die naburige dorpie, in die hoop dat hy daar n medelydende siel sal vind wat hom n stukkie brood sal wil gee.

CHAPTER 6

Pinocchio falls asleep with his feet on a foot warmer, and awakens the next day with his feet all burned off.

Pinocchio hated the dark street, but he was so hungry that, in spite of it, he ran out of the house. The night was pitch black. It thundered, and bright flashes of lightning now and again shot across the sky, turning it into a sea of fire. An angry wind blew cold and raised dense clouds of dust, while the trees shook and moaned in a weird way.

Pinocchio was greatly afraid of thunder and lightning, but the hunger he felt was far greater than his fear. In a dozen leaps and bounds, he came to the village, tired out, puffing like a whale, and with tongue hanging.

The whole vi lage was dark and deserted. The stores were closed, the doors, the windows. In the streets, not even a dog could be seen. It seemed the Vi lage of the Dead.

Pinocchio, in desperation, ran up to a doorway, threw himself upon the bell, and pulled it wildly, saying to himself: “Someone will surely answer that!”

He was right. An old man in a nightcap opened the window and looked out. He called down angrily: “What do you want at this hour of night?”
“Wi l you be good enough to give me a bit of bread? I am hungry.”

“Wait a minute and I’ l come right back,” answered the old fellow, thinking he had to deal with one of those boys who love to roam around at night ringing people’s bells while they are peacefully asleep.

After a minute or two, the same voice cried: “Get under the window and hold out your hat!”
Pinocchio had no hat, but he managed to get under the window just in time to feel a shower of ice-cold water pour down on his poor wooden head, his shoulders, and over his whole body.

He returned home as wet as a rag, and tired out from weariness and hunger.

As he no longer had any strength left with which to stand, he sat down on a little stool and put his two feet on the stove to dry them. There he fell asleep, and while he slept, his wooden feet began to burn. Slowly, very slowly, they blackened and turned to ashes.
Pinocchio snored away happily as if his feet were not his own. At dawn he opened his eyes just as a loud knocking sounded at the door.
“Who is it?” he called, yawning and rubbing his eyes. “It is I,” answered a voice.
It was the voice of Geppetto.

6

Pinokkio raak aan die slaap met sy voete op die tessie en die volgende more toe hy wakker skrik, is sy voete heeltemal verbrand.

Juis daardie nag is daar die vreeslikste storm. Dit donder en blits asof die hemel aan brand staan en n koue, sterk wind ja groot stofwolke op en laat die borne in die veld kraak en kners.
Pinokkio is vreeslik bang vir donder en blits, maar sy honger is groter as sy angs! So het dit gekom dat hy na die deur loop, weghol en in n honderd spronge binne-in die dorp kom. Sy tong hang uit sy mond en hy hyg soos n jaghond.
Maar alles is hier donker en verlate. Die winkels is toe, huis-deure gesluit, vensters dig en in die straat dwaal nie eens
n hond nie. Dit lyk soos die land van die dooies.
Toe gryp Pinokkio, oorweldig deur wanhoop en honger, die bel van n huis en begin hard te lui, terwyl hy by homself sę:
Dit sal wel iemand te voorskyn bring.
En werklik kom daar n ou mannetjie met n slaapmus voor die venster staan en dié skreeu woedend:
Wat beteken dit so laat in die nag ?
Gee my tog asseblief n stukkie brood!
Bly jy maar daar, ek kom nou, sę die ou mannetjie, wat meen dat dit n deugniet van n seun is wat sy plesier daarin
vind om in die nag toktokkie te speel en fatsoenlike mense wat rustig lę en slaap lastig te val.
Na n halwe minuut gaan die venster weer oop en roep dieselfde ou man vir Pinokkio:
Kom staan hier onder die venster en hou jou hoed op.
Pinokkio, wat nog gn hoed besit nie, kom naderby en kry n waskom vol water oor hom, wat hom van kop tot tone begiet asof hy n verlepte malva in n blompot is.
Hy kom soos n nat kat by die huis, half dood van moegheid
en honger, en omdat hy nie meer kan staan nie, gaan sit hy met sy

papnat moddervoete op die tessie met gloeiende kole.
So raak hy aan die slaap en terwyl hy slaap, vat sy houtvoete
vuur en begin hulle stadigaan tot as te verbrand.
Pinokkio slaap en snork dwarsdeur dit alles asof dit glad nie sy voete is nie.
Met dagbreek skrik hy wakker toe iemand aan die deur
klop.
Wie is daar ? gaap hy en vrywe sy oe uit.
Dis ek! antwoord n stem. Dit was die stem van Jaap.

CHAPTER 7

Geppetto returns home and gives his own breakfast to the Marionette

The poor Marionette, who was sti l half asleep, had not yet found out that his two feet were burned and gone. As soon as he heard his Father's voice, he jumped up from his seat to open the door, but, as he did so, he staggered and fell headlong to the floor.

In falling, he made as much noise as a sack of wood falling from the fifth story of a house. "Open the door for me!" Geppetto shouted from the street.
"Father, dear Father, I can't," answered the Marionette in despair, crying and rolling on the floor. "Why can't you?"
"Because someone has eaten my feet." "And who has eaten them?"
"The cat," answered Pinocchio, seeing that little animal busily playing with some shavings in the corner of the room. "Open! I say," repeated Geppetto, "or I'll give you a sound whipping when I get in."
"Father, believe me, I can't stand up. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I shall have to walk on my knees all my life."

Geppetto, thinking that all these tears and cries were only other pranks of the Marionette, climbed up the side of the house and went in through the window.

At first he was very angry, but on seeing Pinocchio stretched out on the floor and really without feet, he felt very sad and sorrowful. Picking him up from the floor, he fondled and caressed him, talking to him while the tears ran down his cheeks:

"My little Pinocchio, my dear little Pinocchio! How did you burn your feet?"

"I don't know, Father, but believe me, the night has been a terrible one and I shall remember it as long as I live. The thunder was so noisy and the lightning so bright—and I was hungry. And then the Talking Cricket said to me, 'You deserve it; you were bad;' and I said to him, 'Careful, Cricket;' and he said to me, 'You are a Marionette and you have a wooden head;' and I threw the hammer at him and ki led him. It was his own fault, for I didn't want to ki l him. And I put the pan on the coals, but the Chick flew away and said, 'I'll see you again! Remember me to the family.' And my hunger grew, and I went out,

and the old man with a nightcap looked out of the window and threw water on me, and I came home and put my feet on the stove to dry them because I was sti l hungry, and I fell asleep and now my feet are gone but my hunger isn't! Oh!—Oh!—Oh!" And poor Pinocchio began to scream and cry so loudly that he could be heard for miles around.

Geppetto, who had understood nothing of a l that jumbled talk, except that the Marionette was hungry, felt sorry for him, and pu ling three pears out of his pocket, offered them to him, saying:

"These three pears were for my breakfast, but I give them to you gladly. Eat them and stop weeping." "If you want me to eat them, please peel them for me."
"Peel them?" asked Geppetto, very much surprised. "I should never have thought, dear boy of mine, that you were so dainty and fussy about your food. Bad, very bad! In this world, even as children, we must accustom ourselves to eat of everything, for we never know what life may hold in store for us!"

"You may be right," answered Pinocchio, "but I wi l not eat the pears if they are not peeled. I don't like them."
And good old Geppetto took out a knife, peeled the three pears, and put the skins in a row on the table. Pinocchio ate one pear in a twinkling and started to throw the core away, but Geppetto held his arm. "Oh, no, don't throw it away! Everything in this world may be of some use!"
"But the core I will not eat!" cried Pinocchio in an angry tone. "Who knows?" repeated Geppetto calmly.
And later the three cores were placed on the table next to the skins.

Pinocchio had eaten the three pears, or rather devoured them. Then he yawned deeply, and wailed: "I'm still hungry."
"But I have no more to give you." "Really, nothing—nothing?"
"I have only these three cores and these skins."

"Very well, then," said Pinocchio, "if there is nothing else I'll eat them."

At first he made a wry face, but, one after another, the skins and the cores disappeared. "Ah! Now I feel fine!" he said after eating the last one.
"You see," observed Geppetto, "that I was right when I told you that one must not be too fussy and too dainty about food. My dear, we never know what life may have in store for us!"

7

Jaap kom tuis en gee vir die pop die ontbyt wat die arme man vir homself saamgebring het.

Nog heeltemal deur die slaap het Pinokkio nie gemerk dat sy voete verbrand is nie, sodat hy, toe hy sy vader se stem hoor, gou van sy stoel afgly om die grendel van die deur te skuiwe, maar nadat hy twee of drie maal gewankel het, slaan hy neer op die vloer.
En toe hy die grond raak, klink dit kompleet soos n sak houtlepels wat bo van n vyfde verdieping val.
Maak oop! roep Jaap van die straat af.
Vadertjielief, ek kan nie! antwoord die pop en hy huil en kruip oor die vloer.
Hoekom nie?
Omdat hulle my voete opgeëet het.
Wie het hulle opgeëet?
Die kat! sę Pinokkio, met sy oog op die kat, wat eenkant met n paar houtkrulletjies speel.
Maak oop, sę ek! herhaal Jaap, anders sal ek jou … kats as ek binnekom!
Glo my tog, ek kan nie staan nie! Arme ding wat ek is, nou sal ek my hele lewe op my knieë moet loop!
Jaap, wat dink dat al die gejammer maar net weer n nuwe

TO

streek van sy pop is, besluit dat daar n end aan moet kom, klim langs die muur op en kom deur die venster binne.
Hy wou eers woedend uitvaar en Pinokkio straf, maar toe hy hom daar op die grond sien sit, werklik sonder voete, kry hy hom jammer, neem hom in sy arms, soen en liefkoos hom, en terwyl dik trane langs sy wange afloop, snik hy:
My liewe ou Pinokkiotjie, hoe het jy dit reggekry om jou voetjies te verbrand?
Ek weet nie, Vadertjie, maar glo my, dit was n aaklige nag wat ek so nooit as te nimmer sal vergeet nie. Dit het gedonder en geblits en ek was so honger en toe sę die Praat-Kriek vir my: ‚Dit kom daarvan! Jy was stout en jy het jou verdiende loon. Toe sę ek: ‚Pas op, Kriek …! en toe sę hy: ‚Jy is n pop en jy het n houtkop! en toe gooi ek hom met n hamer en toe het hy doodgegaan, maar dit was sy skuld, want ek wou hom nie doodmaak nie, want ek het mos n pannetjie op die gloeiende kole gesit, en daar het n kuikentjie uitgekom, en hy sę toe:
‚Tot siens, groete tuis, en ek word toe al hoe meer honger en daaroor sę die ou man met sy slaapmus wat voor die venster gekom het: ‚Gaan

staan daaronder en hou jou hoed op! en ek, met die waskom se water oor my - want dis mos gn skande om
n stukkie brood te vra nie, nę ? - het vinnig huis toe gehardloop en oor ek nog steeds so honger was, het ek my voete op die vuur-tessie gesit om hulle warm te maak, en nou is jy terug en sien ek dat hulle verbrand is en ek het nog altyd honger en voete het ek nie meer nie…! Hi… hi… hi …!
En die arme Pinokkio begin so te huil en te jammer dat jy hom vyf myl ver kon hoor.
Jaap, wat van die hele verwarde verhaal net een ding verstaan het en dit is dat die pop amper sterf van die honger, haal drie pere uit sy sak en sę, terwyl hy hulle vir hom gee:
Ek het die pere vir my eie ontbyt saamgebring, maar jy kan hulle met plesier kry. Eet hulle op en mag hulle jou goed doen!
As jy wil hę dat ek hulle moet eet, Vader, skil hulle dan vir my af.
,,Afskil? vra Jaap verbaas. Ek het nooit kon dink dat jy so kieskeurig en so n fynproewer is nie, my seun! Dit is verkeerd. In hierdie węreld moet n mens van jongs af alles gewoond word en alles kan eet! Want jy weet nooit wat met jou kan gebeur nie! Alles kan gebeur …!
Ja, so sę jy, antwoord Pinokkio, maar ek kan nou eenmaal gn skille verdra nie!
En die goeie Jaap haal sy sakmes uit en skil die drie pere ewe geduldig af. Die skille sit hy op n hoek van die tafel neer.
Toe Pinokkio in twee happe die eerste peer geëet het, wil hy die huisie weggooi, maar Jaap hou sy arm vas en sę:
Nie weggooi nie! Alles kan in hierdie węreld te pas kom.
Maar so n huisie eet ek regtig nie, skreeu Pinokkio, en kronkel soos n slang rond.
Wie weet! Dinge kan verander …! herhaal Jaap, sonder
om boos te word. En inderdaad word die drie huisies, in plaas dat hulle deur die venster gegooi word, op die hoek van die tafel by die skille gebęre.
Toe Pinokkio die pere opgeëet het, of liewer verslind het, gaap hy lank en sę huilerig:
Ek is nog honger!
Maar, ou maat, ek het niks meer vir jou nie!
Regtig nie, heeltemal niks nie?
A1 wat ek het, is die skille en die huisies.
Nou ja, toe dan maar! sę Pinokkio. As daar dan niks anders is nie, sal ek maar een skilletjie opeet.
En hy begin te kou. Eers trek hy sy mond n bietjie skeef;
maar toe verdwyn die skille een vir een, en na die skille ook die huisies en toe alles op was, slaan hy vergenoeg op sy maag en sę:
Ai, maar nou voel ek weer lekker!

Sien jy nou, sę Jaap, dat ek reg gehad het toe ek gesę het dat jy nie alte kieskeurig en fyn van smaak moet wees nie ? My seun, jy weet nooit wat in hierdie węreld met jou kan gebeur nie. Sake kan draai!

CHAPTER 8

Geppetto makes Pinocchio a new pair of feet, and se ls his coat to buy him an A-B-C book.

The Marionette, as soon as his hunger was appeased, started to grumble and cry that he wanted a new pair of feet.

But Mastro Geppetto, in order to punish him for his mischief, let him alone the whole morning. After dinner he said to him: “Why should I make your feet over again? To see you run away from home once more?”
“I promise you,” answered the Marionette, sobbing, “that from now on I’ll be good—” “Boys always promise that when they want something,” said Geppetto.
“I promise to go to school every day, to study, and to succeed—” “Boys always sing that song when they want their own wi l.”
“But I am not like other boys! I am better than all of them and I always tell the truth. I promise you, Father, that I’ l learn a trade, and I’ll be the comfort and staff of your old age.”

Geppetto, though trying to look very stern, felt his eyes fi l with tears and his heart soften when he saw Pinocchio so unhappy. He said no more, but taking his tools and two pieces of wood, he set to work diligently.

In less than an hour the feet were finished, two slender, nimble little feet, strong and quick, modeled as if by an artist’s hands. “Close your eyes and sleep!” Geppetto then said to the Marionette.
Pinocchio closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep, while Geppetto stuck on the two feet with a bit of glue melted in an eggshell, doing his work so well that the joint could hardly be seen.
As soon as the Marionette felt his new feet, he gave one leap from the table and started to skip and jump around, as if he had lost his head from very joy.

“To show you how grateful I am to you, Father, I’ll go to school now. But to go to school I need a suit of clothes.”

Geppetto did not have a penny in his pocket, so he made his son a little suit of flowered paper, a pair of shoes from the bark of a tree, and a tiny cap from a bit of dough.

Pinocchio ran to look at himself in a bowl of water, and he felt so happy that he said proudly: “Now I look like a gentleman.”
“Truly,” answered Geppetto. “But remember that fine clothes do not make the man unless they be neat and clean.” “Very true,” answered Pinocchio, “but, in order to go to school, I sti l need something very important.”
“What is it?”

“An A-B-C book.”

“To be sure! But how shall we get it?”

“That’s easy. We’ll go to a bookstore and buy it.” “And the money?”
“I have none.”

“Neither have I,” said the old man sadly.

Pinocchio, although a happy boy always, became sad and downcast at these words. When poverty shows itself, even mischievous boys understand what it means.

“What does it matter, after all?” cried Geppetto all at once, as he jumped up from his chair. Putting on his old coat, full of darns and patches, he ran out of the house without another word.

After a while he returned. In his hands he had the A-B-C book for his son, but the old coat was gone. The poor fellow was in his shirt sleeves and the day was cold.

“Where’s your coat, Father?” “I have sold it.”
“Why did you se l your coat?” “It was too warm.”
Pinocchio understood the answer in a twinkling, and, unable to restrain his tears, he jumped on his father’s neck and kissed him over and over.

8
Jaap maak nuwe voete vir Pinokkio en verkoop sy eie baadjie om vir hom n ABC-boek te koop.

Sy honger was skaars versadig of die pop begin n leKke mond trek omdat hy nuwe voete wil hę.
Maar Jaap het hom n halwe dag lank laat kla en huil om
hom vir sy kwajongstreke uit te betaal, en daarop sę hy vir hom:

En hoekom sal ek nou weer voete vir jou maak? Seker dat jy weer kan weghardloop van die huis af?
Ek beloof, snik die pop, dat ek van nou af soet sal
wees …
Dit sę kinders altyd as hulle iets wil hę, antwoord Jaap.
Ek belowe dat ek skool toe sal gaan, goed sal leer en mooi sal oplet.
Die laaste kind wat iets nodig het, verkoop daardie storie!
Maar ek is nie soos die ander nie, ek is baie beter en ek jok nooit. Ek beloof jou, Vadertjie, dat ek n ambag sal leer en
vir jou tot troos en hulp sal wees op jou oudag.
Hoewel Jaap n gedugte kwaai gesig trek, word sy oë vol trane en is dit vir hom vreeslik om sy arme Pinokkio in so n toestand te sien. Daarom sę hy niks meer nie, maar vat sy gereedskap en twee stukkies droë hout en begin ywerig te werk.
En binne n uur is die voete klaar: twee slank, rank, gespierde
voetjies, wat lyk ofn groot kunstenaar hulle gemaak het.
Toe sę Jaap vir die pop:
Maak toe jou oC en slaap n bietjie!
Pinokkio maak sy oë toe en maak of hy slaap. Onderwyl hy skynbaar lę en slaap, lym Jaap met n bietjie lym, wat hy in n eierdop smelt, die twee voetjies op hul plek vas en hy doen dit so knap dat jy glad nie kan sien waar hulle aángesit is nie.
Skaars merk die pop dat hy voete het, of hy spring van die
tafel af en begin allerhande sprongetjies en grimasse te maak asof hy dol van vreugde is.
Vader, om jou te beloon vir wat jy vir my gedoen het, sę
Pinokkio, wil ek sommer dadelik skool toe gaan.
Mooi so, my seun!
Maar ek sal klere moet hę om te kan gaan.
Jaap wat so arm is dat hy nie eens n stuiwer in sy sak het nie, maak toe vir hom n baadjie van geblomde papier, n paar skoentjies van boombas en n mussie van broodkrummels. Pinokkio hardloop na n kom water om homself daarin te spieël en is so ingenome met homself dat hy sy bors uitstoot en sę:
Ek lyk jou waarlik soos n meneer!
Dis waar, sę Jaap, want, vergeet dit nooit nie, n baadjie hoef nie mooi te wees om n meneer van jou te maak nie, maar dit moet skoon wees.
Nou val dit my net by, sę die pop, ,,om skool toe te kan gaan, het ek nog iets nodig, en dis die belangrikste van alles.
En wat mag dit wees?
Ek het gn ABC-boek nie.
Dis waar, maar hoe sal ek een kry?
Dis eenvoudig genoeg: jy gaan na n boekhandelaar en koop een.
Maar die geld … ?

Dit het ek nie.
Ek ook nie, sę die goeie ou man treurig.
En toe word Pinokkio, hoewel hy n vrolike seun is, ook bedroef; want armoede, as dit werklik armoede is, begryp ieder-een, selfs kinders.
Wag n bietjie! roep Jaap; hy staan op en trek sy bomba-synbaadjie aan, wat orals gelap en gestop is, en hardloop uit die huis uit.
Kort daarna kom hy terug met die ABC-boek vir sy seun in die hand, maar sy baadjie het hy nie meer nie. Hy loop sonder baadjie en dit terwyl dit buite sneeu.
Waar is jou baadjie, Vader?
Ek het hom verkoop!
Hoekom het jy dit gedoen ?
Ek het te warm gekry.
Pinokkio het die antwoord dadelik verstaan, en hy volg die aandrang van sy goeie hart toe hy vir Jaap om die nek val en hom liefdevol soen.

CHAPTER 9

Pinocchio se ls his A-B-C book to pay his way into the Marionette Theater.

See Pinocchio hurrying off to school with his new A-B-C book under his arm! As he walked along, his brain was busy planning hundreds of wonderful things, building hundreds of castles in the air. Talking to himself, he said:

“In school today, I’ll learn to read, tomorrow to write, and the day after tomorrow I’ l do arithmetic. Then, clever as I am, I can earn a lot of money. With the very first pennies I make, I’ l buy Father a new cloth coat. Cloth, did I say? No, it shall be of gold and silver with diamond buttons. That poor man certainly deserves it; for, after all, isn’t he in his shirt sleeves because he was good enough to
buy a book for me? On this cold day, too! Fathers are indeed good to their children!”

As he talked to himself, he thought he heard sounds of pipes and drums coming from a distance: pi-pi-pi, pi-pi-pi…zum, zum, zum, zum.

He stopped to listen. Those sounds came from a little street that led to a small vi lage along the shore. “What can that noise be? What a nuisance that I have to go to school! Otherwise…”
There he stopped, very much puzzled. He felt he had to make up his mind for either one thing or another. Should he go to school, or should he follow the pipes?

“Today I’ll follow the pipes, and tomorrow I’ll go to school. There’s always plenty of time to go to school,” decided the little rascal at last, shrugging his shoulders.

No sooner said than done. He started down the street, going like the wind. On he ran, and louder grew the sounds of pipe and drum: pi-pi-pi, pi-pi-pi, pi-pi-pi …zum, zum, zum, zum.

Suddenly, he found himself in a large square, full of people standing in front of a little wooden building painted in bri liant colors. “What is that house?” Pinocchio asked a little boy near him.
“Read the sign and you’ l know.”

“I’d like to read, but somehow I can’t today.”

“Oh, really? Then I’ l read it to you. Know, then, that written in letters of fire I see the words: GREAT MARIONETTE THEATER. “When did the show start?”
“It is starting now.”

“And how much does one pay to get in?” “Four pennies.”
Pinocchio, who was wild with curiosity to know what was going on inside, lost all his pride and said to the boy shamelessly: “Wi l you give me four pennies until tomorrow?”
“I’d give them to you gladly,” answered the other, poking fun at him, “but just now I can’t give them to you.” “For the price of four pennies, I’ll se l you my coat.”
“If it rains, what shall I do with a coat of flowered paper? I could not take it off again.” “Do you want to buy my shoes?”
“They are only good enough to light a fire with.” “What about my hat?”
“Fine bargain, indeed! A cap of dough! The mice might come and eat it from my head!”

Pinocchio was almost in tears. He was just about to make one last offer, but he lacked the courage to do so. He hesitated, he wondered, he could not make up his mind. At last he said:

“Wi l you give me four pennies for the book?”

“I am a boy and I buy nothing from boys,” said the little fellow with far more common sense than the Marionette.
“I’ l give you four pennies for your A-B-C book,” said a ragpicker who stood by.

Then and there, the book changed hands. And to think that poor old Geppetto sat at home in his shirt sleeves, shivering with cold, having sold his coat to buy that little book for his son!

9
Pinokkio verkoop die ABC-boek om na n poppekas te gaan kyk.

Dit het nie meer gesneeu toe Pinokkio met sy ABC-boek onder die arm skool toe stap nie. Langs die pad loop hy en planne maak en lugkastele bou, die een mooier as die ander.
En so op sy eentjie redeneer hy:

Vandag wil ek in die skool dadelik leer lees; more sal ek leer skrywe en oormóre leer ek somme maak. Dan is ek so slim dat ek baie geld gaan verdien en met die eerste geld wat ek verdien, gaan ek vir vader n mooi lakense baadjie koop. Maar wat sę ek: van Iaken? Dit moet van silwer en goud wees met diamantknopies. Dit verdien die goeie man seker, want dis maar om vir my boeke te kan koop en my te laat leer dat hy sonder sy baadjie loop… en dit in hierdie koue! n Mens moet tog maar vader wees om jou so te kan opoffer!
Terwyl hy werklik aangedaan so sę, meen hy dat hy in die verte n doedelsak en n groot trommel hoor: pi-pi-pi, pi-pi- pi … dzoem, dzoem, dzoem! Hy bly besluiteloos stilstaan. In elk geval moet hy of skool toe of na die doedelsak gaan luister.
Dan maar vandag na die doedelsak luister en more na skool: vir skool toe gaan is daar altyd nog tyd, sę die deugniet en trek sy skouers op.
Hy slaan die dwarsstraat in en begin hardloop. Hoe vinniger hy loop, hoe harder hoor hy die geluid van die doedelsak en die ilae van die groot tamboer: pi-pi-pi, pi-pi-pi… dzoem, dzoem, dzoem!
Daar staan hy skielik in die middel van n groot plein vol
mense wat saamdrom om n houttent met n veelkleurig be-skilderde seil daarvoor.
Wat se tent is dit? vra Pinokkio vir n seuntjie wat daar
woon.
Lees maar op daardie biljet, dáár, dan weet jy dit.
Ek sou dit graag wil doen, maar toevallig kan ek vandag nie lees nie.
, Jou uilskuiken! Dan sal ek dit vir jou voorlees. Op daardie
biljet staan met vuurrooi letters geskrywe: GROOT MARIONETTE-TEATER
Is die stuk al lank aan die gang?
Dit gaan nou begin.
Wat kos dit?
Vier sent.
Pinokkio, wat baie nuuskierig was, verloor alle terughoudend-heid en vra sonder enige skaamte aan die seuntjie:
Kan jy my tot more vier sent leen?
Dit sou ek graag wil doen, maar toevallig kan ek vandag nie, pla die ander.
Ek sou my baadjie verkoop vir vier sent, sę die pop
toe.
Wat moet ek met n papierbaadjie maak? As dit reën, skeur dit as jy dit uittrek.
Wil jy my skoene koop?
Hulle is net goed om vuur mee te maak.
Wat gee jy my vir my mus?
Dit sal darem n kopie wees! n Mus van broodkrummels

gemaak! Dan kan die muise dit straks van my kop kom eet, nę?
Pinokkio word nou benoud; hy wou nog n laaste aanbod
maak, maar hy het nie meer die moed nie; hy aarsel, wil graag, stry met homself. Eindelik sę hy:
Sal jy vir my vier sent gee vir hierdie nuwe ABC-boek?
Neem my nie kwalik nie, maar ek koop nie van seuns nie,
antwoord die maatjie, wat baie verstandiger was as hy.
,,Vir vier sent vat ek die boek van jou oor, sę n man wat ou klere koop en wat die gesprek gehoor het.
Op die plek word die boek toe verkoop.
En julle sal seker onthou hoe die arme Jaap tuis gebly het en daar sit en bewe van die koue sonder baadjie om vir sy seun die ABC-boek te kan koop!

CHAPTER 10

The Marionettes recognize their brother Pinocchio, and greet him with loud cheers; but the Director, Fire Eater, happens along and poor Pinocchio almost loses his life.

Quick as a flash, Pinocchio disappeared into the Marionette Theater. And then something happened which almost caused a riot. The curtain was up and the performance had started.
Harlequin and Pulcinella were reciting on the stage and, as usual, they were threatening each other with sticks and blows. The theater was fu l of people, enjoying the spectacle and laughing ti l they cried at the antics of the two Marionettes.
The play continued for a few minutes, and then suddenly, without any warning, Harlequin stopped talking. Turning toward the audience, he pointed to the rear of the orchestra, yelling wildly at the same time:

“Look, look! Am I asleep or awake? Or do I really see Pinocchio there?” “Yes, yes! It is Pinocchio!” screamed Pulcinella.
“It is! It is!” shrieked Signora Rosaura, peeking in from the side of the stage.

“It is Pinocchio! It is Pinocchio!” yelled all the Marionettes, pouring out of the wings. “It is Pinocchio. It is our brother Pinocchio! Hurrah for Pinocchio!”

“Pinocchio, come up to me!” shouted Harlequin. “Come to the arms of your wooden brothers!”

At such a loving invitation, Pinocchio, with one leap from the back of the orchestra, found himself in the front rows. With another leap, he was on the orchestra leader’s head. With a third, he landed on the stage.

It is impossible to describe the shrieks of joy, the warm embraces, the knocks, and the friendly greetings with which that strange company of dramatic actors and actresses received Pinocchio.

It was a heart-rending spectacle, but the audience, seeing that the play had stopped, became angry and began to yell: “The play, the play, we want the play!”
The yelling was of no use, for the Marionettes, instead of going on

with their act, made twice as much racket as before, and, lifting up Pinocchio on their shoulders, carried him around the stage in triumph.

At that very moment, the Director came out of his room. He had such a fearful appearance that one look at him would fi l you with horror. His beard was as black as pitch, and so long that it reached from his chin down to his feet. His mouth was as wide as an oven, his teeth like yellow fangs, and his eyes, two glowing red coals. In his huge, hairy hands, a long whip, made of green snakes and black cats' tails twisted together, swished through the air in a dangerous way.

At the unexpected apparition, no one dared even to breathe. One could almost hear a fly go by. Those poor Marionettes, one and all, trembled like leaves in a storm.

"Why have you brought such excitement into my theater;" the huge fellow asked Pinocchio with the voice of an ogre suffering with a cold. "Believe me, your Honor, the fault was not mine." "Enough! Be quiet! I' l take care of you later."
As soon as the play was over, the Director went to the kitchen, where a fine big lamb was slowly turning on the spit. More wood was needed to finish cooking it. He called Harlequin and Pulcinella and said to them:
"Bring that Marionette to me! He looks as if he were made of well-seasoned wood. He' l make a fine fire for this spit." Harlequin and Pulcinella hesitated a bit. Then, frightened by a look from their master, they left the kitchen to obey him. A few
minutes later they returned, carrying poor Pinocchio, who was wriggling and squirming like an eel and crying pitifu ly:

"Father, save me! I don't want to die! I don't want to die!"

Dit marionette herken hul broertjie Pinokkio en haal hom juigend ęinne, maar as die pret op sy hoogste is, verskyn
iit poppekasman, Vuurvreter, en Pinokkio kom daar amper sleg van af.

Toe Pinokkio die marionette-teater binnekom, gebeur daar iets wat amper n opstand teweegbring.
Die gordyn was op en die stuk het net begin.
Op die planke is Harlekyn en Hanswors, wat rusie maak soos gewoonlik, en hulle is net op die punt om mekaar af te ransel.
Die publiek wat vol aandag luister, lag hulle slap oor die twisgesprek

van die twee poppe, wat mekaar dreig en so natuurlik uitskel asof hulle regtig verstandelike mense van hierdie węreld is. Toe kan Harlekyn skielik sy oë nie glo nie; hy hou op met speel en na die publiek gekeer, wys hy met sy hand na iemand agter in die gehoor terwyl hy op hoogdrawende toon begin roep:
Gode van die firmament, droom ek of is ek wakker? Dis
mos Pinokkio!
Dis sowaar Pinokkio, skree Hanswors.
Ja, werklik! gil juffrou Rosalie, wat om n hoekie agter die toneel kyk.
Dis Pinokkio! Dis Pinokkio! brul n koor van al die mario
nette en hulle spring van agter die toneel te voorskyn.
Dis Pinokkio! Dis ons broertjie Pinokkio! Lank lewe
Pinokkio!
Kom hier na my toe, Pinokkio! skree Harlekyn. Kom, gooi jou in die arms van jou houtboeties.
Na hierdie hartlike verwelkoming gee Pinokkio net een sprang van agter in die saal tot tussen die voorste rye, n tweede tot op die kop van die orkesdirigent en van daar tot bo-op die verhoog.
Julle kan julle skaars voorstel hoeveel omhelsings, vriendskapsknypies en hardhandige betuigings van ware broederskap Pinokkio ontvang het te midde van al die verwarring onder die spelers en speelsters van hierdie houttoneelgeselskap.
Die skouspel was werklik hartroerend, ek kan nie anders sę
nie; maar die publiek wat sien dat daar nie verder gespeel word nie, word later ongeduldig en begin skree:
Gaan aan met die stuk! Gaan aan met die stuk!
Alles tevergeefs. In plaas van verder te speel, maak die marionette al hoe meer lawaai; tel vir Pinokkio op hul skouers en dra hom in triomf tot voor die voetligte.
En toe kom die poppekasman op die toneel: n groot man en
so lelik dat jy bang word as jy net na hom kyk. Hy het n skrikwekkende baard, so swart soos ink en so lank dat dit op die grond sleep en hy daarop trap as hy loop. Sy mond is so groot soos n oond en sy oe is nes twee lanterns met rooi glas waaragter die lig brand. Hy klap n tamaai sweep, wat van slange en jakkalssterte gevleg is.
Toe die poppekasman verskyn, bly almal tjoepstil. Jy kon n
speld hoor val. Die arme poppe, matme sowel as vroue, bewe soos populierblare.
Waarom kom jy so n opskudding in my teater veroorsaak ?
vra die man met n growwe paaiboeliestem vir Pinokkio.
,,Glo my, Edele Heer, dit is nie my skuld nie …
Bly maar stil! Vanaand sal ons afreken!
En waarlik, toe die voorstelling eindig, gaan die poppekasman na die

kombuis, waar hy besig was om n heerlike boud vleis
aan die spit te braai. En omdat daar nie genoeg hout was om dit gaar te kry nie, roep hy vir Harlekyn en vir Hanswors en sę vir hulle:
,,Bring die marionet wat daar aan die spyker hang bietjie hier. Dit lyk of die pop van droë hout gemaak is, en as ek hom nou in die vuur gooi, kry ek pragtige vlamme om my braaivleis klaar te maak.
Harlekyn en Hanswors aarsel, maar hulle word bang vir die
vreeslike blik van hul baas, en gehoorsaam. En kort daarna dra hulle die arme Pinokkio, wat spartel soos n paling uit die water, die kombuis in, terwyl hy wanhopig gil:
0 Vadertjie, red my! Ek wil nie sterf nie; ekwil nie sterf
nie ...!

CHAPTER 11

Fire Eater sneezes and forgives Pinocchio, who saves his friend, Harlequin, from death. In the theater, great excitement reigned.
Fire Eater (this was really his name) was very ugly, but he was far from being as bad as he looked. Proof of this is that, when he saw the poor Marionette being brought in to him, struggling with fear and crying, “I don’t want to die! I don’t want to die!” he felt sorry
for him and began first to waver and then to weaken. Finally, he could control himself no longer and gave a loud sneeze.

At that sneeze, Harlequin, who until then had been as sad as a weeping willow, smiled happily and leaning toward the Marionette, whispered to him:

“Good news, brother mine! Fire Eater has sneezed and this is a sign that he feels sorry for you. You are saved!”

For be it known, that, while other people, when sad and sorrowful, weep and wipe their eyes, Fire Eater, on the other hand, had the strange habit of sneezing each time he felt unhappy. The way was just as good as any other to show the kindness of his heart.

After sneezing, Fire Eater, ugly as ever, cried to Pinocchio:

“Stop crying! Your wails give me a funny feeling down here in my stomach and—E—tchee!—E—tchee!” Two loud sneezes finished his speech.

“God bless you!” said Pinocchio.

“Thanks! Are your father and mother sti l living?” demanded Fire Eater. “My father, yes. My mother I have never known.”
“Your poor father would suffer terribly if I were to use you as firewood. Poor old man! I feel sorry for him! E—tchee! E—tchee! E—tchee!” Three more sneezes sounded, louder than ever.

“God bless you!” said Pinocchio.

“Thanks! However, I ought to be sorry for myself, too, just now. My good dinner is spoiled. I have no more wood for the fire, and the lamb is only half cooked. Never mind! In your place I’ll burn some other

Marionette. Hey there! Officers!"

At the call, two wooden officers appeared, long and thin as a yard of rope, with queer hats on their heads and swords in their hands. Fire Eater yelled at them in a hoarse voice:
"Take Harlequin, tie him, and throw him on the fire. I want my lamb well done!"

Think how poor Harlequin felt! He was so scared that his legs doubled up under him and he fell to the floor.

Pinocchio, at that heartbreaking sight, threw himself at the feet of Fire Eater and, weeping bitterly, asked in a pitiful voice which could scarcely be heard:

"Have pity, I beg of you, signore!"
"There are no signori here!" "Have pity, kind sir!"
"There are no sirs here!" "Have pity, your Excellency!"
On hearing himself addressed as your Excellency, the Director of the Marionette Theater sat up very straight in his chair, stroked his long beard, and becoming suddenly kind and compassionate, smiled proudly as he said to Pinocchio:

"Well, what do you want from me now, Marionette?"

"I beg for mercy for my poor friend, Harlequin, who has never done the least harm in his life."

"There is no mercy here, Pinocchio. I have spared you. Harlequin must burn in your place. I am hungry and my dinner must be cooked."

"In that case," said Pinocchio proudly, as he stood up and flung away his cap of dough, "in that case, my duty is clear. Come, officers! Tie me up and throw me on those flames. No, it is not fair for poor Harlequin, the best friend that I have in the world, to die in my place!"

These brave words, said in a piercing voice, made all the other Marionettes cry. Even the officers, who were made of wood also, cried like two babies.

Fire Eater at first remained hard and cold as a piece of ice; but then, little by little, he softened and began to sneeze. And after four or five sneezes, he opened wide his arms and said to Pinocchio:

“You are a brave boy! Come to my arms and kiss me!”

Pinocchio ran to him and scurrying like a squirrel up the long black beard, he gave Fire Eater a loving kiss on the tip of his nose. “Has pardon been granted to me?” asked poor Harlequin with a voice that was hardly a breath.
“Pardon is yours!” answered Fire Eater; and sighing and wagging his head, he added: “Well, tonight I shall have to eat my lamb only half cooked, but beware the next time, Marionettes.”

At the news that pardon had been given, the Marionettes ran to the stage and, turning on all the lights, they danced and sang ti l dawn.

I I

Vuurvreter nies en vergewe vir Pinokkio, wat daama sy vriend
Harlekyn so goed verdedig dat hy ook nie hoef te sterf nie.

Hoewel die poppekasman, Vuurvreter, (want dit is sy naam) lyk of hy n vreeslike man is, met sy geweldige swart baard wat sy bors en bene soos n voorskoot bedek, het hy tog geen slegte geaardheid nie.
Die bewys hiervoor is dat, toe die arme Pinokkio, wat op allerlei maniere spartel, by hom gebring word en gil: Ek wil nie sterf nie, ek wil nie sterf nie, hy dadelik aangedaan word en medelye kry. Hy verset hom eers nog daarteen, maar later kan hy dit nie meer hou nie en nies hard.
By daardie geluid word Harlekyn, wat baie bedroef was en soos n treurwilger vooroor gestaan het, weer vrolik. Hy buig hom oor na Pinokkio en fluister sag:
Goeie nuus, broertjie, die poppekasman het genies; dit is
n teken dat hy jou jammer kry en dan is jy gered!
Want julle weet, waar ander mense huil as hulle iemand jammer kry, of ten minste maak of hulle hul o afvee, daar het. Vuurvreter elke maal as hy regtig verteder raak, genies. Dit was nou sy manier om te wys watter gevoelige hart hy het.
Na hy genies het, skree die poppekasman, wat hom vir eers
nog kwaai hou, vir Pinokkio;
Hou op met jou gehuil! Van daardie gejammer kry ek n aaklige gevoel op my maag … so n benoudheid dat ek am per … atiesja, atiesjoe . . e n weer nies hy twee maal.
Gesondheid! sę Pinokkio.
Dankie! En het jy nog n pa en n ma? vra Vuurvreter heelwat sagter.
,,n Vader, ja; maar my moeder het ek nooit geken nie.

Wie weet hoe naar jou vader dit sou vind as ek jou nou in daardie vlammende vuur sou gooi. Die stomme ou man! Ek voel so jammer vir hom! … Tiesja, outiesja, outiesjoe! en weer nies hy drie keer.
Gesondheid! sę Pinokkio.
Dankie. Maar jy moet my tog ook jammer kry, want soos jy sien, het ek nie meer hout om daardie skaapboud te braai nie, en om die waarheid te sę, sou jy my in hierdie geval baie goed te pas gekom het! Maar nou het ek medelye met jou en kan ek dit nie doen nie. In jou plek sal ek nou die ander pop van my geselskap onder die spit laat brand. Hierso, konstabels!
Op sy bevel verskyn daar onmiddellik twee houtpolisiemanne,
baie lank en maer, met driekantige hoede op en blink sabels in hul hande.
Toe sę die poppekasman met n vreeslike hees stem:
Neem die Harlekyn daar, bind hom styf vas en gooi hom in die vuur! Ek wil my skaapboud goed gaar laat word!
Stel julle in die plek van die arme Harlekyn! Hy skrik so geweldig dat sy knieë knik en hy vooroor op die grond val.
By hierdie hartverskeurende gesig gooi Pinokkio hom voor die poppekasman op sy knieë en huil só vreeslik dat hy elke haartjie van die lang baard met trane besproei en smeek:
Wees tog genadig, Edele Heer!
Hier is gn Edele Here nie!
Genade tog, Gestrenge Heer!
Hier is gn Gestrenge Here nie!
Ag, genade tog, Eksellensie!
Toe hy homself darem Eksellensie hoor noem, word die poppekasman se gesig dadelik baie vriendelik, hy word sommer meer menslik en sę vir Pinokkio:
Nou ja, wat kan ek vir jou doen?
Ek vra genade vir die arme Harlekyn!
Hier is gn sprake van genade nie. Noudat ek jou gespaar het, moet hy in die vuur, want my boud moet gaar kom.
In daardie geval, roep Pinokkio fier en hy ruk homself
regop, terwyl hy sy mus van broodkrummels weggooi, in daardie geval weet ek wat my plig is. Hier, menere konstabels! Bind my vas en gooi my in die vlamme! Dis nie reg dat die arme Harlekyn, my getroue vriend, vir my moet sterf nie…!
Hierdie woorde, wat met n harde stem en op moedige toon uitgespreek word, sit al die marionette aan die huil. Selfs die polisie, al is hulle van hout, huil soos klein babetjies.
Eers bly Vuurvreter nog bars en onbewoë soos n stuk ys,
maar naderhand word hy ook aangedaan en begin hy tenies. En nadat hy vier, vyf maal genies het, steek hy liefdevol sy arms uit en sę vir

Pinokkio:
Jy is n allerbeste seun. Kom hier, kom soen my!
Pinokkio bestorm kom, klim soos n eekhorinkie teen sy baard op en gee hom n klapsoen op die punt van sy neus.
Het ek dus genade ontvang? vra die arme Harlekyn met
n skaars hoorbare stemmetjie.
Jy het! antwoord Vuurvreter. Dan sę hy met n sug en skud sy kop:
In hemelsnaam! Vanaand sal ek maar tevrede moet wees om die boud half gaar op te eet, maar bewaar die ene met wie dit n volgende keer gebeur…!
Toe hulle die berig van die genade hoor, hardloop al die marionette op die toneel en nadat al die ligte soos vir n gala-voorstelling aangesteek is, begin hulle te dans en te spring.
Met dagbreek die volgende more dans hulle nog een stryk deur!

CHAPTER 12

Fire Eater gives Pinocchio five gold pieces for his father, Geppetto; but the Marionette meets a Fox and a Cat and follows them. The next day Fire Eater called Pinocchio aside and asked him:
"What is your father's name?" "Geppetto."
"And what is his trade?" "He's a wood carver." "Does he earn much?"
"He earns so much that he never has a penny in his pockets. Just think that, in order to buy me an A-B-C book for school, he had to se l the only coat he owned, a coat so full of darns and patches that it was a pity."

"Poor fellow! I feel sorry for him. Here, take these five gold pieces. Go, give them to him with my kindest regards."
Pinocchio, as may easily be imagined, thanked him a thousand times. He kissed each Marionette in turn, even the officers, and, beside himself with joy, set out on his homeward journey.

He had gone barely half a mile when he met a lame Fox and a blind Cat, walking together like two good friends. The lame Fox leaned on the Cat, and the blind Cat let the Fox lead him along.

"Good morning, Pinocchio," said the Fox, greeting him courteously.
"How do you know my name?" asked the Marionette.
"I know your father well." "Where have you seen him?"
"I saw him yesterday standing at the door of his house." "And what was he doing?"
"He was in his shirt sleeves trembling with cold."

"Poor Father! But, after today, God willing, he wi l suffer no longer."
"Why?"
"Because I have become a rich man."

"You, a rich man?" said the Fox, and he began to laugh out loud. The Cat was laughing also, but tried to hide it by stroking his long whiskers.

"There is nothing to laugh at," cried Pinocchio angrily. "I am very sorry to make your mouth water, but these, as you know, are five new gold pieces."

And he pu led out the gold pieces which Fire Eater had given him.

At the cheerful tinkle of the gold, the Fox unconsciously held out his paw that was supposed to be lame, and the Cat opened wide his two eyes ti l they looked like live coals, but he closed them again so quickly that Pinocchio did not notice.

“And may I ask,” inquired the Fox, “what you are going to do with all that money?”

“First of all,” answered the Marionette, “I want to buy a fine new coat for my father, a coat of gold and silver with diamond buttons;
after that, I’ l buy an A-B-C book for myself.” “For yourself?”
“For myself. I want to go to school and study hard.”

“Look at me,” said the Fox. “For the si ly reason of wanting to study, I have lost a paw.” “Look at me,” said the Cat. “For the same foolish reason, I have lost the sight of both eyes.” At that moment, a Blackbird, perched on the fence along the road, called out sharp and clear: “Pinocchio, do not listen to bad advice. If you do, you’ll be sorry!”
Poor little Blackbird! If he had only kept his words to himself! In the twinkling of an eyelid, the Cat leaped on him, and ate him, feathers and all.
After eating the bird, he cleaned his whiskers, closed his eyes, and became blind once more. “Poor Blackbird!” said Pinocchio to the Cat. “Why did you kill him?”
“I killed him to teach him a lesson. He talks too much. Next time he wi l keep his words to himself.”

By this time the three companions had walked a long distance. Suddenly, the Fox stopped in his tracks and, turning to the
Marionette, said to him:

“Do you want to double your gold pieces?” “What do you mean?”
“Do you want one hundred, a thousand, two thousand gold pieces for your miserable five?” “Yes, but how?”
“The way is very easy. Instead of returning home, come with us.” “And where will you take me?”
“To the City of Simple Simons.”

Pinocchio thought a while and then said firmly:

“No, I don’t want to go. Home is near, and I’m going where Father is waiting for me. How unhappy he must be that I have not yet returned!

I have been a bad son, and the Talking Cricket was right when he said that a disobedient boy cannot be happy in this world. I have learned this at my own expense. Even last night in the theater, when Fire Eater… Brrrr!!!!! … The shivers run up and down my back at the mere thought of it.”

“Well, then,” said the Fox, “if you really want to go home, go ahead, but you’ll be sorry.” “You’ll be sorry,” repeated the Cat.
“Think well, Pinocchio, you are turning your back on Dame Fortune.”
“On Dame Fortune,” repeated the Cat.
“Tomorrow your five gold pieces wi l be two thousand!” “Two thousand!” repeated the Cat.
“But how can they possibly become so many?” asked Pinocchio wonderingly.

“I’ l explain,” said the Fox. “You must know that, just outside the City of Simple Simons, there is a blessed field called the Field of Wonders. In this field you dig a hole and in the hole you bury a gold piece. After covering up the hole with earth you water it well, sprinkle a bit of salt on it, and go to bed. During the night, the gold piece sprouts, grows, blossoms, and next morning you find a beautiful tree, that is loaded with gold pieces.”
“So that if I were to bury my five gold pieces,” cried Pinocchio with growing wonder, “next morning I should find—how many?” “It is very simple to figure out,” answered the Fox. “Why, you can figure it on your fingers! Granted that each piece gives you five
hundred, multiply five hundred by five. Next morning you wi l find twenty-five hundred new, sparkling gold pieces.”

“Fine! Fine!” cried Pinocchio, dancing about with joy. “And as soon as I have them, I shall keep two thousand for myself and the other five hundred I’ll give to you two.”

“A gift for us?” cried the Fox, pretending to be insulted. “Why, of course not!” “Of course not!” repeated the Cat.
“We do not work for gain,” answered the Fox. “We work only to enrich others.” “To enrich others!” repeated the Cat.
“What good people,” thought Pinocchio to himself. And forgetting his father, the new coat, the A-B-C book, and all his good resolutions, he said to the Fox and to the Cat:

“Let us go. I am with you.”

Die poppekasman, Vuurvreter, gee vir Pinokkio vyf goudstukke
om vir sy vader, Jaap, te gee; maar Pinokkio laat hom iets wysmaak deurjakkals en Kat en gaan met hulle saam.

Die volgende dag roep Vuurvreter vir Pinokkio en vra:
Wat is jou vader se naam?
t̉Jaap.
Wat doen hy?
Hy is arm.
 Verdien hy baie daarmee?
Hy verdien soveel dat hy nooit n halwe duit in sy sak het nie. Stel u voor dat hy sy enigste baadjie moes verkoop om vir my n ABC-boek te kon koop. Dit was n baadjie wat met al sy stopplekke en lappe ook nog stukkend was.
Arme drommel! Ek is jammer vir hom. Hier is vir jou vyf
goudstukke. Bring dit dadelik vir hom en gee hom my groete. Glo my, Pinokkio het hom seker duisend maal bedank; hy het die marionette een vir een omhels, selfs die dienders ook,
en begewe hom toe buite homself van vreugde op pad huis toe.
Maar hy het nog gn halfmyl geloop nie, of hy ontmoet vir Jakkals wat aan een been kruppel is, en vir Kat wat totaal blind is. Die twee slenter saam voort en help mekaar soos goeie maats in die nood. Jakkals, wat kruppel is, leun op Kat, en Kat, wat blind is, laat hom lei deurjakkals.
Goeiemóre, Pinokkio, groet Jakkals hom ewe vriendelik.
Hoe weet jy wie ek is ? vra Pinokkio.
,,Ek ken jou vader goed.
Waar het jy hom dan gesien?
Ek het hom gister voor die deur sien staan.
En wat het hy gemaak?
Hy het sonder sy baadjie in die deur gestaan en bewe van die koue.
Die arme vader! Maar hy sal van vandag af nooit meer
koud kry nie.
Hoekom?
Oor ek n groot meneer geword het.
Jy n groot meneer? sę Jakkals en begin lelik en plaerig te lag; en Kat lag ook, maar sy stryk met haar poot haar snor op om dit weg te steek.
Dis niks om oor te lag nie! skreeu Pinokkio kwaad. Dit
spyt my as ek jul monde laat water, maar wat ek hier het, is, as julle daar verstand van het, vyf pragtige goudstukke.
En hy haal die vyf goudstukke wat Vuurvreter hom gegee het
te voorskyn.
By die aanloklike gerinkel van die goudstukke roer Jakkals die poot

wat styf lyk en Kat rek haar oë wyd oop; maar sy knyp hulle dadelik weer toe en Pinokkio het geen lont geruik nie.
En wat gaan jy nou met die goudstukke doen? vra Jakkals
met groot belangstelling.
Voor alles, antwoord die pop, wil ek vir my vader n mooi nuwe baadjie koop, heeltemal van goud en silwer en met diamantknope en dan wil ek vir myself n ABC-boek koop.
Vir jouself?
Ja, want ek wil skool toe gaan en fluks gaan leer. ‘
Beskou bietjie vir my, sę Jakkals. Deur my alte groot ywer om te studeer, het ek my been verloor.
Ja, en kyk n bietjie na my, sę Kat. Deurdat ek so besonder ywerig gestudeer het, het ek aan altwee oë blind geword.
En in die tussentyd sing n wit voëltjie wat in die heining langs die pad sit, sy deuntjie en sę:
Pinokkio, pas op vir die raad van slegte maats: later kry
jy net berou!
As die stomme ou voëltjie dit tog maar liewers nie gesę het nie! Kat gee net een spring bo-op die voëltjie en hap hom met vere en al op, voor hy nog kans het om eina te sę.
Toe sy die voël opgevreet en haar bek afgelek het, maak sy haar oë weer toe en hou haar blind soos tevore.
Die arme voëltjie, sę Pinokkio vir Kat. Hoekom het jy hom so sleg behandel?
Om hom n les te leer. Nou sal hy n volgende keer nie weer sy neus in n ander man se sake steek nie.
Hulle het al meer as die helfte van die pad afgelę, toe Jakkals skielik bly staan en vir die pop sę:
Wil jy jou goudstukke verdubbel?
Wat bedoel jy?
Wil jy van jou vyf armsalige ou goudstukkies n honderd, duisend, tweeduisend maak?
Ek sou so dink, maar hoe?
0, dis maklik genoeg. Maar in plaas van huis toe te gaan, moet jy dan met ons saam kom.
En waarheen sou julle my vat?
Na die land van die Uilskuikens.
Nee, daarheen gaan ek nie. Ek is nou naby die huis, dis waarheen ek gaan, my vader wag vir my. Wie weet hoe ongelukkig die arme man hom gister gemaak het oor ek nie terug-gekom het nie. Ek was n stout kind en die Praat-Kriek het gelyk gehad toe hy gesę het: ‚Met ongehoorsame kinders sal dit nooit goed gaan in die węreld nie. Dit het ek tot my skade ondervind, want ek het allerhande ellende belewe en gisteraand by Vuurvreter was ek in gevaar om … brrr! ek kry

hoendervleis as ek net daaraan dink!
Dus, sę Jakkals, wil jy regtig huis toe gaan? Gaan dan maar, des te erger vir jou!
Des te erger vir jou! herhaal Kat. >
Bedink jou goed, Pinokkio, want jy vertrap jou kanse onder jou voete.
Onder jou voete, herhaal Kat.
Jou vyf goudstukke kon vandag of more al tweeduisend geword het.
Tweeduisend, herhaal Kat.
Maar hoe kan hulle ooit so baie word? vra Pinokkio en sy mond bly oop hang van verbasing.
Dit sal ek dadelik vir jou uitlę, sę Jakkals. Daar is naamlik in die land van die Uilskuikens n geseënde veld, wat almal ken as die Wonderveld. In daardie veld maak jy n gaatjie en gooi daar byvoorbeeld een goudstuk in. Dan krap jy dit met n bietjie grond toe, gooi daar twee emmers water van die fontein oor, strooi n knippie sout bo-op en gaan die aand rustig na bed. In die nag ontkiem die goudstuk, begin blom en die volgende more as jy opstaan en na die veld gaan, wat vind jy dan? Dan vind jy n mooi boom met net soveel goudstukke daaraan as wat daar koring is in n groot koringaar.
As ek dus, sę Pinokkio steeds meer verbaas, in daardie
veld al vyf die goudstukke begrawe, hoeveel sou ek dan die volgende more kry?
Dis maklik om uit te reken, antwoord Jakkals. Jy kan dit
op jou vingers natel. Neem aan dat elke goudstuk n tros maak van vyfhonderd goudstukke; vermenigvuldig vyfhonderd met vyf, dan kry jy dus die volgende more tweeduisend-vyfhonderd blinkende, klinkende goudstukke in jou sak.
O’maar, hoe wonderlik! roep Pinokkio en hy dans van
So gou as ek dié goudstukke ingesamel het, sal
ek tweeduisend vir myself hou en kry julle vyfhonderd van my.
Gaan jy ons n present gee? vra Jakkals verontwaardig en hy maak asof hy beledig is. Bewaar my vir so iets!
Ons doen nie ons bes om daar vuile wins mee in te oes nie, ons werk net om ander mense ryk te maak, vervolg Jakkals.
Ander mense, herhaal Kat.
,,Dis darem goeie mense hierdie! dink Pinokkio. Op staande voet is sy vader, die nuwe baadjie, sy ABC-boek en al sy goeie voornemens vergeet en sę hy vir Jakkals en Kat:
Kom ons loop. Ek gaan saam!

CHAPTER 13

The Inn of the Red Lobster

Cat and Fox and Marionette walked and walked and walked. At last, toward evening, dead tired, they came to the Inn of the Red Lobster.

“Let us stop here a while,” said the Fox, “to eat a bite and rest for a few hours. At midnight we’ll start out again, for at dawn tomorrow we must be at the Field of Wonders.”

They went into the Inn and all three sat down at the same table. However, not one of them was very hungry.

The poor Cat felt very weak, and he was able to eat only thirty-five mullets with tomato sauce and four portions of tripe with cheese. Moreover, as he was so in need of strength, he had to have four more helpings of butter and cheese.

The Fox, after a great deal of coaxing, tried his best to eat a little. The doctor had put him on a diet, and he had to be satisfied with a small hare dressed with a dozen young and tender spring chickens. After the hare, he ordered some partridges, a few pheasants, a couple of rabbits, and a dozen frogs and lizards. That was all. He felt ill, he said, and could not eat another bite.

Pinocchio ate least of all. He asked for a bite of bread and a few nuts and then hardly touched them. The poor fellow, with his mind on the Field of Wonders, was suffering from a gold-piece indigestion.

Supper over, the Fox said to the Innkeeper:

“Give us two good rooms, one for Mr. Pinocchio and the other for me and my friend. Before starting out, we’ l take a little nap. Remember to call us at midnight sharp, for we must continue on our journey.”

“Yes, sir,” answered the Innkeeper, winking in a knowing way at the Fox and the Cat, as if to say, “I understand.”

As soon as Pinocchio was in bed, he fell fast asleep and began to dream. He dreamed he was in the middle of a field. The field was full

of vines heavy with grapes. The grapes were no other than gold coins which tinkled merrily as they swayed in the wind. They seemed to say, “Let him who wants us take us!”

Just as Pinocchio stretched out his hand to take a handful of them, he was awakened by three loud knocks at the door. It was the
Innkeeper who had come to tell him that midnight had struck. “Are my friends ready?” the Marionette asked him.
“Indeed, yes! They went two hours ago.” “Why in such a hurry?”
“Unfortunately the Cat received a telegram which said that his first-born was suffering from chilblains and was on the point of death. He could not even wait to say good-by to you.”

“Did they pay for the supper?”

“How could they do such a thing? Being people of great refinement, they did not want to offend you so deeply as not to allow you the honor of paying the bill.”

“Too bad! That offense would have been more than pleasing to me,” said Pinocchio, scratching his head. “Where did my good friends say they would wait for me?” he added.
“At the Field of Wonders, at sunrise tomorrow morning.”
Pinocchio paid a gold piece for the three suppers and started on his way toward the field that was to make him a rich man.

He walked on, not knowing where he was going, for it was dark, so dark that not a thing was visible. Round about him, not a leaf stirred. A few bats skimmed his nose now and again and scared him half to death. Once or twice he shouted, “Who goes there?” and the faraway hi ls echoed back to him, “Who goes there? Who goes there? Who goes… ?”

As he walked, Pinocchio noticed a tiny insect glimmering on the trunk of a tree, a small being that glowed with a pale, soft light. “Who are you?” he asked.
“I am the ghost of the Talking Cricket,” answered the little being in a faint voice that sounded as if it came from a faraway world. “What do you want?” asked the Marionette.
“I want to give you a few words of good advice. Return home and give the four gold pieces you have left to your poor old father who is weeping because he has not seen you for many a day.”

“Tomorrow my father will be a rich man, for these four gold pieces wi

l become two thousand."

"Don't listen to those who promise you wealth overnight, my boy. As a rule they are either fools or swindlers! Listen to me and go home."

"But I want to go on!" "The hour is late!"
"I want to go on."

"The night is very dark." "I want to go on."
"The road is dangerous." "I want to go on."
"Remember that boys who insist on having their own way, sooner or later come to grief." "The same nonsense. Good-by, Cricket."
"Good night, Pinocchio, and may Heaven preserve you from the Assassins."

There was silence for a minute and the light of the Talking Cricket disappeared suddenly, just as if someone had snuffed it out. Once again the road was plunged in darkness.

13
Die Herberg Die Rooi Kreef.

Hulle loop en loop en loop en teen die aand kom hulle eindelik doodmoeg by die herberg ,,Die Rooi Kreef aan.
Kom ons bly n rukkie hier, sę Jakkals, al is dit net om n happie te eet en n bietjie te rus. Middernag gaan ons dan weer verder om more as die dag breek by die Wonderveld aan te kom.
Hulle stap die herberg binne en gaan sit by n tafel, maar geeneen van hulle het eintlik lus vir kos nie.
Arme Kat se maag is so ernstig van stryk dat sy net vyf-en- dertig seevisse met tamatiesous en vier porsies pens met kaas kon eet, en omdat dit vir haar lyk asof die pens nie goed genoeg klaargemaak was nie, vra sy daar toe nog drie maal meer botter en gerasperde kaas by.
Jakkals het ook baie lus om iets lekkers te peusel, maar die dokter het hom n streng dieet voorgeskrywe, sodat hy hom maar moet tevrede stel met n eenvoudige skottel haasvleis en
n skottel vetgemaakte hoendertjies. Na die skottel haasvleis laat hy, om sy eetlus n bietjie aan te wakker, vir hom n gereg van veldhoenders, patryse, konyne, paddas, en akkedisse bring en ook n paar trosse druiwe. Toe wou hy niks meer hę nie.
Hy was dan altyd so danig teë om te eet, kon skaars iets deur sy keel kry.
Pinokkio het die minste van almal geëet. Hy het net gevra
om n stukkie brood en n halwe okkerneut en het alles net so laat lę.

Hy kon aan niks anders as aan die Wonderveld dink nie en die goudstukke het vooruit alreeds sy eetlus bederwe.
Toe hulle klaar geëet het, sę Jakkals vir die hotelbaas:
Gee ons twee goeie kamers, een vir meneer Pinokkio en een vir my en my maat. Voor ons vertrek kan ons darem so n bietjie slaap. Maar onthou nou dat ons middernag wakker gemaak moet word om ons reis voort te sit.
Alte seker, menere, antwoord die baas en knik vir Jakkals
en Kat asof hy wou sę dat hy die hele saak goed begryp.
Skaars lę Pinokkio in die bed, of hy raak vas aan die slaap en begin te droom. Hy droom hy staan op n veld en die veld is vol struike, wat vol trosse hang en die trosse is vol goudstukke en die wind roer daardeur en dan klink, klink die goudstukke asof hulle wil sę:
As jy ons wil hę, moet jy ons kom haal!
Maar net toe dit op sy mooiste was en net toe Pinokkio sy hand wou uitsteek om die goudstukke te gryp en in sy sakke te prop, word hy wakker van drie swaar kloppe op sy deur.
Dit was die hotelbaas wat hom kom sę dat dit net twaalfuur geslaan het.
En is my maats al klaar ? vra die pop.
Meer as klaar! Hulle is al twee uur gelede weg.
Hoekom was hulle dan so haastig?
Oor die kat n boodskap gekry het dat haar oudste kind wat aan wintervoete ly, in lewensgevaar verkeer.
En het hulk vir die aandete betaal?
Maar hoe kan u so iets dink? Hulle is veels te welopgevoed om u Edelagbare só grof te beledig!
Dis jammer! Ek sou so n belediging nogal in orde gevind
het! sę Pinokkio en krap sy kop. En toe vra hy:
En waar het my goeie vriende gesę dat hulle my sal kry?
By die Wonderveld, móreoggend vroeg as die dag breek. Pinokkio betaal toe een goudstuk vir sy aandete en vir dié
van sy maats en vertrek.
Maar hy moet voel-voel loop, want dit is buite so donker dat hy totaal niks kan sien nie. Alles om hom is doodstil, nie n blaartjie roer nie. Net n paar nagvoëls wat oor die pad vlieg, raak met hul vlerke teen sy neus. Hy spring agteruit van skrik en skree:
Wie is daar?
En van ver uit die omliggende heuwels kom die eggo terug na hom:
Wie is daar? Wie is daar? Wie is daar?
Onderwyl hy verder loop, sien hy op n boomstam n klein diertjie wat n swak, dowwe liggie versprei, nes n nagliggie agter n porseleinlampkappie.
Wie is jy? vra Pinokkio.

Ek is die gees van die Praat-Kriek, antwoord die diertjie met n stemmetjie so flou dat dit maklik uit die onderwęreld kon gekom het.
Wat wil jy van my he? vra die pop.
Ek wil jou raad gee: Gaan terug en bring jou vier orige goudstukke vir jou vader wat wanhopig bedroef voel oor hy jou nie weer gesien het nie.
Móre word Vader n groot meneer, omdat hierdie vier geldstukke tweeduisend sal wees.
My kind, moet tog nie die mense glo wat belowe om jou in
een dag ryk te maak nie. Hulle is óf dwase óf bedrieërs. Luister na my en gaan terug!
Maar ek wil juis verder gaan.
Dis so laat!
Ek wil verder gaan.
Die nag is so donker.
Ek wil verder gaan.
Dis n gevaarlike pad.
Ek wil verder gaan.
Onthou tog dat kinders wat hul eie sin deurvoer, vroeër of later berou kry.
Daardie praatjies ken ek. Goeienag, Kriek!
Nag, Pinokkio, en mag die hemel jou bewaar vir nagdou en vir rowers.
Skaars het Praat-Kriek hierdie woorde gesę of die liggie gaan
dood asof dit uitgeblaas is en die pad is weer net so donker soos tevore.

CHAPTER 14

Pinocchio, not having listened to the good advice of the Talking Cricket, falls into the hands of the Assassins.

“Dear, oh, dear! When I come to think of it,” said the Marionette to himself, as he once more set out on his journey, “we boys are really very unlucky. Everybody scolds us, everybody gives us advice, everybody warns us. If we were to allow it, everyone would try to be father and mother to us; everyone, even the Talking Cricket. Take me, for example. Just because I would not listen to that bothersome Cricket, who knows how many misfortunes may be awaiting me! Assassins indeed! At least I have never believed in them, nor ever will. To speak sensibly, I think assassins have been invented by fathers and mothers to frighten children who want to run away at night. And then, even if I were to meet them on the road, what matter? I’ll just run up to them, and say, ‘Well, signori, what do you want? Remember that you can’t fool with me! Run along and mind your business.’ At such a speech, I can almost see those poor fellows running like the wind. But in case they don’t run away, I can always run myself…”

Pinocchio was not given time to argue any longer, for he thought he heard a slight rustle among the leaves behind him.
He turned to look and behold, there in the darkness stood two big black shadows, wrapped from head to foot in black sacks. The two figures leaped toward him as softly as if they were ghosts.

“Here they come!” Pinocchio said to himself, and, not knowing where to hide the gold pieces, he stuck all four of them under his tongue.

He tried to run away, but hardly had he taken a step, when he felt his arms grasped and heard two horrible, deep voices say to him: “Your money or your life!”

On account of the gold pieces in his mouth, Pinocchio could not say a word, so he tried with head and hands and body to show, as best he could, that he was only a poor Marionette without a penny in his pocket.

“Come, come, less nonsense, and out with your money!” cried the two thieves in threatening voices. Once more, Pinocchio’s head and hands said, “I haven’t a penny.”

“Out with that money or you’re a dead man,” said the taller of the two Assassins. “Dead man,” repeated the other.
“And after having ki led you, we will ki l your father also.” “Your father also!”
“No, no, no, not my Father!” cried Pinocchio, wild with terror; but as he screamed, the gold pieces tinkled together in his mouth. “Ah, you rascal! So that’s the game! You have the money hidden under your tongue. Out with it!”
But Pinocchio was as stubborn as ever.

“Are you deaf? Wait, young man, we’ll get it from you in a twinkling!”

One of them grabbed the Marionette by the nose and the other by the chin, and they pu led him unmercifu ly from side to side in order to make him open his mouth.

All was of no use. The Marionette’s lips might have been nailed together. They would not open.

In desperation the smaller of the two Assassins pulled out a long knife from his pocket, and tried to pry Pinocchio’s mouth open with it.

Quick as a flash, the Marionette sank his teeth deep into the Assassin’s hand, bit it off and spat it out. Fancy his surprise when he saw that it was not a hand, but a cat’s paw.

Encouraged by this first victory, he freed himself from the claws of his assailers and, leaping over the bushes along the road, ran swiftly across the fields. His pursuers were after him at once, like two dogs chasing a hare.

After running seven miles or so, Pinocchio was well-nigh exhausted. Seeing himself lost, he climbed up a giant pine tree and sat there to see what he could see. The Assassins tried to climb also, but they slipped and fell.

Far from giving up the chase, this only spurred them on. They gathered a bundle of wood, piled it up at the foot of the pine, and set fire to it. In a twinkling the tree began to sputter and burn like a candle blown by the wind. Pinocchio saw the flames climb higher and higher. Not wishing to end his days as a roasted Marionette, he jumped quickly to the ground and off he went, the Assassins close to him, as before.

Dawn was breaking when, without any warning whatsoever, Pinocchio found his path barred by a deep pool full of water the color of muddy coffee.

What was there to do? With a “One, two, three!” he jumped clear across it. The Assassins jumped also, but not having measured their distance well—splash!!!—they fell right into the middle of the pool. Pinocchio who heard the splash and felt it, too, cried out, laughing, but never stopping in his race:
“A pleasant bath to you, signori!”

He thought they must surely be drowned and turned his head to see. But there were the two somber figures still following him, though their black sacks were drenched and dripping with water.

14
Nadat Pinokkio nie uiou luister na die goeie raad van die Praat-Kriék nie, ontmoet hy ‘npaar rowers.

Dis tog alte waar, sę Pinokkio, onderwyl hy voortstap, dat
n arme seun maar swaar kry. Almal brom teen jou, almal het iets te sę en jy kry van alle kante raad. As n mens hulle hoor praat, sou elkeen jou vader of moeder moet wees, almal, selfs Praat-Kriek. Nou ook weer: Oor ek nou nie na hom wou luister nie, wie weet hoeveel ongelukke my nie, volgens hom, sou kan oorkom nie.
Asof ek rowers sal teenkom! Dis maar goed dat ek nie aan rowers glo nie en nooit geglo het nie. Ek dink dat so n praatjie oor rowers met opset deur grootmense uitgevind is om seuns wat miskien snags sou wou uitgaan, bang te maak. En buiten-dien,al sou ek hulle ontmoet,sou ek daarom vir hulle bang wees? Ek dink nie aan so iets nie. Ek sou vlak voor hulle gaan staan en roep: ‚Menere rowers, wat wil julle van my hę? Onthou n bietjie dat ek nie met my laat gekskeer nie! Gaan jul koers en bly maar stil!
As ek dit baie ernstig vir hulle sę, sien ek al so voor my hoe
die arme rowers weghardloop. En as hulle miskien so ongepoets is om nie te vlug nie, vlug ek, en dan is alles tog in orde!
Maar Pinokkio kon nie verder gaan nie, want op daardie

A i
oomblik hoor hy n ligte geritsel agter hom in die blare. Hy kyk om en sien in die donker twee snaakse swart figure in kolesakke aangetrek, wat op hul tone agter hom aanspring asof hulle spoke

Daar is hulle nou regtig! en omdat hy nie weet waar om die vier

goudstukke weg te steek nie, sit hy hulle onder sy tong.
Toe begin hy vlug. Maar hy het nog gn tien treë geloop nie of hy word vasgegryp aan sy arms en twee skrikwekkende, hoi stemme sę: Jou geld of jou lewe!
Pinokkio kon geen woord uitkry nie, daarom maak hy allerhande gebare en bewegings om vir die gedaantes, waarvan hy net die oë deur die gate in die sakke kan sien, duidelik te maak dat hy maar n arme pop is wat selfs geen valse stuiwer besit nie.
Komaan, komaan! Minder praatjies en gee die geld! roep die rowers dreigend.
En die pop roer sy kop en hande om te wys dat hy dit nie het
nie.
Gee jou geld, of jys dood! sę die grootste rower.
Dood! beaam die tweede.
En as ons jou dood het, sterf jou vader! sę die grootste rower.
Jou vader!
Nee, nee, tog nie my vadertjie nie! gil Pinokkio wanhopig;
maar terwyl hy gil, klink die goudstukke in sy mond.
So, skelm! Die geld is dus in jou mond weggesteek. Spoeg dit dadelik uit!
So, maak jy of jy doof is? Wag maar, ons sal wel maak dat jy dit uitspoeg!
En jou waarlik gryp die een die pop aan sy neus en die ander
vat sy ken en hulle begin ongemanierd te trek, die een boontoe, die ander ondertoe om sy mond oop te kry. Maar hulle kry dit nie reg nie. Dit lyk byna of die pop se mond vasgespyker en geklink is.
Toe haal die kleinste rower n groot mes uit sy sak en probeer
dit soos n hefboom tussen sy lippe steek, maar soos blits hap Pinokkio na sy hand, byt dit in een hap af en spoeg dit uit. Stel jou sy verbasing voor, toe hy merk dat hy gn hand nie, maar n katpootjie afgebyt het!
Aangemoedig deur hierdic eerstc oorwinning, ruk hy hom met geweld los van sy aanvallers, spring oor die heining en begin sommer deur die veld hardloop. En die rowers sit hom agtema, soos twee honde agter n haas en die een wat sy poot verloor het, hoi op een poot. Hoe hy dit reggekry het, is onverklaarbaar.
Na hulle vyftien myl gehardloop het, kon Pinokkio nie meer nie. Toe hy sien dat hy verlore is, klim hy bo in n denneboom en gaan sit op n tak. Die rowers probeer ook om in te klim, maar halfpad gly hulle en krap hul hande en voete stukkend.
Hulle gee darem nog nie moed op nie; inteendeel, hulle maak droë takkies bymekaar aan die voet van die boom en steek dit aan die brand. In n kits vat die boom vlam, wat deur die wind aangewakker word. Pinokkio, wat die vlamme al hoër en hoër sien kom en nie soos n gebraaide duif wil sterf nie, gee

n reuse-sprong bo uit die boom en daar trek hy weer, die rowers onvermoeid agterna.
Intussen begin die dag breek en nog steeds hoi hulle voort. Skielik sien Pinokkio n diep, breë sloot vol vuil modderwater dwarsoor die pad. En nou ?
Een, twee, drie! skree die pop, en met n groot uithaal spring hy tot op die ander wal. En die rowers spring ook, maar hulle het die afstand nie goed geskat nie, en val pardoems! … binne-in die sloot.
Pinokkio, wat die ploemps hoor en die water sien opspat, skree soos hy lag, en terwyl hy verder hardloop, roep hy:
Lekker baai, menere rowers!
En hy stel hom alreeds voor hoe hulle verdrink het, toe hy omkyk en merk dat hulle albei agter hom aankom, nog steeds in hul sakke gehul, terwyl die water uit hulle uitstroom soos uit twee mandjies sonder boom.

CHAPTER 15

The Assassins chase Pinocchio, catch him, and hang him to the branch of a giant oak tree.

As he ran, the Marionette felt more and more certain that he would have to give himself up into the hands of his pursuers. Suddenly he saw a little cottage gleaming white as the snow among the trees of the forest.

“If I have enough breath left with which to reach that little house, I may be saved,” he said to himself. Not waiting another moment, he darted swiftly through the woods, the Assassins still after him.
After a hard race of almost an hour, tired and out of breath, Pinocchio finally reached the door of the cottage and knocked. No one answered.

He knocked again, harder than before, for behind him he heard the steps and the labored breathing of his persecutors. The same silence followed.

As knocking was of no use, Pinocchio, in despair, began to kick and bang against the door, as if he wanted to break it. At the noise,
a window opened and a lovely maiden looked out. She had azure hair and a face white as wax. Her eyes were closed and her hands crossed on her breast. With a voice so weak that it hardly could be heard, she whispered:

“No one lives in this house. Everyone is dead.”

“Won’t you, at least, open the door for me?” cried Pinocchio in a beseeching voice. “I also am dead.”
“Dead? What are you doing at the window, then?” “I am waiting for the coffin to take me away.”
After these words, the little girl disappeared and the window closed without a sound.

“Oh, Lovely Maiden with Azure Hair,” cried Pinocchio, “open, I beg of you. Take pity on a poor boy who is being chased by two
Assass—”

He did not finish, for two powerful hands grasped him by the neck and the same two horrible voices growled threateningly: “Now we

have you!”

The Marionette, seeing death dancing before him, trembled so hard that the joints of his legs rattled and the coins tinkled under his tongue.
“Well,” the Assassins asked, “wi l you open your mouth now or not? Ah! You do not answer? Very well, this time you shall open it.” Taking out two long, sharp knives, they struck two heavy blows on the Marionette’s back.

Happily for him, Pinocchio was made of very hard wood and the knives broke into a thousand pieces. The Assassins looked at each other in dismay, holding the handles of the knives in their hands.

“I understand,” said one of them to the other, “there is nothing left to do now but to hang him.” “To hang him,” repeated the other.
They tied Pinocchio’s hands behind his shoulders and slipped the noose around his neck. Throwing the rope over the high limb of a giant oak tree, they pu led ti l the poor Marionette hung far up in space.
Satisfied with their work, they sat on the grass waiting for Pinocchio to give his last gasp. But after three hours the Marionette’s eyes were sti l open, his mouth still shut and his legs kicked harder than ever.

Tired of waiting, the Assassins called to him mockingly: “Good-by ti l tomorrow. When we return in the morning, we hope you’ll be polite enough to let us find you dead and gone and with your mouth wide open.” With these words they went.

A few minutes went by and then a wild wind started to blow. As it shrieked and moaned, the poor little sufferer was blown to and
fro like the hammer of a bell. The rocking made him seasick and the noose, becoming tighter and tighter, choked him. Little by little a film covered his eyes.

Death was creeping nearer and nearer, and the Marionette sti l hoped for some good soul to come to his rescue, but no one appeared. As he was about to die, he thought of his poor old father, and hardly conscious of what he was saying, murmured to himself:

“Oh, Father, dear Father! If you were only here!”

These were his last words. He closed his eyes, opened his mouth, stretched out his legs, and hung there, as if he were dead.

Die rowers agtervolg Pinokkio en toe hulle hom inhaal, hang hulle hom op aan die tak van n groot eikeboom.

Al sy mocd het nou verdwyn en hy is op die punt om maar neer te val en hom gewonne te gee, toe hy in die verte tussen die donkergroen blare van die borne n sneeuwit huisie sien deur-skemer.
As ek net asem genoeg het om die huisie te haal, is ek altemit
gered! sę hy by homself.
En sonder om n oomblik te aarsel, begin hy so hard as hy kan deur die bos nael. En die rowers kom maar steeds agter hom aan.
Na n lang, wanhopige gehardloop, klop hy eindelik uitasem
by die deur van die huisie aan.
Niemand antwoord nie. Hy klop weer en met meer geweld omdat hy die voetstappe en die swaar hygende asemhaling van sy agtervolgers nader en nader hoor kom.
Dit bly doodstil.
Toe hy merk dat dit nie help om te klop nie, begin hy wanhopig te skop en stamp teen die deur.
Toe kom n mooi meisie met blou hare en n gesiggie so wit soos n wasbeeldjie voor die venster. Haar oë was toe en haar arms oor haar bors gevou en sy sę sonder om haar lippe te roer
en met n stemmetjie soos van die ander węreld:
Hier is niemand nie. Almal is dood.
SjMaak jy dan tog asseblief vir my oop! huil Pinokkio met smekende stem.
Ek is ook dood!
Dood? En wat maak jy dan voor die venster?
Ek wag op die lykwa wat my moet kom haal.
Net toe sy dit gesę het, verdwyn die meisie en geruisloos gaan die venster toe.
0 liewe meisietjie met jou blou hare, maak tog in hemelsnaam vir my oop! skree Pinokkio. Kry tog medelye met n arme seun wat vervolg word deur ro ..
Maar hy kon die woord nie klaar uitspreek nie, want hy voel hoe hy aan sy nek beetgepak word en hoor die bekende, lelike stemme dreigend brom:
Dié keer ontsnap jy nie weer nie!
Die pop wat sy dood sien nader, begin so te bewe dat die skarniere van sy houtbene kners en die vier goudstukke onder sy tong rammel.
En nou? vra die rowers. Is jy nou van plan om jou mond oop te maak of nie? Gn antwoord nie? … Dit kom daar ook nie op aan nie. Nou sal ons jou dwing om hom oop te maak!

En hulle trek twee lang, skerp messe uit en tsst! gee hulle hom elkeen n steek in sy rug.
Maar tot sy geluk was die pop van baie harde hout gemaak, sodat die lemme breek, en die rowers met die hewwe in hul hande vir mekaar staan en aangaap.
Ek weet nou wat ons moet doen, sę een van hulle, ons moet hom ophang. Komaan dan maar!
,,Komaan dan maar! herhaal die ander.
Hulle bind sy hande agter sy rug vas, knoop n tou om sy nek en hang hom aan die Groot Eik op.
Toe gaan sit hulle op die gras onder die boom om te wag tot die pop nie meer slinger nie. Maar na drie uur was die pop se
oë nog oop, sy mond toe en hy swaai nog lustiger as tevore.
Eindehk word hulle moeg van wag en sę met n gryns vir
Pinokkio:
Tot siens, hoor! Tot more. As ons dan weer kom, hoop ons dat jy so beleef sal wees om dood te wees en jou mond wyd oop.
En hulle stap weg.
Intussen begin n sterk noordewind waai, wat die arme Pinokkio heftig heen en weer bengel soos die klepel van n klok as dit op n Sondagmóre lui. Die gebengel maak hom baie benoud en die knoop, wat al stywer om sy nek vastrek, neem sy asem weg.
Stadigaan word sy oë dof, maar hoewel hy voel dat die dood
nader, hoop hy nog steeds dat daar ter elfder ure n barmhartige siel sal opdaag om hom te help.
Toe daar egter na al die wag nog steeds niemand verskyn nie, begin hy aan sy vader dink en stamel hy amper sterwende:
Vadertjielief, was jy tog maar hier!
Hy het toe gn asem meer nie, sluit sy oë, laat sy mond oop-hang, strek sy bene reguit, gee n groot ruk en bly stokstyf hang.

CHAPTER 16

The Lovely Maiden with Azure Hair sends for the poor Marionette, puts him to bed, and calls three Doctors to tell her if Pinocchio is dead or alive.

If the poor Marionette had dangled there much longer, all hope would have been lost. Luckily for him, the Lovely Maiden with Azure Hair once again looked out of her window. Filled with pity at the sight of the poor little fellow being knocked helplessly about by the wind, she clapped her hands sharply together three times.
At the signal, a loud whirr of wings in quick flight was heard and a large Falcon came and settled itself on the window ledge. “What do you command, my charming Fairy?” asked the Falcon, bending his beak in deep reverence (for it must be known that,
after all, the Lovely Maiden with Azure Hair was none other than a very kind Fairy who had lived, for more than a thousand years,
in the vicinity of the forest).

“Do you see that Marionette hanging from the limb of that giant oak tree?” “I see him.”
“Very well. Fly immediately to him. With your strong beak, break the knot which holds him tied, take him down, and lay him softly on the grass at the foot of the oak.”

The Falcon flew away and after two minutes returned, saying, “I have done what you have commanded.” “How did you find him? Alive or dead?”
“At first glance, I thought he was dead. But I found I was wrong, for as soon as I loosened the knot around his neck, he gave a long sigh and mumbled with a faint voice, ‘Now I feel better!’”

The Fairy clapped her hands twice. A magnificent Poodle appeared, walking on his hind legs just like a man. He was dressed in court livery. A tricorn trimmed with gold lace was set at a rakish angle over a wig of white curls that dropped down to his waist. He wore a jaunty coat of chocolate-colored velvet, with diamond buttons, and with two huge pockets which were always fi led with bones, dropped there at dinner by his loving mistress. Breeches of crimson velvet, silk stockings, and low, silver-buckled slippers completed his costume. His tail was encased in a blue silk covering, which was to protect it from the rain.

“Come, Medoro,” said the Fairy to him. “Get my best coach ready and set out toward the forest. On reaching the oak tree, you wi l find a poor, half-dead Marionette stretched out on the grass. Lift him up tenderly, place him on the silken cushions of the coach, and bring him here to me.”

The Poodle, to show that he understood, wagged his silk-covered tail two or three times and set off at a quick pace.
In a few minutes, a lovely little coach, made of glass, with lining as soft as whipped cream and chocolate pudding, and stuffed with canary feathers, pulled out of the stable. It was drawn by one hundred pairs of white mice, and the Poodle sat on the coachman’s seat and snapped his whip gayly in the air, as if he were a real coachman in a hurry to get to his destination.

In a quarter of an hour the coach was back. The Fairy, who was waiting at the door of the house, lifted the poor little Marionette in her arms, took him to a dainty room with mother-of-pearl walls, put him to bed, and sent immediately for the most famous doctors of the neighborhood to come to her.

One after another the doctors came, a Crow, and Owl, and a Talking Cricket.

“I should like to know, signori,” said the Fairy, turning to the three doctors gathered about Pinocchio’s bed, “I should like to know if this poor Marionette is dead or alive.”

At this invitation, the Crow stepped out and felt Pinocchio’s pulse, his nose, his little toe. Then he solemnly pronounced the following words:

“To my mind this Marionette is dead and gone; but if, by any evil chance, he were not, then that would be a sure sign that he is still alive!”

“I am sorry,” said the Owl, “to have to contradict the Crow, my famous friend and colleague. To my mind this Marionette is alive;
but if, by any evil chance, he were not, then that would be a sure sign that he is wholly dead!” “And do you hold any opinion?” the Fairy asked the Talking Cricket.
“I say that a wise doctor, when he does not know what he is talking about, should know enough to keep his mouth shut. However, that Marionette is not a stranger to me. I have known him a long time!”

Pinocchio, who until then had been very quiet, shuddered so hard that the bed shook. “That Marionette,” continued the Talking Cricket, “is a rascal of the worst kind.” Pinocchio opened his eyes and closed them again.
“He is rude, lazy, a runaway.”

Pinocchio hid his face under the sheets.

“That Marionette is a disobedient son who is breaking his father’s heart!”

Long shuddering sobs were heard, cries, and deep sighs. Think how surprised everyone was when, on raising the sheets, they discovered Pinocchio half melted in tears!

“When the dead weep, they are beginning to recover,” said the Crow solemnly.

“I am sorry to contradict my famous friend and colleague,” said the Owl, “but as far as I’m concerned, I think that when the dead weep, it means they do not want to die.”

16

Die Mooi Meisie met die blou hare laat die pop haal,
sit hom in die bed en ontbied drie dokters om uit te vind of hy dood of lewend is.

Terwyl die arme Pinokkio meer dood as lewend aan die tak van die Groot Eik hang waar die rowers hom gelaat het, kom die mooi meisie met die blou hare weer voor die venster staan. Sy voel jammer vir die arme pop wat daar aan sy nek hang en so woes heen en weer geslinger word deur die rukwinde. Toe klap sy haar hande drie maal en gee drie kloppies. Toe sy hierdie teken gee, is daar n groot gedruis van haastig naderende vlerke en n groot Valk kom op die vensterbank sit.
Wat beveel my beminlike Fee? vra die Valk en buig sy kop as teken van eerbied (want die meisie met die blou hare is mooi niemand anders as n baie goeie Fee nie wat al langer as duisend jaar in die buurt van die bos woon).
Sien jy die pop daar aan die tak van die Groot Eik slinger ?
Ek sien hom.
Nou ja, vlieg dadelik soontoe. Pik met jou sterk snawel die knoop om sy nek los en lę hom versigtig op die gras aan die voet van die

Eikeboom neer.
Die Valk vlieg weg, kom na twee minute weer terug en sę:
U bevele is uitgevoer.
En hoe gaan dit met hom ? Lewe hy, of is hy dood ?
So op die oog het hy dood gelyk, maar hy kon nie heeltemal dood gewees het nie, want net toe ek die knoop om sy nek los-maak, sug hy diep en mompel: ,,Nou voel ek beter!
Toe klap die Fee haar hande, gee twee kloppies en daar verskyn n pragtige Poedel, wat op sy agterpote loop nes n mens.
Die Poedel is soos n koetsier in kleurige mondering geklee.
Op sy wit pruik, met krulle tot in sy nek, rus n goudomboorde, driekantige hoedjie. Hy dra verder n bruin baadjie met diamantknope en groot sakke om die beentjies in te bęre wat sy beskermvrou hom onder die ete gee, n kort vuurrooi fluweel-broekie, sykouse, oopgewerkte lae skoentjies en van agter n soort sambreel-oortrekseltjie van blou fluweel waarin hy sy stert kan stop as dit reën.
Kom, my goeie Medoro! sę die Fee vir die Poedel. Laat
dadelik die beste rytuig uit my waenhuis inspan en ry die bos in. As jy by die Groot Eik kom, sal jy n arme half-dooie pop sien lę. Tel hom versigtig op, lę hom mooi reguit op die rytuigkus-sings en bring hom na my. Verstaan jy ?
Om te toon dat hy begryp, swaai die Poedel drie of vier maal met die blou fluweel-oortrekseltjie wat hy van agter dra en vertrek soos n resiesperd.
Kort daarna kon n mens uit die waenhuis n mooi liggekleur-de rytuigie sien kom, heeltemal oorgetrek met kanarievlerkies en van binne uitgevoer met geklopte room en room met be-skuitjies. n Honderd paar wit muisies trek die rytuigie en die Poedel klap van die bok af regs en links met sy sweep soos n koetsier wat bang is dat hy laat sal kom.
Daar het nog gn kwartier verloop nie, toe die rytuigie terugkeer; en die Fee, wat op die drumpel gestaan het, neem vir Pinokkio daaruit, bring hom in n kamertjie met mure van perlemoen, en laat die beroemdste dokters van die streek haastig haal.
Die dokters kom dadelik; die een na die ander: eers n Kraai
toe n Steenuil en daarna n Praat-Kriek.
Ek wil van die here weet, sę die Fee vir die dokters wat om Pinokkio se bed staan, ek sou graag van u wil weet of hierdie ongelukkige pop dood oflewend is …!
Na hierdie versoek kom eers die Kraai vorentoe en voel Pinokkio se pols, toe sy neus en daarna sy kleintoontjie, en toe hy alles goed gevoel het, spreek hy plegtig hierdie woorde:
Volgens my mening is die sieke heeltemal dood; maar as hy per ongeluk nie dood is nie, sou dit n teken wees dat hy nog altyd leef!

Dit spyt my, sę die Steenuil, om die Kraai, my beroemde vriend en kollega, te moet teenspreek: ek reken juis dat die pop lewend is en as hy per ongeluk nie lewe nie, sou dit n teken wees dat hy regtig dood is!
En sę u niks? vra die Fee vir die Praat-Kriek.
Ek sę dat dit die beste is vir n versigtige dokter om te swyg as hy nie seker is van wat hy sę nie. Bowendien het die pop vir my n gesig wat my nie onbekend is nie: ek ken hom al lank.
Pinokkio, wat tot dusver roerloos bly lę het asof hy n regte
stuk hout is, kry effens n kramptrekking, sodat die bed kraak.
Daardie pop, sę die Praat-Kriek, is n deurtrapte skelm ... Pinokkio maak so effens sy oë oop, maar sluit hulle dadelik weer.
,,Dis n kwajong, n luilak, n vabond… Pinokkio steek sy kop weg onder die lakens.
Die pop is n ongehoorsame kind, wat sy vader van hartseer sal laat sterwe ...!
Op daardie oomblik klink daar onderdrukte snikke deur die kamer. Verbeel julle hoe verbaas hulle was toe hulle die laken oplig en sien dat dit Pinokkio is wat so droewig huil.
As n dooie huil, is dit n teken dat hy op pad is om beter te
word, sę die Kraai plegtig.
Dit spyt my om my beroemde vriend en kollega teen te spreek, sę die Steenuil toe, maar ek reken dat as n dooie huil, dit n teken is dat hy dit naar vind om te sterwe.

CHAPTER 17

Pinocchio eats sugar, but refuses to take medicine. When the undertakers come for him, he drinks the medicine and feels better. Afterwards he tells a lie and, in punishment, his nose grows longer and longer.

As soon as the three doctors had left the room, the Fairy went to Pinocchio's bed and, touching him on the forehead, noticed that he was burning with fever.

She took a glass of water, put a white powder into it, and, handing it to the Marionette, said lovingly to him: "Drink this, and in a few days you' l be up and well."
Pinocchio looked at the glass, made a wry face, and asked in a whining voice: "Is it sweet or bitter?"
"It is bitter, but it is good for you." "If it is bitter, I don't want it." "Drink it!"
"I don't like anything bitter."

"Drink it and I'll give you a lump of sugar to take the bitter taste from your mouth." "Where's the sugar?"
"Here it is," said the Fairy, taking a lump from a golden sugar bowl. "I want the sugar first, then I' l drink the bitter water."
"Do you promise?" "Yes."
The Fairy gave him the sugar and Pinocchio, after chewing and swallowing it in a twinkling, said, smacking his lips: "If only sugar were medicine! I should take it every day."
"Now keep your promise and drink these few drops of water. They'll be good for you."

Pinocchio took the glass in both hands and stuck his nose into it. He lifted it to his mouth and once more stuck his nose into it. "It is too bitter, much too bitter! I can't drink it."
"How do you know, when you haven't even tasted it?"

"I can imagine it. I smell it. I want another lump of sugar, then I'll drink it."

The Fairy, with all the patience of a good mother, gave him more sugar and again handed him the glass. "I can't drink it like that," the Marionette said, making more wry faces.

"Why?"

"Because that feather pi low on my feet bothers me." The Fairy took away the pillow.
"It's no use. I can't drink it even now." "What's the matter now?"
"I don't like the way that door looks. It's half open." The Fairy closed the door.
"I won't drink it," cried Pinocchio, bursting out crying. "I won't drink this awful water. I won't. I won't! No, no, no, no!" "My boy, you' l be sorry."
"I don't care."

"You are very sick." "I don't care."
"In a few hours the fever wi l take you far away to another world." "I don't care."
"Aren't you afraid of death?"

"Not a bit. I'd rather die than drink that awful medicine."

At that moment, the door of the room flew open and in came four Rabbits as black as ink, carrying a small black coffin on their shoulders.

"What do you want from me?" asked Pinocchio. "We have come for you," said the largest Rabbit. "For me? But I'm not dead yet!"
"No, not dead yet; but you will be in a few moments since you have refused to take the medicine which would have made you well." "Oh, Fairy, my Fairy," the Marionette cried out, "give me that glass! Quick, please! I don't want to die! No, no, not yet—not yet!" And holding the glass with his two hands, he swallowed the medicine at one gulp.
"Well," said the four Rabbits, "this time we have made the trip for nothing."

And turning on their heels, they marched solemnly out of the room, carrying their little black coffin and muttering and grumbling between their teeth.

In a twinkling, Pinocchio felt fine. With one leap he was out of bed and into his clothes. The Fairy, seeing him run and jump around the room gay as a bird on wing, said to him: "My medicine was good for you, after a l, wasn't it?"
"Good indeed! It has given me new life."

"Why, then, did I have to beg you so hard to make you drink it?"

“I’m a boy, you see, and all boys hate medicine more than they do sickness.”
“What a shame! Boys ought to know, after all, that medicine, taken in time, can save them from much pain and even from death.” “Next time I won’t have to be begged so hard. I’ll remember those black Rabbits with the black coffin on their shoulders and I’ l take
the glass and pouf!—down it wi l go!”

“Come here now and tell me how it came about that you found yourself in the hands of the Assassins.”

“It happened that Fire Eater gave me five gold pieces to give to my Father, but on the way, I met a Fox and a Cat, who asked me,
‘Do you want the five pieces to become two thousand?’ And I said, ‘Yes.’ And they said, ‘Come with us to the Field of Wonders.’ And I said, ‘Let’s go.’ Then they said, ‘Let us stop at the Inn of the Red Lobster for dinner and after midnight we’ll set out again.’ We ate and went to sleep. When I awoke they were gone and I started out in the darkness all alone. On the road I met two Assassins dressed in black coal sacks, who said to me, ‘Your money or your life!’ and I said, ‘I haven’t any money’; for, you see, I had put the money under my tongue. One of them tried to put his hand in my mouth and I bit it off and spat it out; but it wasn’t a hand, it was a cat’s paw. And they ran after me and I ran and ran, ti l at last they caught me and tied my neck with a rope and hanged me to a tree, saying, ‘Tomorrow we’ll come back for you and you’ l be dead and your mouth will be open, and then we’ll take the gold pieces that you have hidden under your tongue.’”

“Where are the gold pieces now?” the Fairy asked.

“I lost them,” answered Pinocchio, but he told a lie, for he had them in his pocket.
As he spoke, his nose, long though it was, became at least two inches longer. “And where did you lose them?”
“In the wood near by.”

At this second lie, his nose grew a few more inches.

“If you lost them in the near-by wood,” said the Fairy, “we’ll look for them and find them, for everything that is lost there is always found.”

“Ah, now I remember,” replied the Marionette, becoming more and

more confused. “I did not lose the gold pieces, but I swallowed them when I drank the medicine.”

At this third lie, his nose became longer than ever, so long that he could not even turn around. If he turned to the right, he knocked it against the bed or into the windowpanes; if he turned to the left, he struck the walls or the door; if he raised it a bit, he almost put the Fairy’s eyes out.

The Fairy sat looking at him and laughing.

“Why do you laugh?” the Marionette asked her, worried now at the sight of his growing nose. “I am laughing at your lies.”
“How do you know I am lying?”

“Lies, my boy, are known in a moment. There are two kinds of lies, lies with short legs and lies with long noses. Yours, just now, happen to have long noses.”

Pinocchio, not knowing where to hide his shame, tried to escape from the room, but his nose had become so long that he could not get it out of the door.

17
Pinokkio eet die suiker op, maar wil die purgasie nie drink nie.
Hy drink dit egter toe hy die doodgrawers sien wat hom kom haal.
Dan vertel hy n leuen en as strafgaan sy neus aan die groei.

Al drie die dokters het skaars die kamer verlaat, of die Fee kom na Pinokkio en toe sy aan sy voorkop vat, merk sy dat hy n snaakse soort koors het.
Toe los sy n wit poeier in n halwe glas water op, gee dit vir hom en sę lieftallig:
Drink dit, dan is jy oor n paar dae beter.
Pinokkio kyk na die glas, trek n skewe mond en vra met n huilstem:
Is dit soet of bitter?
Dis bitter, maar dit sal jou goed doen.
As dit bitter is, wil ek dit nie hę nie.
Doen nou wat ek vir jou sę. Drink dit!
Maar ek hou nie van bitter nie.
Drink dit en as jy dit in het, sal ek jou n suikerklontjie gee om die nare smaak weg te neem.
Waar is die suikerklontjie?
Hier, sę die Fee en neem dit uit n goue suikerpotjie.

Ek wil eers die klontjie hę, dan sal ek die bitter water drink.
Belowe jy dit?
Ja . .
Die Fee gee vir hom die klontjie, wat Pinokkio in n oomblik opknabbel, toe sę hy, terwyl hy sy lippe aflek:
Sou dit nie heerlik wees as suiker ook medisyne was nie? Dan sou ek aldag n purgasie drink.
Maar nou moet jy jou belofte hou en die bietjie water drink, sodat jy gesond kan word.
Pinokkio vat met teensin die glas in sy hand, steek sy neus daarin, bring dit na sy mond, steek weer die punt van sy neus daarin en sę eindelik:
Dis te bitter! Te bitter! Ek kan dit nie drink nie!
Hoe kan jy nou só sę ? Jy het dit nog nie eens geproe nie.
Ek kan my dit voorstel. Ek ruik dit. Ek wil eers nog n klontjie hę … dan sal ek dit drink.
Toe stop die Fee met al die geduld van n goeie moedertjie nog n klontjie in sy mond en gee hom daarna weer die glas.
Ek kan dit nie só drink nie! sę die pop en trek n nare gesig.
Hoekom nie ?
Omdat die kussing op my voete my vreeslik hinder! Die Fee neem geduldig die kussing weg.
Ag dit help nie! Nou kan ek dit nog nie drink nie …
Wat pla jou nou nog?
Dit hinder my dat die kamerdeur half-oop staan! Die Fee gaan maak die deur toe.
Nou ja, roep Pinokkio en hy begin te huil, ek wil die bitter water nie drink nie, ek wil nie …
My seun, jy sal daar spyt van hę . .
Dit kan my nie skeel nie …
Is jy nie bang om dood te gaan nie?
Glad nie! Ek wil liewers doodgaan as om die aaklige medi
syne te drink.
Op daardie oomblik gaan die kamerdeur oop en kom daar vier pikgitswart konyntjies binne, met n lykbaar op hul skouers.
Wat wil julle hę? skree Pinokkio verskrik en spring regop in sy bed.
Ons kom jou haal, sę die grootste konyntjie.
Om my te haal? … Maar ek is tog nog nie dood nie?
Nog nie, maar jy het nog net n paar minute om te lewe noudat jy geweier het om die geneesmiddel te drink wat jou van die koors kon genees …!
0 liefste Feetjie, asseblief tog! begin die pop toe te gil,
gee my tog gou die glas; gou tog, gou tog, want ek wil nie doodgaan nie; ek wil nie doodgaan nie . .

En hy gryp met altwee hande die glas en drink dit sonder
ophou leeg.
Geduld dan maar weer, sę die konyne, hierdie keer het ons verniet die reis gemaak.
Hulle tel die lykbaartjie weer op hul skouers en verlaat brom—
brom die vertrek.
Dis die waarheid dat Pinokkio n paar minute later al uit die bed spring, heeltemal gesond want houtpoppe het die voorreg om selde siek te word en dan ook weer baie gou te genees.
En die Fee, wat hom so vrolik en gesond deur die kamer sien huppel, sę toe vir hom:
Daardie geneesmiddel van my het jou dus goed gedoen?
Ek sou so dink! Dit het my gered!
En hoekom het jy jou dan so laat smeek om dit in te neem?
Ag, n mens hou mos nie daarvan nie. Liewers dan maar siek wees!
Skaam jou! … Kinders moet tog weet dat n goeie genees middel wat jy betyds drink, jou kan bewaar van ernstige siekte, soms selfs van die dood!
0, maar glo my, n volgende keer sal ek my nie so laat soe—
bat nie. Dan sal ek dink aan die konyne met die baar op hul skouers en dan sal ek dadelik die glas vat en wip…!
Kom nou hier by my en vertel my n bietjie hoe jy in die
hande van die rowers geval het.
Dis oor die poppekasman Vuurvreter my n paar goud
stukke gegee het, en toe sę hy vir my:
,Loop, bring dit vir jou vader! Maar langs die pad het ek vir Jakkals en Kat ontmoet, twee baie gawe mense, en hulle sę vir my: ,Wil jy dat jou goudstukke twee-of drieduisend word ? Gaan dan maar saam met ons, dan bring ons jou na die Wonderveld. En toe sę ek: ,Kom ons gaan, en toe sę hulle: ,Laat ons hier by die herberg Die Rooi Kreef bly, dan gaan ons vannag om twaalfuur verder. En toe ek wakker word, was hulle al weg. Toe begin ek die nag weer te loop en dit was onmoontlik donker en toe ontmoet ek langs die pad twee rowers met kool-sakke om en hulle sę vir my: ,Gee vir ons jou geld! en ek sę:
,Ek het nie geld nie, want ek het die vier goudstukke in my mond weggesteek, en een van hulle wou sy hand in my mond steek en ek byt toe sy hand af en spoeg dit uit, maar toe was dit gn hand nie, maar n katpootjie. Die rowers sit my dadelik agterna en ek laat spaander oor die węreld tot hulle my inhaal en my aan n boom ophang aan my nek, terwyl hulle sę: ,Móre kom ons terug, dan is jy dood en jou mond oop, dan kan ons die goudstukke vat wat jy in jou mond weggesteek het.
En waar is dié dan nou ? vra die Fee.
Ek het hulle verloor, antwoord Pinokkio, maar dit was n leuen want

hulle was in sy sak.
Sodra hy die leuen vertel het, rek sy neus, wat reeds só lank was, nog langer.
En waar het jy hulle verloor?
In die bos hier naby.
By die tweede leuen groei sy neus weer.
As jy hulle hier in die bos verloor het, sę die Fee, sal ons hulle weer kry, want in hierdie bos kry n mens alles terug wat jy verloor het.
Ag, nou herinner ek my beter, vervolg die pop verward,
,,ek het die vier goudstukke nie verloor nie, ek het hulle ingesluk toe ek die medisyne gedrink het.
By die derde leuen word die arme Pinokkio se neus so lank dat hy hom na gn kant meer kan draai nie. As hy na die een kant draai, stoot sy neus teen die bed of die vensters; draai hy na die ander kant, dan stamp hy teen die mure of die deur; as hy sy kop effens lig, kon hy die Fee in haar oë steek.
En die Fee kyk daarna en lag.
Hoekom lag u ? vra die pop verleë en besorg oor die neus wat so voor sy oë groei.
Ek lag oor die leuen wat jy vertel het.
Hoe weet u dat ek gejok het?
,,n Mens kan leuens altyd dadelik herken, my seun, want daar is twee soorte: die leuens wat deur die waarheid agterhaal word en die leuens wat n lang neus meebring, en dis nou juis jou soort!
Pinokkio weet nie waar om sy kop van skaamte weg te steek
nie en wou uit die kamer vlug. Maar dit kon nie: sy neus het so gegroei dat hy nie meer deur die deur kon kom nie!

CHAPTER 18

Pinocchio finds the Fox and the Cat again, and goes with them to sow the gold pieces in the Field of Wonders.

Crying as if his heart would break, the Marionette mourned for hours over the length of his nose. No matter how he tried, it would not go through the door. The Fairy showed no pity toward him, as she was trying to teach him a good lesson, so that he would stop telling lies, the worst habit any boy may acquire. But when she saw him, pale with fright and with his eyes half out of his head from terror, she began to feel sorry for him and clapped her hands together. A thousand woodpeckers flew in through the window and settled themselves on Pinocchio's nose. They pecked and pecked so hard at that enormous nose that in a few moments, it was the same size as before.

"How good you are, my Fairy," said Pinocchio, drying his eyes, "and how much I love you!"

"I love you, too," answered the Fairy, "and if you wish to stay with me, you may be my little brother and I'll be your good little sister."

"I should like to stay—but what about my poor father?"

"I have thought of everything. Your father has been sent for and before night he wi l be here."

"Really?" cried Pinocchio joyfully. "Then, my good Fairy, if you are willing, I should like to go to meet him. I cannot wait to kiss that dear old man, who has suffered so much for my sake."

"Surely; go ahead, but be careful not to lose your way. Take the wood path and you'll surely meet him."

Pinocchio set out, and as soon as he found himself in the wood, he ran like a hare. When he reached the giant oak tree he stopped, for he thought he heard a rustle in the brush. He was right. There stood the Fox and the Cat, the two traveling companions with whom he had eaten at the Inn of the Red Lobster.

"Here comes our dear Pinocchio!" cried the Fox, hugging and kissing

him. “How did you happen here?” “How did you happen here?” repeated the Cat.
“It is a long story,” said the Marionette. “Let me tell it to you. The other night, when you left me alone at the Inn, I met the Assassins on the road—”

“The Assassins? Oh, my poor friend! And what did they want?” “They wanted my gold pieces.”
“Rascals!” said the Fox.

“The worst sort of rascals!” added the Cat.

“But I began to run,” continued the Marionette, “and they after me, until they overtook me and hanged me to the limb of that oak.” Pinocchio pointed to the giant oak near by.
“Could anything be worse?” said the Fox.

“What an awful world to live in! Where shall we find a safe place for gentlemen like ourselves?” As the Fox talked thus, Pinocchio noticed that the Cat carried his right paw in a sling.
“What happened to your paw?” he asked.

The Cat tried to answer, but he became so terribly twisted in his speech that the Fox had to help him out.

“My friend is too modest to answer. I’ll answer for him. About an hour ago, we met an old wolf on the road. He was half starved and begged for help. Having nothing to give him, what do you think my friend did out of the kindness of his heart? With his teeth, he
bit off the paw of his front foot and threw it at that poor beast, so that he might have something to eat.” As he spoke, the Fox wiped off a tear.
Pinocchio, almost in tears himself, whispered in the Cat’s ear: “If all the cats were like you, how lucky the mice would be!” “And what are you doing here?” the Fox asked the Marionette.
“I am waiting for my father, who will be here at any moment now.” “And your gold pieces?”
“I still have them in my pocket, except one which I spent at the Inn of the Red Lobster.”

“To think that those four gold pieces might become two thousand tomorrow. Why don’t you listen to me? Why don’t you sow them in the Field of Wonders?”

“Today it is impossible. I’ l go with you some other time.” “Another day will be too late,” said the Fox.
“Why?”

“Because that field has been bought by a very rich man, and today is the last day that it wi l be open to the public.” “How far is this Field of Wonders?”
“Only two miles away. Will you come with us? We’ll be there in half an hour. You can sow the money, and, after a few minutes, you wi l gather your two thousand coins and return home rich. Are you coming?”

Pinocchio hesitated a moment before answering, for he remembered the good Fairy, old Geppetto, and the advice of the Talking Cricket. Then he ended by doing what all boys do, when they have no heart and little brain. He shrugged his shoulders and said to the Fox and the Cat:

“Let us go! I am with you.” And they went.
They walked and walked for a half a day at least and at last they came to the town called the City of Simple Simons. As soon as they entered the town, Pinocchio noticed that all the streets were fi led with hairless dogs, yawning from hunger; with sheared sheep, trembling with cold; with combless chickens, begging for a grain of wheat; with large butterflies, unable to use their wings because they had sold all their lovely colors; with tailless peacocks, ashamed to show themselves; and with bedraggled pheasants, scuttling away hurriedly, grieving for their bright feathers of gold and silver, lost to them forever.

Through this crowd of paupers and beggars, a beautiful coach passed now and again. Within it sat either a Fox, a Hawk, or a
Vulture.

“Where is the Field of Wonders?” asked Pinocchio, growing tired of waiting. “Be patient. It is only a few more steps away.”
They passed through the city and, just outside the walls, they stepped into a lonely field, which looked more or less like any other field.

“Here we are,” said the Fox to the Marionette. “Dig a hole here and put the gold pieces into it.”

The Marionette obeyed. He dug the hole, put the four gold pieces into it, and covered them up very carefu ly. “Now,” said the Fox, “go to

that near-by brook, bring back a pail fu l of water, and sprinkle it over the spot."
Pinocchio followed the directions closely, but, as he had no pail, he pu led off his shoe, fi led it with water, and sprinkled the earth which covered the gold. Then he asked:

"Anything else?"

"Nothing else," answered the Fox. "Now we can go. Return here within twenty minutes and you wi l find the vine grown and the branches filled with gold pieces."

Pinocchio, beside himself with joy, thanked the Fox and the Cat many times and promised them each a beautiful gift.

"We don't want any of your gifts," answered the two rogues. "It is enough for us that we have helped you to become rich with little or no trouble. For this we are as happy as kings."

They said good-by to Pinocchio and, wishing him good luck, went on their way.

18

Pinokkio vind Jakkals en Kat en gaan met hulle saam om die vier goudstukke in die Wonderveld te saai.

Glo my die Fee het die pop eers goed n halfuur lank laat gil en huil omdat hy nie meer met sy neus deur die deur kon kom nie; en dit het sy gedoen om hom n ernstige les te leer, sodat hy die lelike gewoonte om leuens te vertel, seker die lelikste wat n kind kan hę, sou afleer.
Maar toe sy sien hoe hy huil en hoe wanhopig sy oë lyk, voel
sy medelye met hom en klap haar hande. Op daardie teken kom daar omtrent duisend groot voëls binne en almal gaan sit op Pinokkio se neus en begin daaraan te pik, sodat die yslike groot neus in n kits weer sy vorige grootte terugkry.
Ag, u is tog n liewe Fee, sę die pop dankbaar. Ek het u
baie lief!
Ek hou ook van jou, antwoord die Fee, en as jy by my wil bly, mag jy my broertjie wees en sal ek jou liewe sussie wees.
Dit sou ek graag wil doen, maar wat dan van my vadertjie?
Daaraan het ek al gedink. Jou vader het al n boodskap
gekry en voor vanaand is hy hier . .
Werklik? vra Pinokkio en spring van vreugde in die rondte.

Ag, Feetjie, kan ek hom maar tegemoetgaan ? Hy het soveel angs oor my uitgestaan dat ek die oomblik nie kan afwag om hom te omhels nie.
,,Gaan gerus. Sorg net dat jy nie verdwaal nie. Loop deur die bos, dan sal jy hom seker ontmoet.
Pinokkio gaan op pad en sodra hy aan die bosrand kom, hardloop hy soos die wind. Maar byna regoor die Groot Eik bly hy staan omdat hy meen dat hy stemme tussen die struike hoor.
En werklik kom daar te voorskyn … wie dink julle? Jakkals en Kat, dieselfde twee reismaats met wie hy in Die Rooi Kreef geëet het!
Daar is ons liewe Pinokkio! skree Jakkals en omhels en
soen hom. Hoe kom jy hier?
Hoe kom jy hier? herhaal Kat.
Dis n lang geskiedenis, sę die pop. Dit sal ek julle op my gemak vertel. Stel julle voor dat ek vannag, toe julle my alleen gelaat het in die herberg, langs die pad rowers teengekom het …
Rowers? Ag, arme ou maat, wat wou hulle van jou hę?
Hulle wou my goudstukke steel.
Skandelik! sę Jakkals.
AHerskandeliks! beaam Kat.
Maar ek het gevlug, gaan die pop voort, en hulle agterna, tot hulle my ingehaal en my opgehang het aan n tak van daardie eik.
En Pinokkio wys na die Groot Eik vlak by hulle.
Kan jy nou meer! sę Jakkals. Dis darem vir jou n węreld waarin ons lewe, hoor! Waar kan fatsoenlike mense soos ons nou nog rustig bestaan?
Onderwyl hulle so loop en praat, merk Pinokkio dat Kat
kruppel is aan haar regtervoorvoet, omdat die onderste deel met naels en al afis. Hy vra toe:
Wat het met jou poot gebeur?
Kat wou antwoord, maar kon nie aan iets dink nie. Dadelik sę Jakkals toe vir haar part:
My vriendin is te beskeie, daarom sę sy niks nie. Reken
mooi, omtrent n uur gelede ontmoet ons n ou wolf wat amper dood van die honger vir ons om n aalmoes vra. Ons het nie eens n visgraatjie gehad om hom te gee nie en wat dink jy dat my vriendin, wat regtig n koninklike hart het, gedoen het ? … Sy het n stukkie van haar voorpootjie afgebyt en dit vir die arme dier gegooi om daarmee sy honger te stil.
En terwyl Jakkals dit sę, vee hy n traan af.
Ook Pinokkio was hierdeur geroer; hy loop na Kat toe en
(luister:
As al die katte soos jy was, hoe gelukkig sou die muise tog nie wees

nie!
En wat maak jy nou hier ? vra Jakkals vir die pop.
Ek wag vir my vader wat enige oomblik hier kan wees.
En waar is die goudstukke?
Die het ek nog altyd in my sak, buiten die ene wat ek in
Die Rooi Kreef uitgegee het.
Dink tog daaraan dat daardie vier goudstukke more duisend of tweeduisend kan word! Hoekom luister jy tog nie na my raad nie? Hoekom saai jy hulle nie op die Wonderveld nie?
Ek kan nie vandag nie. n Ander dag sal ek altemit soontoe gaan.
Dan is dit te laat, sę Jakkals.
Hoekom?
,,Omdat die veld deur n ryk meneer gekoop is en ná more mag niemand meer daar geld saai nie.
Hoe ver is dit hiervandaan na die veld?
Nie eens twee myl nie. Gaan saam met ons. Jy is binne n halfuur daar, saai dadelik jou vier goudstukke en na n paar minute oes jy tweeduisend en vanaand kom jy met vol sakke terug. Gaan jy saam?
Pinokkio weifel n oomblik met sy antwoord, want hy dink aan die goeie Fee, aan ou Jaap en aan die waarskuwing van die Praat-Kriek; maar soos alle kinders sonder verstand en sonder hart sou doen, knik hy vir Jakkals en Kat en sę:
Kom, ons loop. Ek gaan saam.
En hulle stap verder.
Nadat hulle n halfdag geloop het, kom hulle by n stad met die naam Dwaseval. Nouliks is Pinokkio in die stad of hy sien dat die strate vol honde sonder hare is wat gaap van honger; geskeerde skape wat bewe van koue; hoenders sonder kamme
wat smeek om n graankorreltjie; vlinders wat nie,kan vlieg nie omdat hulle hul pragtige bont vlerkies verkoop het; poue sonder sterte wat hulle skaam om gesien te word en fisante wat stil ronddraf, bedroef omdat hulle hul glinsterende goue en silwer vere verkwansel het.
Tussen die menigte bedelaars en armes ry van tyd tot tyd
pragtige rytuie deur. In sommige sit n jakkals en in ander n roofvoël of n diefagtige ekster.
En waar is nou die Wonderveld ? vra Pinokkio.
Hier naby.
Hulle loop deur die stad tot hulle buitekant die mure op n oop, verlate veld kom wat net soos enige ander veld lyk.
Hier is dit, sę die Jakkals vir die pop. Buk nou, krap n gaatjie in die grond en begrawe jou goudstukke daarin.
Pinokkio gehoorsaam, maak n gaatjie, gooi die vier goud
stukke daarin en bedek hulle met grond.
Loop nou na daardie dammetjie en bring n bietjie water om die plek

waar jy gesaai het nat te gooi.
Pinokkio gehoorsaam en loop na die dammetjie en omdat
hy nie n emmer het nie, trek hy sy een skoen uit, maak hom vol water en gooi dit oor die grond bo die gaatjie.
Toe vra hy:
En nou?
Nou niks! antwoord Jakkals.
Ons kan nou weggaan. Kom jy oor twintig minute terug, dan sal jy sien dat die struik al opgekom het en dat sy takke vol goudstukke is.
Die arme pop bedank Jakkals en Kat met Uitbundige vreugde
en belowe hulle n groot geskenk.
Ons wil gn present hę nie! antwoord die twee skelms;
dis vir ons genoeg dat ons jou nou geleer het hoe om ryk te word sonder om jouself te vermoei.
Na hulle dit gesę het, groet hulle vir Pinokkio, wens hom n goeie oes toe en vat hul koers.

CHAPTER 19

Pinocchio is robbed of his gold pieces and, in punishment, is sentenced to four months in prison.

If the Marionette had been told to wait a day instead of twenty minutes, the time could not have seemed longer to him. He walked impatiently to and fro and finally turned his nose toward the Field of Wonders.

And as he walked with hurried steps, his heart beat with an excited tic, tac, tic, tac, just as if it were a wall clock, and his busy brain kept thinking:

“What if, instead of a thousand, I should find two thousand? Or if, instead of two thousand, I should find five thousand—or one hundred thousand? I’ l build myself a beautiful palace, with a thousand stables filled with a thousand wooden horses to play with, a cellar overflowing with lemonade and ice cream soda, and a library of candies and fruits, cakes and cookies.”

Thus amusing himself with fancies, he came to the field. There he stopped to see if, by any chance, a vine fi led with gold coins was in sight. But he saw nothing! He took a few steps forward, and still nothing! He stepped into the field. He went up to the place where he had dug the hole and buried the gold pieces. Again nothing! Pinocchio became very thoughtful and, forgetting his good manners altogether, he pulled a hand out of his pocket and gave his head a thorough scratching.

As he did so, he heard a hearty burst of laughter close to his head. He turned sharply, and there, just above him on the branch of a tree, sat a large Parrot, busily preening his feathers.

“What are you laughing at?” Pinocchio asked peevishly.

“I am laughing because, in preening my feathers, I tickled myself under the wings.”

The Marionette did not answer. He walked to the brook, filled his shoe with water, and once more sprinkled the ground which covered the gold pieces.

Another burst of laughter, even more impertinent than the first, was heard in the quiet field. “Well,” cried the Marionette, angrily this time, “may I know, Mr. Parrot, what amuses you so?”
“I am laughing at those simpletons who believe everything they hear and who allow themselves to be caught so easily in the traps set for them.”

“Do you, perhaps, mean me?”

“I certainly do mean you, poor Pinocchio—you who are such a little si ly as to believe that gold can be sown in a field just like beans or squash. I, too, believed that once and today I am very sorry for it. Today (but too late!) I have reached the conclusion that, in order to come by money honestly, one must work and know how to earn it with hand or brain.”

“I don’t know what you are talking about,” said the Marionette, who was beginning to tremble with fear.

“Too bad! I’ll explain myself better,” said the Parrot. “While you were away in the city the Fox and the Cat returned here in a great
hurry. They took the four gold pieces which you have buried and ran away as fast as the wind. If you can catch them, you’re a brave one!”

Pinocchio’s mouth opened wide. He would not believe the Parrot’s words and began to dig away furiously at the earth. He dug and he dug till the hole was as big as himself, but no money was there. Every penny was gone.

In desperation, he ran to the city and went straight to the courthouse to report the robbery to the magistrate. The Judge was a Monkey, a large Gorilla venerable with age. A flowing white beard covered his chest and he wore gold-rimmed spectacles from which the glasses had dropped out. The reason for wearing these, he said, was that his eyes had been weakened by the work of many years.

Pinocchio, standing before him, told his pitiful tale, word by word. He gave the names and the descriptions of the robbers and begged for justice.

The Judge listened to him with great patience. A kind look shone in his eyes. He became very much interested in the story; he felt moved; he almost wept. When the Marionette had no more to say, the Judge

put out his hand and rang a bell.

At the sound, two large Mastiffs appeared, dressed in Carabineers' uniforms. Then the magistrate, pointing to Pinocchio, said in a very solemn voice:
"This poor simpleton has been robbed of four gold pieces. Take him, therefore, and throw him into prison." The Marionette, on hearing this sentence passed upon him, was thoroughly stunned. He tried to protest, but the two officers clapped their paws on his mouth and hustled him away to jail.

There he had to remain for four long, weary months. And if it had not been for a very lucky chance, he probably would have had to stay there longer. For, my dear children, you must know that it happened just then that the young emperor who ruled over the City of Simple Simons had gained a great victory over his enemy, and in celebration thereof, he had ordered i luminations, fireworks, shows of all kinds, and, best of all, the opening of all prison doors.

"If the others go, I go, too," said Pinocchio to the Jailer. "Not you," answered the Jailer. "You are one of those—"
"I beg your pardon," interrupted Pinocchio, "I, too, am a thief."

"In that case you also are free," said the Jailer. Taking off his cap, he bowed low and opened the door of the prison, and Pinocchio ran out and away, with never a look backward.

19
Pinokkio word van sy goudstukke beroof en kry boonop vier maande tronkstraf.

In die stad gekom, tel hy die minute en toe hy meen dat die tyd om is, gaan hy dadelik weer op pad na die Wonderveld.
En langs die pad klop sy hart hewig tik-tak, tik-tak, soos n huishorlosie wat voorloop, en dink hy by homself:
Sę nou ek kry tweeduisend in plaas van duisend goudstukke! Of in plaas van tweeduisend kry ek dalk vyfduisend of honderd-duisend ? O, wat n groot meneer sou ek dan nie wees nie ? Ek sou n mooi paleis wil he en n duisend houtperdjies en stalle om mee te speel; n kelder vol limonade en n spens vol konfyt, tert, koek, marsepein en oblietjies met room.
Hy bly sulke planne maak tot hy by die veld aankom. Toe gaan hy staan en soek rond of hy al n boompie sien wat goud stukke dra. Maar hy sien niks. Hy loop nog honderd tree vorentoe; nog niks. Hy loop tot

by die gaatjie waarin hy sy goudstuk ke begrawe het, maar nee, niks nie! Toe begin hy bekommerd te voel oor die saak. Hy vergeet al sy lesse oor goeie maniere en krap sy kop.
Op dieselfde oomblik hoor hy n harde gelag. Hy kyk op en
sien bo in n boom n groot papegaai wat sy paar ou veertjies met sy snawel sit en glad stryk.
Waaroor lag jy? vra Pinokkio vererg.
Ek lag oor ek my onder my vlerke gekielie het toe ek my vere glad stryk.
Pinokkio antwoord nie. Hy gaan na die sloot, vul sy skoen weer met water en gaan weer die grond bo die gaatjie nat-gooi.
Daar klink weer n lag, nog harder as tevore, deur die stilte van die veld.
Haai, ongemanierde voël, skree Pinokkio, mag ek altemit weet wat die grap is?
Ek lag oor die uilskuikens wat elke dwaasheid glo en hulle om die bos laat lei deur enigeen wat slimmer is as hulself.
Praat jy miskien van my?
Ja, oor jou, arme Pinokkio, wat so liggelowig is om te dink dat jy geld op n veld kan saai en oes net soos boontjies en kom-kommers. Ek het dit ook eenkeer geglo; en ek moet daar nou nog voor boet. Vandag - maar dis te laat - is ek daarvan oortuig dat jy, om op n eerlike manier n paar sent bymekaar te kry, daarvoor moet werk met jou hande of met jou kop.
Ek begryp jou nie, sę die pop en begin te bewe van angs.
Geduld! Ek sal dit duideliker uitlę, sę die papegaai toe.
Solank as jy in die stad was, het Jakkals en Kat hier terug-gekom; hulle het die goudstukke opgegrawe en daarmee laat vat. Dit moet n man wees wat hulle nou nog kan inhaal.
Pinokkio bly met oop mond staan. Hy kan die woorde van die papegaai nie glo nie en begin met sy hande en naels in die iiat grond krap. Hy krap en grawe tot hy so n diep gat het dat
n mens n hele hooimied daarin kon begrawe, maar die geld is nie meer daar nie!
Toe hardloop hy oorstelp van wanhoop na die stad en reguit na die regter om die twee skelms wat hom beroof het, aan te kla.
Die regter is n groot ou aap, van die gorilla-ras wat daar eerbiedwaardig uitsien omdat hy so oud is en n wit baard het,
en n goue bril sonder glase, wat hy gedurig moet ophou omdat hy so danig ly aan oë wat traan.
Toe hy voor die regter staan, vertel Pinokkio die hele verhaal van die skandelike bedrog waarvan hy die slagoffer is; hy gee naam, voornaam en kentekens van die skurke op en vra toe om geregtigheid.
Die regter het baie welwillend na die verhaal geluister; hy het

lewendig belang gestel en was selfs ontroer. Toe die pop nou niks meer te sę het nie, druk hy op n klokkie. Dadelik verskyn daar twee bulhonde, soos dienders aangetrek.
Toe sę die regter vir die konstabels, en hy wys na Pinokkio:
Die arme drommel is van vier goudstukke beroof, vat hom en gooi hom in die tronk!
Toe die pop hierdie skuldigverklaring hoor, staan hy verlam; hy wou nog protesteer, maar die konstabels hou sy mond toe om gn tyd te verloor nie en sleep hom na die tronk.
Daarin moes hy vier maande bly, vier eindeloos lange maan-de! Hy sou nog langer moes bly sit het, as daar nie iets gelukkigs gebeur het nie. Die jong keiser van die stad Dwaseval het naamlik n groot oorwinning oor sy vyande behaal. En toe het hy groot volksfeeste beveel met vrolikheid en vuurwerk, wed-renne vir perde en fietse en as teken van sy groot vreugde het hy die gevangenisse oopgesit en alle misdadigers vrygelaat.
As die ander gevangenes uitgelaat word, wil ek ook vrygelaat
word, sę Pinokkio vir die tronkbewaarder.
Jy nie! sę die tronkbewaarder. Jy behoort nie daarby me5. 5
Neem my nie kwalik nie! sę Pinokkio. Ek is ook n misdadiger!
In daardie geval is jy so reg as more heeldag, sę die tronk
bewaarder en eerbiedig haal hy sy hoed af, groet hom, maak die tronkdeur oop en laat hom vry.

CHAPTER 20

Freed from prison, Pinocchio sets out to return to the Fairy; but on the way he meets a Serpent and later is caught in a trap.

Fancy the happiness of Pinocchio on finding himself free! Without saying yes or no, he fled from the city and set out on the road that was to take him back to the house of the lovely Fairy.

It had rained for many days, and the road was so muddy that, at times, Pinocchio sank down almost to his knees. But he kept on bravely.
Tormented by the wish to see his father and his fairy sister with azure hair, he raced like a greyhound. As he ran, he was splashed with mud even up to his cap.

"How unhappy I have been," he said to himself. "And yet I deserve everything, for I am certainly very stubborn and stupid! I will always have my own way. I won't listen to those who love me and who have more brains than I. But from now on, I'll be different and I'll try to become a most obedient boy. I have found out, beyond any doubt whatever, that disobedient boys are certainly far from happy, and that, in the long run, they always lose out. I wonder if Father is waiting for me. Wi l I find him at the Fairy's house? It is so long, poor man, since I have seen him, and I do so want his love and his kisses. And wi l the Fairy ever forgive me for all I have done? She who has been so good to me and to whom I owe my life! Can there be a worse or more heartless boy than I am
anywhere?"

As he spoke, he stopped suddenly, frozen with terror.

What was the matter? An immense Serpent lay stretched across the road—a Serpent with a bright green skin, fiery eyes which glowed and burned, and a pointed tail that smoked like a chimney.

How frightened was poor Pinocchio! He ran back wildly for half a mile, and at last settled himself atop a heap of stones to wait for the Serpent to go on his way and leave the road clear for him.

He waited an hour; two hours; three hours; but the Serpent was always there, and even from afar one could see the flash of his red

eyes and the column of smoke which rose from his long, pointed tail.

Pinocchio, trying to feel very brave, walked straight up to him and said in a sweet, soothing voice: “I beg your pardon, Mr. Serpent, would you be so kind as to step aside to let me pass?”
He might as well have talked to a wall. The Serpent never moved. Once more, in the same sweet voice, he spoke:
“You must know, Mr. Serpent, that I am going home where my father is waiting for me. It is so long since I have seen him! Would you mind very much if I passed?”

He waited for some sign of an answer to his questions, but the answer did not come. On the contrary, the green Serpent, who had seemed, until then, wide awake and fu l of life, became suddenly very quiet and still. His eyes closed and his tail stopped smoking.

“Is he dead, I wonder?” said Pinocchio, rubbing his hands together happily. Without a moment’s hesitation, he started to step over him, but he had just raised one leg when the Serpent shot up like a spring and the Marionette fell head over heels backward. He fell so awkwardly that his head stuck in the mud, and there he stood with his legs straight up in the air.

At the sight of the Marionette kicking and squirming like a young whirlwind, the Serpent laughed so heartily and so long that at last he burst an artery and died on the spot.

Pinocchio freed himself from his awkward position and once more began to run in order to reach the Fairy’s house before dark. As he went, the pangs of hunger grew so strong that, unable to withstand them, he jumped into a field to pick a few grapes that tempted him. Woe to him!

No sooner had he reached the grapevine than—crack! went his legs.

The poor Marionette was caught in a trap set there by a Farmer for some Weasels which came every night to steal his chickens.

Uit die gevangenis verlos, gaan Pinokkio op pad na die goeie Fee, maar onderweg ontmoet hy ‘n vreeslike slang en word ook nog
in ‘n slagyster gevang.

Opgetoë oor sy herwonne vryheid, vertrek Pinokkio sonder om
n oomblik te talm uit die stad op weg na die huisie van die goeie Fee. Deur die reënagtige weer het die straat een modder-poel geword en sak hy tot by sy enkels in die modder. Maar daaroor bekommer hy hom nie.
In sy verlange om sy vader en sy sussie met die blou hare
weer te sien, hardloop hy soos n windhond en onder die loop, spat die modder tot op sy mus. Ondertussen sę hy by homself:
Wat n klomp ongelukke het my al oorgekom en ek verdien
dit! Ek is n koppige, liggeraakte pop; ek wil altyd in alles my eie sin hę, sonder om te luister na die mense wat my goedgesind is en veel meer verstand het as ek! … Maar van nou af gaan ek my lewe verbeter en n soet en gehoorsame seun word …
Ek wonder of Vader vir my gewag het? Sal ek hom in die huis van die Fee vind? Dis al so n lang tyd dat ek hom nie gesien het nie dat ek verlang om hom lekker te karnuffel en te liefkoos! Ek wonder of die Fee my my slegte daad vergewe het? As ek darem nou reken hoe mooi sy vir my gesorg het en dat dit deur haar is dat ek nog lewe … Daar kan seker nie n meer ondankbare skepsel bestaan as ek nie…!
Terwyl hy nog so dink, bly hy skielik verskrik staan en spring toe vier tree agteruit. Voor hom lę n groot slang dwarsoor die pad, n slang met n groen vel, vurige oë en n puntstert wat rook soos n skoorsteen.
Pinokkio het hom lam en koud geskrik; hy hoi amper n
halfmyl terug en gaan sit toe op n hopie klippe om te wag dat die slang haar koers sou kry, sodat hy verder kon gaan.
Hy wag n uur, twee uur, drie uur, maar d|e slˆng lę nog steeds daar en selfs van ver af kon hy sien hoe haar oë gloei en hoe die rook uit haar stert opstyg.
Toe hou Pinokkio vir hom grootman; hy kom nader tot op
n paar tree van die slang af en sę met n vleiende stem:
Ekskuus tog, mevrou Slang, sal u tog nie so goed wees om so n entjie opsy te skuiwe sodat ek verby kan kom nie ?
Hy kon net so goed met n muur gepraat het. Geen beweging
nie!
Toe sę hy met dieselfde stemmetjie:
Mevrou Slang, ek wil huis toe gaan waar my vader vir my wag; ek het hom baie lank laas gesien. Mag ek dus asseblief verder gaan?
Hy wag of hy antwoord sal kry, maar daar kom niks nie; inteendeel, waar die slang eers lenig en sterk gelyk het, is sy nou onbeweeglik en styf. Sy sluit haar oë en haar stert rook nie meer nie.
Sou sy regtig dood wees? vra Pinokkio en vol blydskap vrywe hy sy hande. Sonder om n oomblik te verloor, wou hy oor haar heen trap om aan die ander kant van die pad te kom. Maar hy het sy been nog nie eens opgelig nie, toe kom die slang soos n veer orent; die arme

pop ruk dadelik verskrik terug, struikel en slaan neer.
En hy val so snaaks dat hy met sy kop ondertoe en sy bene in die lug in die modder bly klewe.
Die kaskenades van die pop wat op sy kop staan en die bene wat ongelooflik vinnig spar tel, gee die slang n vreeslike lag—
kramp. En sy lag en lag totdat daar n aar in haar bors bars en sy regtig die gees gee.
Toe laat Pinokkio weer spaander om te probeer om voor dit
donker is by die huis van die Fee te kom.
Langs die pad kry hy egter vreeslik honger en sonder wag spring hy in n boord om n paar appels te pluk.
As hy dit tog maar net nie gedoen het nie!
Nouliks staan hy onder n boom, of krak! … daar voel hy dat sy been so hard tussen twee ysters geknyp word dat hy sterretjies sien!
Die arme pop het in die slagyster getrap wat n paar boere
gestel het om die muishond te vang wat die hoenderhokke in die buurt leeg steel.

CHAPTER 21

Pinocchio is caught by a Farmer, who uses him as a watchdog for his chicken coop.

Pinocchio, as you may well imagine, began to scream and weep and beg; but all was of no use, for no houses were to be seen and not a soul passed by on the road.

Night came on.

A little because of the sharp pain in his legs, a little because of fright at finding himself alone in the darkness of the field, the
Marionette was about to faint, when he saw a tiny Glowworm flickering by. He called to her and said: “Dear little Glowworm, wi l you set me free?”
“Poor little fellow!” replied the Glowworm, stopping to look at him with pity. “How came you to be caught in this trap?”

“I stepped into this lonely field to take a few grapes and—”
“Are the grapes yours?” “No.”
“Who has taught you to take things that do not belong to you?” “I was hungry.”
“Hunger, my boy, is no reason for taking something which belongs to another.” “It’s true, it’s true!” cried Pinocchio in tears. “I won’t do it again.”
Just then, the conversation was interrupted by approaching footsteps. It was the owner of the field, who was coming on tiptoes to see if, by chance, he had caught the Weasels which had been eating his chickens.

Great was his surprise when, on holding up his lantern, he saw that, instead of a Weasel, he had caught a boy! “Ah, you little thief!” said the Farmer in an angry voice. “So you are the one who steals my chickens!”
“Not I! No, no!” cried Pinocchio, sobbing bitterly. “I came here only to take a very few grapes.”

“He who steals grapes may very easily steal chickens also. Take my word for it, I’ll give you a lesson that you’ll remember for a long while.”

He opened the trap, grabbed the Marionette by the collar, and carried him to the house as if he were a puppy. When he reached the yard in front of the house, he flung him to the ground, put a foot on his neck, and said to him roughly: “It is late now and it’s time for bed. Tomorrow we’ll settle matters. In the meantime, since my watchdog died today, you may take his place and guard my henhouse.”

No sooner said than done. He slipped a dog collar around Pinocchio’s neck and tightened it so that it would not come off. A long iron chain was tied to the collar. The other end of the chain was nailed to the wall.

“If tonight it should happen to rain,” said the Farmer, “you can sleep in that little doghouse near-by, where you wi l find plenty of straw for a soft bed. It has been Melampo’s bed for three years, and it wi l be good enough for you. And if, by any chance, any thieves should come, be sure to bark!”

After this last warning, the Farmer went into the house and closed the door and barred it.

Poor Pinocchio huddled close to the doghouse more dead than alive from cold, hunger, and fright. Now and again he pu led and tugged at the collar which nearly choked him and cried out in a weak voice:

“I deserve it! Yes, I deserve it! I have been nothing but a truant and a vagabond. I have never obeyed anyone and I have always done as I pleased. If I were only like so many others and had studied and worked and stayed with my poor old father, I should not find myself here now, in this field and in the darkness, taking the place of a farmer’s watchdog. Oh, if I could start all over again! But what is done can’t be undone, and I must be patient!”

After this little sermon to himself, which came from the very depths of his heart, Pinocchio went into the doghouse and fell asleep.

21

Pinokkio word deur n boer gevang, wat hom dwing om waghond by sy hoenderhok te speel.

Soos n mens goed kan begryp, begin Pinokkio te huil, te gil en om hulp te roep, maar dit help niks nie, want daar was nęrens in die omtrek n huis te sien nie en daar kom gn lewende siel verby nie.

Intussen word dit donker.
Half deur die pyn van die yster wat sy kuite amper deursaag en half oor hy bang word so alleen in die donker daarbuite, word die pop n bietjie naar in sy kop. Daar vlieg toe skielik n vuurvliegie oor hom en hy roep dié sommer en sę:
Ag, ou Vuurvliegie, sal jy my tog nie asseblief van hierdie kwelling verlos nie?
,,Arme ding! antwoord die vuurvliegie wat hom medelydend aankyk. Hoe het jy dan so in die slagyster vasge-raak?
Ek het in die boord gegaan om n paar appels te pluk en …
Maar was dit dan jou appels?
Nee … Ek was so honger . ,
Honger, my kind, is nog geen rede om jou iets toe te eien wat nie joue is nie.
Dit is ook so, huil Pinokkio, en ek sal dit nooit weer doen nie.
Op hierdie oomblik hoor hulle n flou geluid van naderende
voetstappe. Dit is die eienaar van die boord wat op sy tone nader kom om te sien of die muishond wat snags die hoenders kom steel, nie in die yster sit nie. Hoe groot is sy verbasing toe hy sy lantern onder sy baadjie uithaal en merk dat hy nie n muishond nie, maar n seun gevang het!
Ha, lelike dief! sę die boer woedend. Dis dus jy wat my hoenders steel!
Dis nie waar nie! snik Pinokkio. Ek het in die boord ge-gaan om n paar appels te pluk.
As iemand appels steel, kan hy net so goed hoenders ook
steel! Laat dit maar aan my oor om jou n les te leer wat jy nie gou sal vergeet nie!
En hy maak die slagyster oop, gryp die pop aan sy nek en dra
hom in sy arms huis toe asof hy n lammetjie is.
By die heining voor sy huis gekom, gooi hy hom op die grond, sit sy voet op sy nek en sę:
Dis nou laat en ek wil gaan slaap. More sal ons afreken.
My waghond wat snags vir my gewaak het, is juis vanmóre dood. Nou moet jy dadelik sy plek inneem. Jy moet waghond speel!
Hy voeg sommer die dáad by die woord, maak n groot halsband met koperknoppe om Pinokkio se nek vas en trek hom so styf dat hy onmoontlik sy kop kan uitkry. Die halsband is vas aan n ysterketting aan n paal.
As dit vannag miskien reën, kan jy in daardie houthokkie
kruip, daar lę nog die strooi in waarop my hond vier jaar lank geslaap het. En as daar diewe kom, steek dan jou ore op en blaf!
Na hierdie laaste aanmaning gaan die boer in sy huis en
sluit die deur toe. Arme Pinokkio bly voor die heining lę, meer dood as lewend van honger, koue en angs.

Van tyd tot tyd pluk hy wild met sy hande aan die halsband wat sy keel toeknyp en roep deur sy trane:
Dis my verdiende loon! … Ek kry net wat ek verdien! Ek
was n luilak, ek wou rondswerwe … het na slegte maats geluister, dis dié dat ek altyd in die ongeluk kom. As ek soet gewees het, as ek geleer en gewerk het en tuis by my vader gebly het, sou ek nou nie hier in die middel van die węreld gewees het as waghond by n boerehuis nie … Maar nou is dit te laat en moet ek maar sien wat gebeur!
Nadat hy hierdie woorde so uit sy hart gesę het, kruip hy in die hok en raak vas aan die slaap.

CHAPTER 22

Pinocchio discovers the thieves and, as a reward for faithfulness, he regains his liberty.

Even though a boy may be very unhappy, he very seldom loses sleep over his worries. The Marionette, being no exception to this rule, slept on peacefu ly for a few hours ti l well along toward midnight, when he was awakened by strange whisperings and stealthy sounds coming from the yard. He stuck his nose out of the doghouse and saw four slender, hairy animals. They were Weasels, small animals very fond of both eggs and chickens. One of them left her companions and, going to the door of the doghouse, said in a sweet voice:

"Good evening, Melampo."
"My name is not Melampo," answered Pinocchio. "Who are you, then?"
"I am Pinocchio."

"What are you doing here?" "I'm the watchdog."
"But where is Melampo? Where is the old dog who used to live in this house?" "He died this morning."
"Died? Poor beast! He was so good! Sti l, judging by your face, I think you, too, are a good-natured dog." "I beg your pardon, I am not a dog!"
"What are you, then?" "I am a Marionette."
"Are you taking the place of the watchdog?" "I'm sorry to say that I am. I'm being punished."
"Well, I shall make the same terms with you that we had with the dead Melampo. I am sure you wi l be glad to hear them." "And what are the terms?"
"This is our plan: We'll come once in a while, as in the past, to pay a visit to this henhouse, and we' l take away eight chickens. Of these, seven are for us, and one for you, provided, of course, that you wi l make believe you are sleeping and wi l not bark for the Farmer."

"Did Melampo really do that?" asked Pinocchio.

"Indeed he did, and because of that we were the best of friends. Sleep away peacefu ly, and remember that before we go we shall leave you a nice fat chicken all ready for your breakfast in the morning. Is that understood?"

“Even too well,” answered Pinocchio. And shaking his head in a threatening manner, he seemed to say, “We’ l talk this over in a few minutes, my friends.”

As soon as the four Weasels had talked things over, they went straight to the chicken coop which stood close to the doghouse. Digging busily with teeth and claws, they opened the little door and slipped in. But they were no sooner in than they heard the door close with a sharp bang.

The one who had done the trick was Pinocchio, who, not satisfied with that, dragged a heavy stone in front of it. That done, he started to bark. And he barked as if he were a real watchdog: “Bow, wow, wow! Bow, wow!”

The Farmer heard the loud barks and jumped out of bed. Taking his gun, he leaped to the window and shouted: “What’s the matter?”

“The thieves are here,” answered Pinocchio. “Where are they?”
“In the chicken coop.”

“I’ l come down in a second.”

And, in fact, he was down in the yard in a twinkling and running toward the chicken coop.
He opened the door, pu led out the Weasels one by one, and, after tying them in a bag, said to them in a happy voice: “You’re in my hands at last! I could punish you now, but I’ l wait! In the morning you may come with me to the inn and there you’ll make a fine dinner for some hungry mortal. It is really too great an honor for you, one you do not deserve; but, as you see, I am really a very kind and generous man and I am going to do this for you!”

Then he went up to Pinocchio and began to pet and caress him.
“How did you ever find them out so quickly? And to think that Melampo, my faithful Melampo, never saw them in all these years!” The Marionette could have told, then and there, all he knew about the shameful contract between the dog and the Weasels, but
thinking of the dead dog, he said to himself: “Melampo is dead. What is the use of accusing him? The dead are gone and they cannot
defend themselves. The best thing to do is to leave them in peace!”
“Were you awake or asleep when they came?” continued the Farmer.
“I was asleep,” answered Pinocchio, “but they awakened me with their

whisperings. One of them even came to the door of the doghouse and said to me, 'If you promise not to bark, we will make you a present of one of the chickens for your breakfast.' Did you hear that? They had the audacity to make such a proposition as that to me! For you must know that, though I am a very wicked Marionette full of faults, sti l I never have been, nor ever shall be, bribed."

"Fine boy!" cried the Farmer, slapping him on the shoulder in a friendly way. "You ought to be proud of yourself. And to show you what I think of you, you are free from this instant!"

And he slipped the dog collar from his neck.

22

Pinokkio ontdek dat daar diewe is en ter beloning van sy getrouheid kry hy sy vryheid terug.

Hy het al n paar uur geslaap, toe hy skielik wakker skrik van
n gefluister, wat na hy meen uit die heining kom. Hy steek die punt van sy neus buite die hok en gewaar daar vier diere met donker velle. Hulle lyk vir hom soos katte. Dit is egter nie katte nie, maar n soort muishond, baie gulsige vleisetende diertjies wat alte lief is vir eiers en jong pluimvee.
Een van die diertjies kom na die hok toe, kyk daarin en sę:
Goeienaand, Melampo!
,,Ek is nie Melampo nie!
Wie is jy dan?
Ek is Pinokkio.
En wat maak jy daar?
Ek hou vir my waghond.
Waar is Melampo dan? Waar is die ou hond wat altoos hier in die hok was?
Hy is vanmóre dood.
,,Dood ? Ag, die arme ding! Hy was so goed! Maar om so op die oog te oordeel, lyk jy ook n fatsoenlike hond.
Neem my nie kwalik nie, ek is gn hond nie.
Wat is jy dan?

72
Ek is n pop.
En doen jy diens as waghond?
Helaas, ja; as straf!
Luister, ek wil dieselfde afspraak met jou maak wat ek met die goeie

Melampo gehad het en jy sal daar bepaald tevrede mee wees.
En wat was die afspraak?
Ons kom een maal in die week, net soos vroeër, in die nag
n besoek bring aan die hoenderhok en vang dan agt hoenders.
Daarvan eet ons sewe op en jy kry een, op voorwaarde natuurlik dat jy maak asofjy slaap en dit nie in jou kop kry om te blaf en die boer te roep nie.
En het Melampo dit altyd gedoen?
Ja, en ons het altyd goed met hom klaargekom. Gaan maar rustig slaap en wees daarvan verseker dat ons n netjies skoon-geplukte hoendertjie voor jou hok sal neerlę vir jou ontbyt. Is dit afgespreek ?
Amper te goed! antwoord Pinokkio en hy skud sy kop dreigend asof hy wil sę: Netnou sal ons meer daarvan hoor!
Toe die vier muishonde meen dat hulle seker van hul saak kon wees, loop hulle dadelik na die hoenderhok wat naasaan die hondehok was, en nadat hulle met hul tande en naels die houtdeurtjie oopgemaak het, kruip hulle een na die ander binne. Net toe hulle so n rukkie in die hok was, hoor hulle die deurtjie toeklap.
Dit het Pinokkio gedoen. Hy was nog nie seker dat dit goed toe was nie, daarom rol hy ook nog n groot klip daarvoor.
Daarna begin hy blaf, en hy aap met sy stem kompleet n waghond na: Wouf! Wouf! Wouf!
Toe hy die geblaf hoor, spring die boer uit sy bed, kom na die venster en vra:
Wat makeer?
Daar is diewe! antwoord Pinokkio.
Waar?
In die hoenderhok!
Ek kom dadelik.
In n oogwink was hy daar. Hy loop in die hoenderhok in… en nadat hy die diewe gevang en in n sak gestop het, sę hy ewe in sy skik aan hulle :
Nou het ek julle dan tog eindelik. Ek sou julle natuurlik kon doodmaak, maar so sleg sal ek nie wees nie. More bring ek julle na die hotelbaas van die naaste dorp. Hy kan julle af-slag en kook. Dit is n eer wat julle nou wel nie verdien nie,
maar op so n kleinigheid let so n edelmoedige mens soos ek nie…!
Daarna gaan hy na Pinokkio, begin hom te prys en vra:
Hoe het jy die skelmstreek van die lelike diewe uitgevind ? As jy tog dink dat Melampo, my troue Melampo, daar nooit iets van gemerk het nie!
Nou kon die pop vertel het wat hy gehoor het; hy kon gesę het van die skandelike afspraak tussen die muishonde en die waghond, maar dit val hom by dat die hond dood is en hy sę by homself:

Wat baat dit om n dooie te beskuldig? Dood is dood, en die beste wat jy kan doen, is om n dooie in vrede te laat rus.
Toe die muishonde by die heining kom, vra die boer,
was jy toe wakker of nie?
Ek het geslaap, antwoord Pinokkio, maar hulle het my wakker gebabbel en een van hulle het selfs hier na die hok ge-kom en gesę:
,As jy belowe om nie te blaf en die baas wakker te maak nie,
sal ons n lekker geplukte hoendertjie vir jou bring. Begryp u? Is dit nie vermetel om met so n voorstel na my te kom nie? Want ek mag nou wel n pop wees en allerhande foute hę, maar ek hou my darem nie met oneerlike mense op nie!
Mooi so, my seun! roep die boer uit en klop hom op die
skouer. Sulke gevoelens doen jou eer aan. En om jou te wys hoe tevrede ek met jou gedrag is, mag jy nou huis toe gaan.
En hy maak die halsband los.

CHAPTER 23

Pinocchio weeps upon learning that the Lovely Maiden with Azure Hair is dead. He meets a Pigeon, who carries him to the seashore. He throws himself into the sea to go to the aid of his father.

As soon as Pinocchio no longer felt the shameful weight of the dog collar around his neck, he started to run across the fields and meadows, and never stopped ti l he came to the main road that was to take him to the Fairy's house.

When he reached it, he looked into the valley far below him and there he saw the wood where unluckily he had met the Fox and the Cat, and the tall oak tree where he had been hanged; but though he searched far and near, he could not see the house where the Fairy with the Azure Hair lived.

He became terribly frightened and, running as fast as he could, he finally came to the spot where it had once stood. The little house was no longer there. In its place lay a small marble slab, which bore this sad inscription:

HERE LIES THE LOVELY FAIRY WITH AZURE HAIR WHO DIED OF GRIEF WHEN ABANDONED BY HER LITTLE BROTHER PINOCCHIO

The poor Marionette was heartbroken at reading these words. He fell to the ground and, covering the cold marble with kisses, burst into bitter tears. He cried all night, and dawn found him still there, though his tears had dried and only hard, dry sobs shook his wooden frame. But these were so loud that they could be heard by the faraway hills.

As he sobbed he said to himself:

"Oh, my Fairy, my dear, dear Fairy, why did you die? Why did I not die, who am so bad, instead of you, who are so good? And my father —where can he be? Please dear Fairy, tell me where he is and I shall never, never leave him again! You are not really dead, are you? If you love me, you wi l come back, alive as before. Don't you feel sorry for me? I'm so lonely. If the two Assassins come, they' l hang me again from the giant oak tree and I wi l really die, this time. What shall I do alone in the world? Now that you are dead and my father is lost, where shall I eat? Where shall I sleep? Who wi l make my new

clothes? Oh, I want to die! Yes, I want to die! Oh, oh, oh!”
Poor Pinocchio! He even tried to tear his hair, but as it was only painted on his wooden head, he could not even pull it. Just then a large Pigeon flew far above him. Seeing the Marionette, he cried to him:
“Tell me, little boy, what are you doing there?”

“Can’t you see? I’m crying,” cried Pinocchio, lifting his head toward the voice and rubbing his eyes with his sleeve. “Tell me,” asked the Pigeon, “do you by chance know of a Marionette, Pinocchio by name?”
“Pinocchio! Did you say Pinocchio?” replied the Marionette, jumping to his feet. “Why, I am Pinocchio!” At this answer, the Pigeon flew swiftly down to the earth. He was much larger than a turkey.
“Then you know Geppetto also?”

“Do I know him? He’s my father, my poor, dear father! Has he, perhaps, spoken to you of me? Wi l you take me to him? Is he sti l alive? Answer me, please! Is he sti l alive?”

“I left him three days ago on the shore of a large sea.” “What was he doing?”
“He was building a little boat with which to cross the ocean. For the last four months, that poor man has been wandering around Europe, looking for you. Not having found you yet, he has made up his mind to look for you in the New World, far across the ocean.”

“How far is it from here to the shore?” asked Pinocchio anxiously. “More than fifty miles.”
“Fifty miles? Oh, dear Pigeon, how I wish I had your wings!” “If you want to come, I’ l take you with me.”
“How?”

“Astride my back. Are you very heavy?” “Heavy? Not at all. I’m only a feather.” “Very well.”
Saying nothing more, Pinocchio jumped on the Pigeon’s back and, as he settled himself, he cried out gayly: “Gallop on, gallop on, my pretty steed! I’m in a great hurry.”
The Pigeon flew away, and in a few minutes he had reached the clouds. The Marionette looked to see what was below them. His head swam and he was so frightened that he clutched wildly at the Pigeon’s neck to keep himself from falling.

They flew all day. Toward evening the Pigeon said: “I’m very thirsty!”

“And I’m very hungry!” said Pinocchio.

“Let us stop a few minutes at that pigeon coop down there. Then we can go on and be at the seashore in the morning.” They went into the empty coop and there they found nothing but a bowl of water and a small basket filled with chick-peas.
The Marionette had always hated chick-peas. According to him, they had always made him sick; but that night he ate them with a relish. As he finished them, he turned to the Pigeon and said:

“I never should have thought that chick-peas could be so good!”
“You must remember, my boy,” answered the Pigeon, “that hunger is the best sauce!”

After resting a few minutes longer, they set out again. The next morning they were at the seashore.

Pinocchio jumped off the Pigeon’s back, and the Pigeon, not wanting any thanks for a kind deed, flew away swiftly and disappeared.

The shore was fu l of people, shrieking and tearing their hair as they looked toward the sea. “What has happened?” asked Pinocchio of a little old woman.
“A poor old father lost his only son some time ago and today he built a tiny boat for himself in order to go in search of him across the ocean. The water is very rough and we’re afraid he will be drowned.”

“Where is the little boat?”

“There. Straight down there,” answered the little old woman, pointing to a tiny shadow, no bigger than a nutshell, floating on the sea. Pinocchio looked closely for a few minutes and then gave a sharp cry:
“It’s my father! It’s my father!”

Meanwhile, the little boat, tossed about by the angry waters, appeared and disappeared in the waves. And Pinocchio, standing on a high rock, tired out with searching, waved to him with hand and cap and even with his nose.

It looked as if Geppetto, though far away from the shore, recognized his son, for he took off his cap and waved also. He seemed to be trying to make everyone understand that he would come back if he were able, but the sea was so heavy that he could do nothing with his oars. Suddenly a huge wave came and the boat disappeared.

They waited and waited for it, but it was gone.

“Poor man!” said the fisher folk on the shore, whispering a prayer as they turned to go home.

Just then a desperate cry was heard. Turning around, the fisher folk saw Pinocchio dive into the sea and heard him cry out: “I’ l save him! I’ l save my father!”
The Marionette, being made of wood, floated easily along and swam like a fish in the rough water. Now and again he disappeared only to reappear once more. In a twinkling, he was far away from land. At last he was completely lost to view.

“Poor boy!” cried the fisher folk on the shore, and again they mumbled a few prayers, as they returned home.

23
Pinokkio betreur die dood van die Mooi Meisie met die blou hare; ontmoet daarna ,n duif, wat hom na die strand bring, en daar gooi hy homselfin die see omjaap, sy vader, te help.

Soos n pyl uit n boog snel Pinokkio weg deur die velde toe hy die vernederende gevoel van die stywe band om sy nek nie meer voel nie. Hy rus vir geen oomblik voor hy die grootpad na die huisie van die Fee bereik nie.
Toe hy op die grootpad kom, kyk hy af in die vallei en sien
daar duidelik met sy blote oog die bos waar hy so n ongelukkige ontmoeting met Jakkals en Kat gehad het; bo die bome uit sien hy die kroon van die Groot Eik waaraan hy geswaai het. Maar waar hy ook soek, die huisie van die mooi meisie met die blou hare kan hy nęrens vind nie.
Toe bekruip n soort droewige voorgevoel hom en begin hy te
hardloop, net so vinnig as wat ky kan. Kort daarna kom hy op die weiveld waar die wit huisie voorheen gestaan het, maar dit is nie meer daar nie. Daar is net n klein marmersteentjie waar-op in drukletters staan:

HIER RUS

DIE MEISIE MET DIE BLOU HARE, GESTORWE VAN VERDRIET,
OMDAT HAAR BROERTJIE PINOKKIO HAAR VERLAAT HET
Julle kan dink hoe Pinokkio gevoel het toe hy so op sy manier hierdie woorde uitgespel het. Hy val vooroor op die grond, soen die steen en

bars in trane uit. Hy het die hele nag deur gehuil en toe die dag breek, snik hy nog, hoewel hy nie meer trane gehad het nie, en sy krete en klagte was so hartverskeurend dat die eggos in die heuwels hulle orals in die rondte herhaal.
Met snikke sę hy:
,,0, my liewe Feetjie, hoekom is jy dood ? … Hoekom het ek, wat so sleg is, nie liewers in jou plek gesterwe nie ? Jy was so goed … En waar sou my vadertjie nou wees? … O, Feetjie-lief, sę my tog waar ek hom kan vind, want ek wil altyd by hom bly en hom nooit weer verlaat nie …! O, Feetjie, sę my tog dat jy nie werklik dood is nie …! As jy regtig van my hou, word dan weer lewend …! Is dit nie vir jou vreeslik om my so alleen en verlate van almal te sien nie? As daar weer rowers kom, sal hulle my weer ophang en dan gaan ek vir goed dood. Wat moet ek alleen op die węreld maak ? Noudat ek jou en my vader al-twee verloor het, waar sal ek tog kos kry? Waar moet ek in die nag slaap ? Wie sal vir my n nuwe baadjie maak ? Ag, dit sou honderd maal beter gewees het as ek ook maar dood was! Ja, ek wil ook sterwe …!
En omdat hy so wanhopig is, gryp hy na sy hare om hulle uit
te trek, maar aangesien hulle van hout is, het hy nie eens die troos om hulle vas te kan gryp nie.
Onderwyl vlieg n groot duif bo sy kop, bly met uitgestrekte
vlerke bo hom swewe en roep hom uit die hoogte toe: Ou maat, wat maak jy daar?
Kan jy nie sien nie? Ek huil! sę Pinokkio en hy tel sy kop
op en vee sy oe met sy mou af.
Hoor hier, sę die duif, is daar miskien onder jou maats n pop met die naam Pinokkio?
Pinokkio? … Pinokkio, sę jy? . . herhaal die pop en hy
spring dadelik orent. Ek is Pinokkio!
By hierdie antwoord stryk die duif soos n blits neer en kom op
die grond sit. Hy is groter as n kalkoen.
Ken jy miskien ook vir Jaap ? vra hy aan die pop.
Ek sou so dink! Dis my vadertjie! Het hy met jou oor my gepraat? Leefhy nog? Sę tog gou! Lewe hy nog?
,,Drie dae gelede het ek hom vir die laaste keer aan die strand gesien.
,,Wat het hy toe gedoen?
Hy was besig om n klein skuitjie te maak om daarmee oor die see te vaar. Die arme man soek al meer as vier maande dwarsdeur die ganse węreld na jou, en daar hy jou nęrens kan kry nie, het hy dit nou vas in sy kop dat hy jou in die verre lande van die Nuwe Węreld moet gaan soek.
Hoe ver is dit van hier na die strand ? vra Pinokkio angstig.
Meer as duisend myl.

Duisend myl? Ag, Duif, as ek tog maar net vlerke gehad het soos jy . .
,,As jy soontoe wil gaan, sal ek jou dra.
Maar hoe ?
,,Op my rug. Is jy swaar?
Swaar ? Glad nie, ek is so lig soos n veertjie!
Sonder om verder n woord te sę, spring Pinokkio op die duif se rug en gaan wydsbeen op hom sit soos n ruiter.
Gou tog, perdjie, gou tog, hoor, ek wil gou daar wees!
Die duif vlieg reg op in die lug, só hoog dat hulle in n paar minute amper aan die wolke raak. Toe hulle die buitengewone hoogte bereik het, wou Pinokkio nuuskierig oorleun om ondertoe te kyk, maar hy word so dronk en bang dat hy, om te voorkom dat hy afVal, altwee sy arms om die nek van sy geveerde perdjie slaan. Hulle het heeldag gevlieg. Teen die aand sę die duif:
Ek is vreeslik dors!
En ek is vreeslik honger! sę Pinokkio.
Kom ons rus n oomblik by daardie duiwehok, dan gaan ons daarna weer verder en more vroeg is ons by die strand.
Hulle kom by n verlate duiwehok, waar alleen n bak water en n mandjie duiwekos staan.
Tevore kon die pop hierdie soort kos nooit verdra nie; hy het
altyd gesę dit maak hom mislik, laat sy maag omkeer; maar dié aand eet hy hom vol daarvan en toe dit amper op is, sę hy vir die duif:
Ek sou nooit kon gedink het dat duiwekos so lekker is nie.
So gaan dit, my seun! As n mens regtig honger het, smaak rou boontjies soet!
Na hierdie maaltyd gaan hulle weer op weg en kom die
volgende more by die strand aan. Die duif sit Pinokkio op die grond en vlieg dadelik weg om die vervelende bedankery vir haar goeie daad te voorkom.
Die strand is vol mense wat skree en na die see wys.
Wat het gebeur? vra Pinokkio vir n ou vroutjie.
Wat het gebeur? Daar is n arme ou vader wat sy seun ver loor het en hy het in n skuitjie op die see gegaan om hom aan die oorkant van die water te soek, maar die see is vandag so woes dat die skuitjie op die punt is om om te slaan!
Waar is die skuitjie?
Dáár! Kyk maar al langs my vinger! sę die ou vrou en wys na n klein skuitjie met n baie klein mannetjie daarin.
Pinokkio tuur stip in dié rigting en nadat hy aandagtig gekyk
het, gee hy n harde gil en roep:
,,Dis my vader! Dis my vader!
Die skuitjie het op die woedende golwe heen en weer geslinger; nou verdwyn dit onder die skuimende koppe, dan drywe dit weer bo.

Pinokkio klim toe op n hoë rots, van waar hy na sy vader roep en met sy hande en mus tekens maak. Dit lyk asof Jaap, al is hy so ver van die land af, sy seun tog herken; want hy haal ook sy mus af, waai daarmee en laat hom deur gebare verstaan dat hy graag sou wil terugkom, maar dat die see so onstuimig is dat hy nie na die land kan roei nie.
Skielik kom daar n vreeslike brander en die bootjie verdwyn.
Hulle wag of dit weer bo sal kom, maar sien dit nie weer nie.
Arme man! sę die vissers wat op die strand bymekaar staan. Hulle mompel n gebedjie, draai om en gaan huis toe.
Daar hoor hulle n wanhopige gil, kyk om en sien hoe n seuntjie bo van n rots in die see spring, terwyl hy skree:
Ek wil my vadertjie red!
Omdat Pinokkio van hout is, drywe hy maklik en hy swem soos n vis. Elke nou en dan verdwyn hy deur die geweld van die golwe onder die water, dan kom daar weer n been ofn arm uit, n hele ent verder van die land af. Eindelik verloor hulle hom heeltemal uit die oog en gewaar niks meer van hom nie.
Arme seun! sę die vissers wat op die strand bymekaar staan. Hulle mompel n gebedjie, draai om en gaan huis toe.

CHAPTER 24

Pinocchio reaches the Island of the Busy Bees and finds the Fairy once more.

Pinocchio, spurred on by the hope of finding his father and of being in time to save him, swam all night long.
And what a horrible night it was! It poured rain, it hailed, it thundered, and the lightning was so bright that it turned the night into day. At dawn, he saw, not far away from him, a long stretch of sand. It was an island in the middle of the sea.

Pinocchio tried his best to get there, but he couldn't. The waves played with him and tossed him about as if he were a twig or a bit of straw. At last, and luckily for him, a tremendous wave tossed him to the very spot where he wanted to be. The blow from the wave was so strong that, as he fell to the ground, his joints cracked and almost broke. But, nothing daunted, he jumped to his feet and cried:

"Once more I have escaped with my life!"

Little by little the sky cleared. The sun came out in full splendor and the sea became as calm as a lake.
Then the Marionette took off his clothes and laid them on the sand to dry. He looked over the waters to see whether he might catch sight of a boat with a little man in it. He searched and he searched, but he saw nothing except sea and sky and far away a few sails, so small that they might have been birds.

"If only I knew the name of this island!" he said to himself. "If I even knew what kind of people I would find here! But whom shall I ask? There is no one here."

The idea of finding himself in so lonesome a spot made him so sad that he was about to cry, but just then he saw a big Fish swimming near-by, with his head far out of the water.

Not knowing what to call him, the Marionette said to him: "Hey there, Mr. Fish, may I have a word with you?"
"Even two, if you want," answered the fish, who happened to be a very polite Dolphin.

“Wi l you please tell me if, on this island, there are places where one may eat without necessarily being eaten?” “Surely, there are,” answered the Dolphin. “In fact you’ll find one not far from this spot.” “And how shall I get there?”

“Take that path on your left and follow your nose. You can’t go wrong.”

“Tell me another thing. You who travel day and night through the sea, did you not perhaps meet a little boat with my father in it?” “And who is you father?”
“He is the best father in the world, even as I am the worst son that can be found.”

“In the storm of last night,” answered the Dolphin, “the little boat must have been swamped.” “And my father?”
“By this time, he must have been swallowed by the Terrible Shark, which, for the last few days, has been bringing terror to these waters.”

“Is this Shark very big?” asked Pinocchio, who was beginning to tremble with fright.

“Is he big?” replied the Dolphin. “Just to give you an idea of his size, let me tell you that he is larger than a five story building and that he has a mouth so big and so deep, that a whole train and engine could easily get into it.”

“Mother mine!” cried the Marionette, scared to death; and dressing himself as fast as he could, he turned to the Dolphin and said: “Farewell, Mr. Fish. Pardon the bother, and many thanks for your kindness.”
This said, he took the path at so swift a gait that he seemed to fly, and at every small sound he heard, he turned in fear to see whether the Terrible Shark, five stories high and with a train in his mouth, was following him.

After walking a half hour, he came to a small country called the Land of the Busy Bees. The streets were fi led with people running to and fro about their tasks. Everyone worked, everyone had something to do. Even if one were to search with a lantern, not one idle man or one tramp could have been found.

“I understand,” said Pinocchio at once wearily, “this is no place for me! I was not born for work.” But in the meantime, he began to feel

hungry, for it was twenty-four hours since he had eaten. What was to be done?
There were only two means left to him in order to get a bite to eat. He had either to work or to beg.
He was ashamed to beg, because his father had always preached to him that begging should be done only by the sick or the old. He had said that the real poor in this world, deserving of our pity and help, were only those who, either through age or sickness, had lost the means of earning their bread with their own hands. All others should work, and if they didn't, and went hungry, so much the
worse for them.

Just then a man passed by, worn out and wet with perspiration, pu ling, with difficulty, two heavy carts fi led with coal. Pinocchio looked at him and, judging him by his looks to be a kind man, said to him with eyes downcast in shame: "Wi l you be so good as to give me a penny, for I am faint with hunger?"
"Not only one penny," answered the Coal Man. "I' l give you four if you wi l help me pull these two wagons."

"I am surprised!" answered the Marionette, very much offended. "I wish you to know that I never have been a donkey, nor have I
ever pu led a wagon."

"So much the better for you!" answered the Coal Man. "Then, my boy, if you are really faint with hunger, eat two slices of your pride; and I hope they don't give you indigestion."

A few minutes after, a Bricklayer passed by, carrying a pail fu l of plaster on his shoulder.

"Good man, will you be kind enough to give a penny to a poor boy who is yawning from hunger?"

"Gladly," answered the Bricklayer. "Come with me and carry some plaster, and instead of one penny, I'll give you five." "But the plaster is heavy," answered Pinocchio, "and the work too hard for me."
"If the work is too hard for you, my boy, enjoy your yawns and may they bring you luck!"

In less than a half hour, at least twenty people passed and Pinocchio begged of each one, but they all answered:

"Aren't you ashamed? Instead of being a beggar in the streets, why

don’t you look for work and earn your own bread?” Finally a little woman went by carrying two water jugs.
“Good woman, wi l you allow me to have a drink from one of your jugs?” asked Pinocchio, who was burning up with thirst. “With pleasure, my boy!” she answered, setting the two jugs on the ground before him.
When Pinocchio had had his fi l, he grumbled, as he wiped his mouth: “My thirst is gone. If I could only as easily get rid of my hunger!”
On hearing these words, the good little woman immediately said:

“If you help me to carry these jugs home, I’ll give you a slice of bread.” Pinocchio looked at the jug and said neither yes nor no.
“And with the bread, I’ll give you a nice dish of cauliflower with white sauce on it.” Pinocchio gave the jug another look and said neither yes nor no.
“And after the cauliflower, some cake and jam.”

At this last bribery, Pinocchio could no longer resist and said firmly: “Very well. I’ l take the jug home for you.”
The jug was very heavy, and the Marionette, not being strong enough to carry it with his hands, had to put it on his head.
When they arrived home, the little woman made Pinocchio sit down at a small table and placed before him the bread, the cauliflower, and the cake. Pinocchio did not eat; he devoured. His stomach seemed a bottomless pit.

His hunger finally appeased, he raised his head to thank his kind benefactress. But he had not looked at her long when he gave a cry of surprise and sat there with his eyes wide open, his fork in the air, and his mouth fi led with bread and cauliflower.

“Why all this surprise?” asked the good woman, laughing.

“Because—” answered Pinocchio, stammering and stuttering, “because —you look like—you remind me of—yes, yes, the same voice, the same eyes, the same hair—yes, yes, yes, you also have the same azure hair she had—Oh, my little Fairy, my little Fairy! Tell me that it is you! Don’t make me cry any longer! If you only knew! I have cried so much, I have suffered so!”

And Pinocchio threw himself on the floor and clasped the knees of the mysterious little woman.

Pinokkio kom op die eiland van die Vlytige Bye
en vind die Fee terug.

Die hele nag deur het Pinokkio geswem, besiel met die hoop om nog betyds te kom om sy vader te red.
En wat was dit n vreeslike nag! Dit het gestortreën, gehael,
gedonder en geblits. Soms was die ligte so skerp dat dit soos daglig lyk.
In die vroeë more ontdek hy dat hy naby n lang streep land
is. Dit is n eiland in die middel van die see.
Pinokkio het sy uiterste probeer om aan land te kom, maar verniet. Die golwe wat mekaar inhaal en oor mekaar rol, draai hom soos n balletjie in die rondte, soos n stokkie of n strooitjie.
Eindelik kom daar tot sy geluk n magtige, swaar golf wat hom tot hoog op die strand gooi. Die slag waarmee hy op die sand neerkom, is so hard dat al sy ribbe en litte kraak, maar hy troos hom deur te sę:
Daar het ek al weer goed van af gekom!
Stadigaan begin die lug helder word; die son verskyn in al sy prag en die see word so glad soos n spieël.
Toe gooi Pinokkio sy klere in die son oop om droog te word,
en hy begin rondkyk of hy ęrens op die onmeetlike watervlakte
n skuitjie met n mannetjie daarin kan gewaar. Maar al kyk hy
ook hoe goed, hy kan niks sien nie as net water, lug en heel in die verte die seil van n skip, maar die is so ver weg dat dit soos
n vlieg lyk.
As ek ten minste maar weet wat die naam van die eiland is, sę hy by homself, of as ek maar weet of dit bewoon word deur gawe mense, ek bedoel mense wat nie die kwaal het om jou aan boomtakke te wil ophang nie. Maar vir wie sou ek dit kan vra as daar niemand is nie?
Die gedagte van so alleen te wees in die groot, onbewoonde land maak hom so neerslagtig dat hy byna begin huil. Daar sien hy skielik n groot vis, wat nie ver van die land af nie kalm voortswem met sy hele kop bo die water.
Die pop weet nie wat die vis se naam is nie, daarom roep hy baie hard om gehoor te word:
Haai, meneer Vis, mag ek n woordjie met jou praat?
Selfs twee ook! antwoord die vis, wat so n welopgevoede dolfyn is soos daar in al die see van die węreld maar weinig te vind is.
Kan u my asseblief sę of daar op hierdie eiland plekke is waar n mens iets te ete kan kry sonder om self opgeëet te word?
Dié is daar seker! antwoord die dolfyn. Daar is selfs een nie ver hiervandaan nie.
En hoe kom ek daar?
,,Vat die pad links, loop agter jou neus aan en jy kan nie verdwaal nie.

Dan nog iets. U trek so dag en nag in die see rond, het u nie miskien n bootjie teengekom met my vader daarin nie?
En wie is jou vader ?
Dis die beste vader in die węreld en ek is die slegste seun wat daar is. In vannag se storm sal die skuitjie seker vergaan het.
En my vader dan?
Dié sal seker deur die vreeslike haai verslind wees wat al
n paar dae lank alles om die lewe bring in hierdie waters.
Is die haai baie groot? vra Pinokkio wat al staan en bewe van angs.
Ek sou so dink! antwoord die dolfyn. Om jou n idee te
gee hoé groot hy is, kan ek jou net sę dat hy groter is as n huis van vyf verdiepings en dat sy mond so breed en diep is dat n hele trein daar kan instoom!
0, liewe land! roep die pop verskrik uit, en nadat hy hom haastig aangetrek het, sę hy aan die dolfyn:
Tot siens, meneer Vis. Vergewe my dat ek u gesteur het en baie dankie vir u vriendelikheid.
Toe slaan hy dadelik die paadjie links in en begin so haastig
stap dat dit lyk of hy hardloop. En by die minste geluid kyk hy dadelik om uit angs dat die vreeslike haai wat so groot soos n vyfverdieping-huis is en met sy bek so groot dat n trein daarin kan loop, hom agternasit.
Na n halfuur kom hy by n plekkie, die Dorp van die
Vlytige Bye. Die strate is vol mense wat hardloop om hul werk klaar te kry. Hulle werk almal, elkeen het sy taak. Daar is geen luilak of vabond te vind nie al sou jy met n lantern na hom soek.
Dis geen plek vir my nie! sę die luie Pinokkio dadelik. Ek
is nie gebore om te werk nie!
Ondertussen pla die honger hom, want hy het nou in vier-en- twintig uur niks geëet nie, selfs geen bord boontjies nie! Wat nou? Hy weet net van twee maniere om sy honger te stil: of hy moet werk vra, of hy moet geld ofn stukkie brood vra.
Hy skaam hom om n aalmoes te vra, want sy vader het altyd
gesę dat net gebreklike en ou mense die reg het om te bedel.
Intussen kom daar n man verby wat hygend en swetend met die grootste moeite alleen twee karretjies vol kole trek.
Pinokkio wat dink dat die man n vriendelike gesig het, kom
naderby en sę saggies met sy oë van skaamte neergeslaan:
Gee my tog asseblief n sent, ek sterf van die honger.
Nie net een sent nie, maar vier! antwoord die koledraer,
as jy my gou help om die karretjie huis toe te trek.
U verbaas my! antwoord die pop byna beledig. Laat my u net gou sę dat ek nog nooit in my lewe, trekdier gespeel het nie. Ek het nog nooit n karretjie getrek nie!

Des te beter vir jou! antwoord die koledraer. Weet jy wat, my seun, as jy dan so honger is, moet jy maar twee snye van jou hoogmoed opeet, maar pas op dat jy jou nie ooreet nie!
n Paar minute later kom daar n messelaar verby met n
emmer kalk op sy skouer.
Oom, wil jy nie vir n arme seun wat gaap van die honger,
n sent gee nie ?
Graag! Dra maar saam kalk aan, antwoord die messelaar,
en ek sal jou vyf gee in plaas van een.
Maar kalk is so swaar en ek wil my nie so inspan nie!
As jy jou nie wil inspan nie, my seun, vermaak jouself dan maar met gaap en mag dit jou goed doen!
Binne n halfuur kom daar seker twintig mense verby; vir almal vra Pinokkio n aalmoes en van almal kry hy die ant woord :
Skaam jy jou nie ? In plaas van soos n luilak rond te lę,
moet jy Hewers werk soek en leer om jou eie brood te verdien! Eindelik kom daar n vriendelike jong meisie verby wat twee
emmers water dra.
Liewe Juffrou, mag ek n mondjievol water uit u emmer kry vra Pinokkio wat n brandende dors het.
Drink maar, my seun! sę die meisie en sit die emmers op die grond neer.
Toe Pinokkio soos n spons gedrink het, mompel hy terwyl hy sy mond afvee: Ja, my dors is nou oor. Ek wens ek kon my honger ook so stil!
Toe die liewe meisie hierdie woorde hoor, sę sy dadelik:
As jy my help om een van hierdie twee emmers huis toe te dra, sal ek jou n groot stuk brood gee.
Pinokkio kyk na die emmer en sę nie ja of nee nie.
En by die brood sal ek jou n lekker bord slaai met olie en asyn gee, ‘voeg die meisie daarby.
Pinokkio kyk weer na die emmer en sę nie ja of nee nie.
En na die slaai kry jy nog n lekker stukkie sjokolade.
Die laaste lekkerny is darem so verleidelik dat Pinokkio nie weerstand kan bied nie en n dapper besluit neem.
Toe dan maar, ek sal die emmer dan maar huis toe dra!
Die emmer is baie swaar en omdat Pinokkio nie die krag het om dit in sy hand te dra nie, sit hy dit bo-op sy kop.
Tuis gekom, gee die liewe meisie Pinokkio n stoel by n gedekte tafeltjie en sit die brood, slaai en die sjokolade voor hom neer.
Pinokkio eet nie - hy stop sommer in! Dit lyk asof sy maag omtrent vyf maande lank n onbewoonde huis gewees het.
Toe sy ergste honger gestil is, kyk hy op om sy weldoenster te
bedank; maar nouliks het hy na haar gekyk, of n langgerekte
00-000! van verbasing ontglip hom en hy bly sit asof hy betower is,

met oopgerekte oë, sy vurk in die lug en sy mond vol brood en slaai.
Hoekom is jy tog so verbaas ? vra die meisie laggend.
Omdat… stamel Pinokkio … omdat… omdat u lyk… u herinner my aan … ja, ja, dieselfde stem… dieselfde oë … dieselfde hare … ja … u het ook blou hare … net soos sy . . ! O! Liewe Fee … o, liewe Fee … sę tog dat dit regtig u is…! Moenie vir my meer bedroef maak nie …! As u net kon weet…! Ek het so gehuil, ek het so gely!
En terwyl hy dit sę, begin Pinokkio hard te huil en gooi hom
voor haar op die grond neer en slaan sy arms om die knieë van die geheimsinnige meisie.

CHAPTER 25

Pinocchio promises the Fairy to be good and to study, as he is growing tired of being a Marionette, and wishes to become a real boy.

If Pinocchio cried much longer, the little woman thought he would melt away, so she finally admitted that she was the little Fairy with Azure Hair.

“You rascal of a Marionette! How did you know it was I?” she asked, laughing. “My love for you told me who you were.”
“Do you remember? You left me when I was a little girl and now you find me a grown woman. I am so old, I could almost be your mother!”

“I am very glad of that, for then I can call you mother instead of sister. For a long time I have wanted a mother, just like other boys. But how did you grow so quickly?”

“That’s a secret!”

“Tell it to me. I also want to grow a little. Look at me! I have never grown higher than a penny’s worth of cheese.” “But you can’t grow,” answered the Fairy.
“Why not?”

“Because Marionettes never grow. They are born Marionettes, they live Marionettes, and they die Marionettes.”

“Oh, I’m tired of always being a Marionette!” cried Pinocchio disgustedly. “It’s about time for me to grow into a man as everyone else does.”

“And you will if you deserve it—” “Really? What can I do to deserve it?”
“It’s a very simple matter. Try to act like a well-behaved child.” “Don’t you think I do?”
“Far from it! Good boys are obedient, and you, on the contrary—” “And I never obey.”
“Good boys love study and work, but you—”

“And I, on the contrary, am a lazy fellow and a tramp all year round.” “Good boys always tell the truth.” “And I always tell lies.”

“Good boys go gladly to school.”

“And I get sick if I go to school. From now on I’ll be different.” “Do you promise?”
“I promise. I want to become a good boy and be a comfort to my father. Where is my poor father now?” “I do not know.”
“Wi l I ever be lucky enough to find him and embrace him once more?” “I think so. Indeed, I am sure of it.”
At this answer, Pinocchio’s happiness was very great. He grasped the Fairy’s hands and kissed them so hard that it looked as if he had lost his head. Then lifting his face, he looked at her lovingly and asked: “Tell me, little Mother, it isn’t true that you are dead, is it?”

“It doesn’t seem so,” answered the Fairy, smiling.

“If you only knew how I suffered and how I wept when I read ‘Here lies—’”

“I know it, and for that I have forgiven you. The depth of your sorrow made me see that you have a kind heart. There is always hope for boys with hearts such as yours, though they may often be very mischievous. This is the reason why I have come so far to look for you. From now on, I’ l be your own little mother.”

“Oh! How lovely!” cried Pinocchio, jumping with joy. “You wi l obey me always and do as I wish?”
“Gladly, very gladly, more than gladly!”

“Beginning tomorrow,” said the Fairy, “you’ll go to school every day.” Pinocchio’s face fell a little.
“Then you wi l choose the trade you like best.” Pinocchio became more serious.
“What are you mumbling to yourself?” asked the Fairy.

“I was just saying,” whined the Marionette in a whisper, “that it seems too late for me to go to school now.” “No, indeed. Remember it is never too late to learn.”
“But I don’t want either trade or profession.” “Why?”
“Because work wearies me!”

“My dear boy,” said the Fairy, “people who speak as you do usually end their days either in a prison or in a hospital. A man, remember, whether rich or poor, should do something in this world. No one can find happiness without work. Woe betide the lazy fellow! Laziness is a

serious i lness and one must cure it immediately; yes, even from early childhood. If not, it wi l kill you in the end.”

These words touched Pinocchio’s heart. He lifted his eyes to his Fairy and said seriously: “I’ll work; I’ l study; I’ll do all you tell me.
After all, the life of a Marionette has grown very tiresome to me and I want to become a boy, no matter how hard it is. You promise that, do you not?”

“Yes, I promise, and now it is up to you.”

25
Pinokkio belouie die Fee om soet te wees en te leer,
omdat dit hom verveel om langer n pop te bly en hy n goeie seiin wil word.

In. die begin het die liewe meisie ontken dat sy die klein Feetjie met die blou hare is, maar toe sy sien dat sy tog ontdek is, erken sy dit en sę:
Vabondjie van n pop, hoe het jy geweet dat dit ek is?
Ek het dit gevoel omdat ek jou so liefhet, sę Pinokkio.
Onthou jy nog dat ek n dogtertjie was toejy my verlaat het? En nou is ek n jong nooi. Ek sou amper jou moedertjie kan wees.
Dis heerlik! Nou sal ek jou Moedertjie in plaas van Sussie
noem, nes ander seuns! Maar hoe het jy dan so vinnig groot geword?
Dis n geheim.
Leer dit dan vir my ook, ek wil so graag n bietjie groei. Sien jy dan nie dat ek nog maar altyd dieselfde ou onderkruiper-tjie is nie?
,,Maar jy kan nie groei nie, antwoord die Fee.
Waarom nie?
Omdat houtpoppe nooit groei nie. Hulle word as houtpoppe gebore en sterf as houtpoppe.
Ag, dit verveel my om altyd n pop te wees! sę Pinokkio
en gee homself n oorveeg. Dit word tyd dat ek n man word soos almal!
En dit sal jy word, as jy dit verdien …
Werklik? Maar wat moet ek doen?
Iets wat baie maklik is. Jy moet jouself aanwen om n goeie seun te wees.
Is ek dit dan nie?
Glad nie! Goeie seuns is gehoorsaam en jy..
Ek is nooit gehoorsaam nie!
Goeie seuns hou van leer en werk en jy …
En ek was die hele jaar n leegloper en n vabond.
Goeie seuns praat altyd die waarheid.

En ek jok altyd.
Goeie seuns gaan graag skool toe.
En ek kry maagpyn van skoolgaan. Maar van vandag af wil ek my lewe verbeter.
Belowe jy dit?
Ja. Ek wil n soet seun word, n troos vir my vader. Waar sou hy op hierdie oomblik wees ?
Dit weet ek nie.
Sal ek hom ooit weer sien en omhels ?
Ek dink so; nee, ek is daar oortuig van.
Met hierdie antwoord word Pinokkio so bly dat hy die Fee se hande gryp en hulle so innig begin soen dat dit lyk of hy mal

Toe lig hy sy kop op, kyk haar stip aan en vra:
Hoor hier, Moedertjie, jy is dus nie dood nie?
Dit lyk amper so! sę die Fee glimlaggend.
As jy tog net kon weet hoe bedroef ek was. My keel het toe-getrek toe ek lees: Hier rus. V.
Dit weet ek en juis daaroor het ëk jou vergewe. Jou ware droefheid het my getoon dat jy n goeie hárt Jiet. En vir wie n goeie hart het, is daar altyd hoop. Daarom het ek jou hier kom soek. Ek sal n moeder vir jou wees.
0, hoe heerlik! roep Pinokkio en dans in die rondte van blydskap.
Dan moet jy gehoorsaam wees en altyd doen wat ek sę.
Graag, alte graag!
Van more af gaan jy skool toe, sę die Fee. Pinokkio word dadelik minder vrolik.
Later moet jy n vak of n ambag leer. Pinokkio word ernstig.
Wat brom jy daar tussen jou tande? vra die Fee verwytend.
Ek sę … brom die pop, dat dit al n bietjie laat is om nog skool toe te gaan.
Tog nie, meneertjie! Onthou n bietjie dat dit nooit te laat is om te leer nie . .
Maar ek wil gn vak of ambag leer nie.
Hoekom nie?
Omdat n mens so moeg word van werk . .
My kind, sę die Fee, mense wat so praat, beland amper altyd in die tronk of in die hospitaal. Begryp nou eens en vir altyd dat, of jy nou ryk is of arm, n mens iets moet doen in die lewe. Wee die mens wat hom aan die luiheid oorgee. As jy nie as kind van daardie lelike siekte ontslae raak nie, genees jy nooit daarvan wanneer jy groot is nie.
Die woorde tref Pinokkio diep. Hy hef sy oë op na die Fee en

Ek sal leer, ek sal werk, ek sal alles doen wat jy sę, want ek hou nie

van my lewe as pop nie, ek wil teen enige prys n seun word. Dit het jy belowe, nie waar nie?
Ek het dit belowe en nou hang dit verder van jou af.

CHAPTER 26

Pinocchio goes to the seashore with his friends to see the Terrible Shark. In the morning, bright and early, Pinocchio started for school. Imagine what the boys said when they saw a Marionette enter the classroom! They laughed until they cried. Everyone played tricks on him. One pu led his hat off, another tugged at his coat, a third tried to paint a mustache under his nose. One even attempted to tie strings to his feet and his hands to make him dance.

For a while Pinocchio was very calm and quiet. Finally, however, he lost all patience and turning to his tormentors, he said to them threateningly:

“Careful, boys, I haven’t come here to be made fun of. I’ll respect you and I want you to respect me.”

“Hurrah for Dr. Know-all! You have spoken like a printed book!” howled the boys, bursting with laughter. One of them, more impudent than the rest, put out his hand to pu l the Marionette’s nose.

But he was not quick enough, for Pinocchio stretched his leg under the table and kicked him hard on the shin. “Oh, what hard feet!” cried the boy, rubbing the spot where the Marionette had kicked him.
“And what elbows! They are even harder than the feet!” shouted another one, who, because of some other trick, had received a blow in the stomach.

With that kick and that blow Pinocchio gained everybody’s favor. Everyone admired him, danced attendance upon him, petted and caressed him.

As the days passed into weeks, even the teacher praised him, for he saw him attentive, hard working, and wide awake, always the first to come in the morning, and the last to leave when school was over.

Pinocchio’s only fault was that he had too many friends. Among these were many well-known rascals, who cared not a jot for study or for success.

The teacher warned him each day, and even the good Fairy repeated to him many times:

“Take care, Pinocchio! Those bad companions will sooner or later make you lose your love for study. Some day they wi l lead you astray.”

“There’s no such danger,” answered the Marionette, shrugging his shoulders and pointing to his forehead as if to say, “I’m too wise.” So it happened that one day, as he was walking to school, he met some boys who ran up to him and said:
“Have you heard the news?” “No!”
“A Shark as big as a mountain has been seen near the shore.”

“Really? I wonder if it could be the same one I heard of when my father was drowned?” “We are going to see it. Are you coming?”
“No, not I. I must go to school.”
“What do you care about school? You can go there tomorrow. With a lesson more or less, we are always the same donkeys.” “And what will the teacher say?”
“Let him talk. He is paid to grumble all day long.” “And my mother?”
“Mothers don’t know anything,” answered those scamps.

“Do you know what I’ l do?” said Pinocchio. “For certain reasons of mine, I, too, want to see that Shark; but I’ l go after school. I
can see him then as well as now.”

“Poor simpleton!” cried one of the boys. “Do you think that a fish of that size will stand there waiting for you? He turns and off he goes, and no one will ever be the wiser.”

“How long does it take from here to the shore?” asked the Marionette.
“One hour there and back.” “Very well, then. Let’s see who gets there first!” cried Pinocchio.
At the signal, the little troop, with books under their arms, dashed across the fields. Pinocchio led the way, running as if on wings, the others following as fast as they could.

Now and again, he looked back and, seeing his followers hot and tired, and with tongues hanging out, he laughed out heartily. Unhappy boy! If he had only known then the dreadful things that were to happen to him on account of his disobedience!

Pinokkio gaan met sy skoolmaats na die strand om die vreeslike haai te sien.

Die volgen.de dag gaan Pinokkio skool toe.
Julle kan julle voorstel hoe verbaas die ondeunde seuns was toe n houtpop hul klas binnestap! Daar was gn end aan die gelag nie. Hulle begin hom sommer dadelik op allerhande maniere te pla. Die een ruk sy mussie uit sy hand, die ander trek hom agter aan sy baadjie, nog n ander probeer om met ink n snor onder sy neus te teken en een probeer om draadjies aan sy hande en voete vas te bind om hom te laat dans.
Eers het Pinokkio hom nie baie aan hulle gesteur nie, hy het net n bietjie opsy gestaan; maar eindelik raak hy darem uit sy humeur. Hy draai na dié van hulle wat die lastigste was en die ergste met hom gek geskeer het en sę met n strak gesig:
Pas op maar! Ek het nie hierheen gekom om jul paljas te
wees nie; ek pla nie vir julle nie, dus laat my met rus, hoor!
Hemel, maar jy kan grootpraat! Jy praat soos n boek!
skree die kwajongens en lag hulle amper kapot; en die brutaal-ste van hulle steek sy hand uit om Pinokkio se neus te trek.
Maar hy was nie vinnig genoeg nie, want Pinokkio haak on
der die tafel af en gee hom n skop op sy skeen.
Eina, maar jou voete is hard! skree die seun en vrywe die plek waar die pop hom geskop het.
En sy elmboë is nog harder! skree n ander ene wat om sy vervelende gepla n stamp in sy maag gekry het.
Na hierdie skop en stamp het Pinokkio sommer baie gou
die simpatie en agting van die seuns gewen. Hulle was almal gaaf teenoor hom en het van hom gehou. Die meester het hom geprys, want hy het gesien dat die pop goed oplet, ywerig en verstandig is, altyd die eerste wat inkom en die laaste om op te staan as die skool uitgaan. Die enigste fout wat hy gehad het, was dat hy met te veel maats gemaak het en party van hulle was deugniete wat bekend was vir hul luiheid en gebrek aan eerbied in die skool.
Die meester het hom aldag gewaarsku en die goeie Fee het ook telkens weer gesę:
Oppas, Pinokkio! Daardie skoolmaatjies van jou sal jou jou leerlus laat verloor en jou ongelukkig maak.
Daar is gn gevaar voor nie! antwoord die pop en hy trek
sy skouers op en tik op sy voorkop asof hy wil sę:
Ek is tog te verstandig daarvoor!
Maar op n goeie dag kry hy op pad skool toe n klompie maats en hulle sę: Het jy al gehoor?
Wat?
In die see hier naby is n haai so groot soos n berg.
Regtig? … Sou dit dieselfde haai wees van die tyd toe my vader

verdrink het?
Ons gaan strand toe om te kyk. Gaan jy saam ?
Nee, ek gaan skool toe.
Wat kan die skool jou skeel ? More gaan ons ook weer skool toe. Of ons nou één les meer of minder kry, wat help dit: ons bly tog maar ewe dom!
En wat sal Meester sę?
Ag, laat hom maar praat! Hy raas tog die hele dag met ons.
En my moeder?
Moeders weet daar niks van nie! sę die stouterds.
Weet jy wat ek gaan doen? sę Pinokkio. Ek wil graag daardie haai sien, maar dan gaan ek ná skooltyd.
Jys n esel! antwoord die een.
Dink jy altemit dat n vis van daardie grootte kalm op jou sal bly wag ? Sodra dit hom verveel, gaan hy na die anderkant toe ën dan kan jy maar laat staan!
Hoe ver is dit hiervandaan na die strand ?
Binne n uur is ons heen en terug.
Nou toe dan! Kom ons kyk wie die eerste daar is! roep
Pinokkio.
Op n gegewe teken hoi die troepie kwajongens met hul boeke deur die veld en Pinokkio bly voor. Dit lyk of hy vlerke aan sy voete het. Van tyd tot tyd kyk hy om en lag sy maats uit wat ver agterbly, en toe hy sien hoe hulle hyg en blaas en vaal van die stof met hul tong uit die mond aankom, lag hy eers heerlik.
Die arme seun weet nog nie watter angste en vreeslike narig-hede hy tegemoetgaan nie …!

CHAPTER 27

The great battle between Pinocchio and his playmates. One is wounded. Pinocchio is arrested.

Going like the wind, Pinocchio took but a very short time to reach the shore. He glanced all about him, but there was no sign of a
Shark. The sea was as smooth as glass.

“Hey there, boys! Where’s that Shark?” he asked, turning to his playmates. “He may have gone for his breakfast,” said one of them, laughing.
“Or, perhaps, he went to bed for a little nap,” said another, laughing also.

From the answers and the laughter which followed them, Pinocchio understood that the boys had played a trick on him. “What now?” he said angrily to them. “What’s the joke?”
“Oh, the joke’s on you!” cried his tormentors, laughing more heartily than ever, and dancing gayly around the Marionette. “And that is—?”
“That we have made you stay out of school to come with us. Aren’t you ashamed of being such a goody-goody, and of studying so hard? You never have a bit of enjoyment.”

“And what is it to you, if I do study?”

“What does the teacher think of us, you mean?” “Why?”
“Don’t you see? If you study and we don’t, we pay for it. After all, it’s only fair to look out for ourselves.” “What do you want me to do?”
“Hate school and books and teachers, as we all do. They are your worst enemies, you know, and they like to make you as unhappy
as they can.”

“And if I go on studying, what wi l you do to me?” “You’ll pay for it!”
“Really, you amuse me,” answered the Marionette, nodding his head.

“Hey, Pinocchio,” cried the tallest of them all, “that wi l do. We are tired of hearing you bragging about yourself, you little turkey cock! You may not be afraid of us, but remember we are not afraid of you, either! You are alone, you know, and we are seven.”

“Like the seven sins,” said Pinocchio, sti l laughing.

"Did you hear that? He has insulted us all. He has called us sins." "Pinocchio, apologize for that, or look out!"
"Cuck—oo!" said the Marionette, mocking them with his thumb to his nose. "You'll be sorry!"
"Cuck—oo!"

"We' l whip you soundly!" "Cuck—oo!"
"You'll go home with a broken nose!" "Cuck—oo!"
"Very well, then! Take that, and keep it for your supper," called out the boldest of his tormentors. And with the words, he gave Pinocchio a terrible blow on the head.
Pinocchio answered with another blow, and that was the signal for the beginning of the fray. In a few moments, the fight raged hot and heavy on both sides.

Pinocchio, although alone, defended himself bravely. With those two wooden feet of his, he worked so fast that his opponents kept at a respectful distance. Wherever they landed, they left their painful mark and the boys could only run away and howl.

Enraged at not being able to fight the Marionette at close quarters, they started to throw all kinds of books at him. Readers, geographies, histories, grammars flew in all directions. But Pinocchio was keen of eye and swift of movement, and the books only passed over his head, landed in the sea, and disappeared.

The fish, thinking they might be good to eat, came to the top of the water in great numbers. Some took a nibble, some took a bite, but no sooner had they tasted a page or two, than they spat them out with a wry face, as if to say:

"What a horrid taste! Our own food is so much better!"

Meanwhile, the battle waxed more and more furious. At the noise, a large Crab crawled slowly out of the water and, with a voice that sounded like a trombone suffering from a cold, he cried out:

"Stop fighting, you rascals! These battles between boys rarely end well. Trouble is sure to come to you!"

Poor Crab! He might as well have spoken to the wind. Instead of listening to his good advice, Pinocchio turned to him and said as roughly as he knew how:

“Keep quiet, ugly Gab! It would be better for you to chew a few cough drops to get rid of that cold you have. Go to bed and sleep! You will feel better in the morning.”
In the meantime, the boys, having used all their books, looked around for new ammunition. Seeing Pinocchio’s bundle lying idle near-by, they somehow managed to get hold of it.

One of the books was a very large volume, an arithmetic text, heavily bound in leather. It was Pinocchio’s pride. Among all his books, he liked that one the best.

Thinking it would make a fine missile, one of the boys took hold of it and threw it with all his strength at Pinocchio’s head. But
instead of hitting the Marionette, the book struck one of the other boys, who, as pale as a ghost, cried out faintly: “Oh, Mother, help! I’m dying!” and fell senseless to the ground.

At the sight of that pale little corpse, the boys were so frightened that they turned tail and ran. In a few moments, all had disappeared.

All except Pinocchio. Although scared to death by the horror of what had been done, he ran to the sea and soaked his handkerchief in the cool water and with it bathed the head of his poor little schoolmate. Sobbing bitterly, he called to him, saying:

“Eugene! My poor Eugene! Open your eyes and look at me! Why don’t you answer? I was not the one who hit you, you know. Believe me, I didn’t do it. Open your eyes, Eugene? If you keep them shut, I’ l die, too. Oh, dear me, how shall I ever go home now? How shall I ever look at my little mother again? What wi l happen to me? Where shall I go? Where shall I hide? Oh, how much better it would have been, a thousand times better, if only I had gone to school! Why did I listen to those boys? They always were a bad influence! And to think that the teacher had told me—and my mother, too!—‘Beware of bad company!’ That’s what she said. But I’m stubborn and proud. I listen, but always I do as I wish. And then I pay. I’ve never had a moment’s peace since I’ve been born! Oh, dear! What wi l become of me? What wi l become of me?”

Pinocchio went on crying and moaning and beating his head. Again and again he called to his little friend, when suddenly he heard heavy steps approaching.

He looked up and saw two tall Carabineers near him.

“What are you doing stretched out on the ground?” they asked Pinocchio. “I’m helping this schoolfellow of mine.”
“Has he fainted?”

“I should say so,” said one of the Carabineers, bending to look at Eugene. “This boy has been wounded on the temple. Who has hurt him?”

“Not I,” stammered the Marionette, who had hardly a breath left in his whole body. “If it wasn’t you, who was it, then?”
“Not I,” repeated Pinocchio.

“And with what was he wounded?”

“With this book,” and the Marionette picked up the arithmetic text to show it to the officer. “And whose book is this?”
“Mine.” “Enough.”
“Not another word! Get up as quickly as you can and come along with us.” “But I—”
“Come with us!”
“But I am innocent.” “Come with us!”
Before starting out, the officers called out to several fishermen passing by in a boat and said to them:

“Take care of this little fellow who has been hurt. Take him home and bind his wounds. Tomorrow we’ll come after him.”

They then took hold of Pinocchio and, putting him between them, said to him in a rough voice: “March! And go quickly, or it wi l be the worse for you!”

They did not have to repeat their words. The Marionette walked swiftly along the road to the village. But the poor fellow hardly knew what he was about. He thought he had a nightmare. He felt i l. His eyes saw everything double, his legs trembled, his tongue was dry, and, try as he might, he could not utter a single word. Yet, in spite of this numbness of feeling, he suffered keenly at the thought of passing under the windows of his good little Fairy’s house. What would she say on seeing him between two Carabineers?

They had just reached the village, when a sudden gust of wind blew off Pinocchio’s cap and made it go sailing far down the street. “Would

you allow me," the Marionette asked the Carabineers, "to run after my cap?"
"Very well, go; but hurry."

The Marionette went, picked up his cap—but instead of putting it on his head, he stuck it between his teeth and then raced toward the sea.

He went like a bullet out of a gun.

The Carabineers, judging that it would be very difficult to catch him, sent a large Mastiff after him, one that had won first prize in a l the dog races. Pinocchio ran fast and the Dog ran faster. At so much noise, the people hung out of the windows or gathered in the street, anxious to see the end of the contest. But they were disappointed, for the Dog and Pinocchio raised so much dust on the road that, after a few moments, it was impossible to see them.

27
Grootgeveg tussen Pinokkio en sy maats; een van hulle word gewond. Pinokkio word deur die konstabels gevang.

Toe Pinokkio by die strand kom, staar hy hom moeg, maar sien gn haai nie. Die see is so glad soos n spieël.
Waar is die haai dan? vra hy aan sy maats.
Hy het seker gaan agtuur eet! sę een, en hy lag.
Of het hy miskien op sy bed gaan lę om n bietjie te slaap!
sę n ander, en lag nog harder.
Deur die snaakse antwoorde en die dom gelag begryp Pinok kio dat sy maats die gek met hom geskeer het en hom iets op die mou gespeld het. Hy word boos en sę kwaai:
En wat se grap is dit nou om met so n storie by my aan te
kom?
Dis darem seker snaaks, antwoord die koor.
Waar is die grap?
Om jou uit die skool te hou en met ons saam te neem. Skaam jy jou nie om elke dag so presies en fluks te wees nie ? Skaam jy jou nie om so goed te leer nie ?
Wat traak dit julle?
Dit traak ons baie, want jy maak dat ons n slegte naam kry by die meester …
Hoekom?
Omdat die outjies wat goed leer, dit vir die ander moeilik maak.
Wat moet ek dan maak om julle plesier te doen?
Jy moet ook die skool, die lesse en die meester haat, want hulle is ons

ergste vyande.
En sę nou ek wil tog bly leer?
Dan kyk ons nie meer na jou nie en by die eerste die beste geleentheid sal ons jou daarvoor laat boet!
Julle laat my regtig amper lag! sę die pop en skud sy kop.
Kyk hierso, Pinokkio, sę die grootste en kom staan vlak voor Pinokkio, jy hoef jou nie so heilig te hou nie en jy hoef ook nie so n haantjie te wees nie! Want al is jy nie bang vir ons nie, ons is ook nie bang vir jou nie! Onthou n bietjie dat jy alleen is, meneertjie, en ons is sewe!
Sewe! lag Pinokkio, nes die sewe hoofsondes!
Hoor julle? Hy beledig ons algar. Hy noem ons die sewe hoofsondes.
Pinokkio, vra ekskuus ofanders, bęrejouself!
Koekelekoe! sę die pop met sy vinger teen sy neus.
Pinokkio, dit gaan jou berou!
Koekelekoe!
Ons looi jou uit soos n esel!
Koekelekoe!
Jy kom met n gebreekte neus tuis, hoor!
Koekelekoe!
Nou sal ek jou darem koekelekoe! roep die moedigste van die seuns uit. Vat solank hierdie op afbetaling en bęre dit vir jou aandete!
Met dié woorde gee hy hom n hou op sy kop.
Maar dit was vraag en antwoord. Skaars het die pop die slag gekry, of hy stamp net so hard terug en in n oomblik was daar
n verwoede algemene geveg.
Hoewel Pinokkio alleen staan, verdedig hy hom soos n held. Hy werk so met sy voete wat van baie harde hout is dat

hy sy vyande steeds op n eerbiedige afstand hou. Net waar sy voete raak, sit n blou kol.
Toe val dit die seuns, teleurgesteld dat hulle nie man teen man met die pop kan veg nie, by dat hulle hom kan gooi. Hulle begin ook sommer leesboeke, taalboeke, rekenboeke en
ander skoolboeke na sy kop te smyt; maar Pinokkio wat vinnig rondkyk, koes elke maal net betyds, sodat die boeke bo-oor sy kop in die see vlieg.
En verbeel jou! Die visse dink dat die boeke iets eetbaars is
en kom in hele skole na die oppervlakte; maar nadat hulle so hier en daar aan n bladsy of n omslag gepeusel het, spoeg hulle dit dadelik uit en trek n lelike gesig asof hulle wou sę:
Dis nie kos vir ons nie, ons is beter gewoond.
Ondertussen word die geveg steeds woester, totdat daar n groot krap uit die see kom, stadig op die strand kruip en met n dik, verkoue trompetstem roep:

Hou op, kwajongens! Hierdie bakleiery lei altyd tot ongelukke!
Arme krap! Dit was vergeefse moeite. Die ondeunde Pinokkio het selfs nog tyd gehad om n oomblik na haar om te kyk en met
n kwaai gesig te roep: Hou jou mond, afskuwelike krap! Suig liewers n paar stukkies peperment om van jou verkoue ontslae te raak. Of gaan lę in die kooi om te sweet!
Ondertussen het die seuns gn boeke meer om te gooi nie.
Daar kry hulle Pinokkio se pakkie in die oog en in n kits gryp hulle dit.
Daar is een boek by met n dik omslag van karton met hoeke
van leer. Dit is n woordeboek en hy is baie swaar.
Een van die kwajongens gryp die boek en mik daarmee na Pinokkio se kop, maar in plaas van Pinokkio te raak, tref hy een van sy maats teen die hoof. Hy word so wit soos n laken en sę nog net: 0 Moedertjie, help … ek sterf!
Toe val hy lank-uit in die sand.
Toe hulle die klein dooie sien, slaan die hele klomp op die vlug en verdwyn oor die vlakte.
Pinokkio bly egter staan en hoewel meer dood as lewend van angs en droefheid, hardloop hy gou see toe om sy sakdoek nat te maak en sy maat se voorkop daarmee af te koel. En terwyl trane oor sy wange loop en hy wanhopig sug, roep hy hom by sy
naam en së: Arme Eugene! Maak oop jou oë en kyk na my …! Hoekom gee jy gn antwoord nie ? . . Dis nie ek wat jou seergemaak het nie. Glo my, dis nie ek nie …! Maak oop jou oë, Eugene …! As jy jou oë so toe hou, maak jy my ook dood … O hemel, hoe kan ek nou huis toe gaan ? … Waar kry ek die moed om na my moedertjie te gaan? Wat sal van my word? Waarheen moet ek vlug? Waar kan ek wegkruip? Ag, sal dit tog nie duisend maal beter gewees het as ek maar skool toe gegaanhet nie …! Hoekom het ek tog na die seuns geluister ? .. En Meester het my nogal gewaarsku…! en Moeder tjie het ook telkens gesę: ,Pas tog op vir slegte maats!
Maar ek is so n styfkop …! So n esel … Ek laat hulle almal praat en doen tog my eie sin! En dan moet ek daar later voor boet… En daaroor is dit dat ek, vandat ek op die węreld gekom het, nog gn goeie kwartier gehad het nie. O hemel, wat moet ek tog doen, wat moet ek tog doen?
En Pinokkio hou aan met huil en kla; hy slaan homself en roep telkens vir Eugene op sy naam. Skielik hoor hy voetstappe nader kom. Hy draai om: dit was twee konstabels.
Hoekom lę jy daar op die grond? vra hulle aan Pinokkio.
Ek help my skoolmaat.
Het iets met hom gebeur ?
Dit lyk so!

Maar dis iets ernstigs! sę een van die konstabels, wat oor Eugene buig en hom van naby bekyk. Die seun is aan sy slaap gewond. Wie het dit gedoen ?
Nie ek nie! stamel die pop uitasem.
En waarmee is hy gewond?
Met hierdie boek! en die pop tel die woordeboek van die grond af op en wys dit vir die konstabels.
Wie se boek is dit?
Myne.
Dis genoeg. Ons hoef niks meer te weet nie. Staan dadelik op en kom saam!
Maar ek . .
Kom saam!
Maar ek is onskuldig!
Kom saam !
Voor hulle loop, roep die konstabels n paar vissers wat juis langs die strand loop: Ons vertrou hierdie seun, wat n wond aan sy kop het, aan julle toe. Bring hom na jul huis en help hom. More kom ons na hom kyk!
Toe draai hulle om na Pinokkio, neem hom tussen hulle en
beveel op militęre toon:
Voorwaarts en strykstap, anders sal dit jou berou!
Sonder om op n verdere bevel te wag, slaan die pop die pad in na die dorp. Hy weet nie hoe hy dit het nie. Alles lyk soos n nagmerrie! En hy sien alles dubbel. Sy bene bewe, sy tong kleef aan sy verhemelte en hy kan gn woord sę nie. En tog, onder al sy verwarring deur het hy n steek in sy hart: die gedagte om tussen twee dienders ver by die vensters van die Fee se huis te moet gaan! Hy sou liewers gesterwe het!
Hulle was al by die eerste huise toe n heftige rukwind sy mus van sy kop waai en tien tree verder neersmyt.
Mag ek asseblief my mus optel? vra Pinokkio vir die dienders.
Toe maar, maar maak gou!
Die houtpop loop soontoe en tel sy mus op, maar in plaas van dit op te sit, neem hy dit in sy mond en hardloop so al wat hy kan na die strand.
Dit lyk vir die konstabels of hulle hom beswaarlik sal kan inhaal, daarom sit hulle n groot bulhond, wat die eerste prys in die hondewedstryd gekry het, agter hom aan. Pinokkio hard loop en die hond nog harder; die mense kom voor die vensters en staan in groepe op straat, nuuskierig om die afloop van hier die wedren te sien. Maar hul nuuskierigheid sal nie bevredig word nie, want die hond en Pinokkio het so n stofwolk laat ont-staan dat daar na n paar minute niks meer van hulle te sien is nie.

CHAPTER 28

Pinocchio runs the danger of being fried in a pan like a fish

During that wild chase, Pinocchio lived through a terrible moment when he almost gave himself up as lost. This was when Alidoro (that was the Mastiff's name), in a frenzy of running, came so near that he was on the very point of reaching him.

The Marionette heard, close behind him, the labored breathing of the beast who was fast on his trail, and now and again even felt his hot breath blow over him.

Luckily, by this time, he was very near the shore, and the sea was in sight; in fact, only a few short steps away.

As soon as he set foot on the beach, Pinocchio gave a leap and fell into the water. Alidoro tried to stop, but as he was running very fast, he couldn't, and he, too, landed far out in the sea. Strange though it may seem, the Dog could not swim. He beat the water with his paws to hold himself up, but the harder he tried, the deeper he sank. As he stuck his head out once more, the poor fellow's eyes were bulging and he barked out wildly, "I drown! I drown!"

"Drown!" answered Pinocchio from afar, happy at his escape. "Help, Pinocchio, dear little Pinocchio! Save me from death!"
At those cries of suffering, the Marionette, who after all had a very kind heart, was moved to compassion. He turned toward the poor animal and said to him:

"But if I help you, will you promise not to bother me again by running after me?"

"I promise! I promise! Only hurry, for if you wait another second, I'll be dead and gone!"
Pinocchio hesitated sti l another minute. Then, remembering how his father had often told him that a kind deed is never lost, he swam to Alidoro and, catching hold of his tail, dragged him to the shore.

The poor Dog was so weak he could not stand. He had swallowed so much salt water that he was swollen like a ba loon. However, Pinocchio, not wishing to trust him too much, threw himself once

again into the sea. As he swam away, he called out:

"Good-by, Alidoro, good luck and remember me to the family!"

"Good-by, little Pinocchio," answered the Dog. "A thousand thanks for having saved me from death. You did me a good turn, and, in this world, what is given is always returned. If the chance comes, I shall be there."

Pinocchio went on swimming close to shore. At last he thought he had reached a safe place. Glancing up and down the beach, he saw the opening of a cave out of which rose a spiral of smoke.
"In that cave," he said to himself, "there must be a fire. So much the better. I'll dry my clothes and warm myself, and then—well—" His mind made up, Pinocchio swam to the rocks, but as he started to climb, he felt something under him lifting him up higher and
higher. He tried to escape, but he was too late. To his great surprise, he found himself in a huge net, amid a crowd of fish of all kinds
and sizes, who were fighting and struggling desperately to free themselves.

At the same time, he saw a Fisherman come out of the cave, a Fisherman so ugly that Pinocchio thought he was a sea monster. In place of hair, his head was covered by a thick bush of green grass. Green was the skin of his body, green were his eyes, green was the long, long beard that reached down to his feet. He looked like a giant lizard with legs and arms.

When the Fisherman pu led the net out of the sea, he cried out joyfu ly: "Blessed Providence! Once more I' l have a fine meal of fish!"
"Thank Heaven, I'm not a fish!" said Pinocchio to himself, trying with these words to find a little courage.

The Fisherman took the net and the fish to the cave, a dark, gloomy, smoky place. In the middle of it, a pan full of oil sizzled over a smoky fire, sending out a repelling odor of tallow that took away one's breath.

"Now, let's see what kind of fish we have caught today," said the Green Fisherman. He put a hand as big as a spade into the net and pu led out a handful of mullets.

"Fine mu lets, these!" he said, after looking at them and smelling them with pleasure. After that, he threw them into a large, empty tub.

Many times he repeated this performance. As he pu led each fish out of the net, his mouth watered with the thought of the good dinner coming, and he said:

“Fine fish, these bass!”

“Very tasty, these whitefish!” “Delicious flounders, these!” “What splendid crabs!”
“And these dear little anchovies, with their heads still on!”

As you can well imagine, the bass, the flounders, the whitefish, and even the little anchovies all went together into the tub to keep the mullets company. The last to come out of the net was Pinocchio.

As soon as the Fisherman pu led him out, his green eyes opened wide with surprise, and he cried out in fear: “What kind of fish is this? I don’t remember ever eating anything like it.”
He looked at him closely and after turning him over and over, he said at last:
“I understand. He must be a crab!”

Pinocchio, mortified at being taken for a crab, said resentfully:
“What nonsense! A crab indeed! I am no such thing. Beware how you deal with me! I am a Marionette, I want you to know.” “A Marionette?” asked the Fisherman. “I must admit that a Marionette fish is, for me, an entirely new kind of fish. So much the
better. I’ll eat you with greater relish.”

“Eat me? But can’t you understand that I’m not a fish? Can’t you hear that I speak and think as you do?”

“It’s true,” answered the Fisherman; “but since I see that you are a fish, well able to talk and think as I do, I’ll treat you with all due respect.”

“And that is—”

“That, as a sign of my particular esteem, I’ll leave to you the choice of the manner in which you are to be cooked. Do you wish to be fried in a pan, or do you prefer to be cooked with tomato sauce?”

“To tell you the truth,” answered Pinocchio, “if I must choose, I should much rather go free so I may return home!”

“Are you fooling? Do you think that I want to lose the opportunity to taste such a rare fish? A Marionette fish does not come very often to these seas. Leave it to me. I’ l fry you in the pan with the others. I know you’ll like it. It’s always a comfort to find oneself in good company.”

The unlucky Marionette, hearing this, began to cry and wail and beg. With tears streaming down his cheeks, he said:

“How much better it would have been for me to go to school! I did listen to my playmates and now I am paying for it! Oh! Oh! Oh!”

And as he struggled and squirmed like an eel to escape from him, the Green Fisherman took a stout cord and tied him hand and foot, and threw him into the bottom of the tub with the others.

Then he pulled a wooden bowl full of flour out of a cupboard and started to roll the fish into it, one by one. When they were white with it, he threw them into the pan. The first to dance in the hot oil were the mu lets, the bass followed, then the whitefish, the flounders, and the anchovies. Pinocchio’s turn came last. Seeing himself so near to death (and such a horrible death!) he began to tremble so with fright that he had no voice left with which to beg for his life.

The poor boy beseeched only with his eyes. But the Green Fisherman, not even noticing that it was he, turned him over and over in the flour until he looked like a Marionette made of chalk.

Then he took him by the head and …

28
Pinokkio loop gevaar om soos n vis in die pan gebak te word.

Die wanhopige wedloop het Pinokkio oomblikke van vreeslike angs besorg, want amper het Alidoro (dit was die bulhond se naam) hom nog ingehaal. Hy kon sy gehyg agter hom hoor en het sy warm asem gevoel.
Gelukkig was Pinokkio al naby die strand en nog net n
endjie om by die see te kom.
Toe hy die kus bereik, gee hy ‘n lang sprang soos n padda en kom binne in die water te lande. Alidoro wou nog bly staan, maar hy het met so n vaart aangekom dat hy in die water vlieg. En die stomme dier kon nie eintlik swem nie! Hy begin sommer met sy pote te spartel

om bo te bly en hoe meer hy spartel hoe dieper sink hy weg.
Toe die arme hond weer n oomblik sy kop bo die water kry,
puil sy oë uit en blaf hy:
Ek verdrink! Ek verdrink …!
Verdrink maar! roep Pinokkio uit die verte, want hy weet nou dat hy veilig is.
Ag, help my tog, liewe Pinokkio! Red my van die dood…!
Die hartverskeurende krete laat die pop jammer voel want hy het tog n goeie hart. Hy kyk na die hond en sę: Maar as ek jou

drink!
red, sal jy my dan nie weer lastig val en my agtemasit nie ?
Dit belowe ek jou! Ek belowe … Maak gou … Ék ver—
Nog so n oomblik aarsel Pinokkio, maar toe onthou hy weer dat sy vader altyd gesę het dat n mens nooit minder word as jy
n goeie daad verrig nie. Hy swem dus na Alidoro, gryp hom met albei hande aan sy stert en bring hom veilig op die droë sand.
Die arme hond kan nie meer op sy bene staan nie. Sonder dat
hy wou, het hy soveel seewater gesluk dat hy nou opgeswel is soos n ballon. Maar die pop durf hom darem nog nie heeltemal vertrou nie en ag dit veiliger om maar weer in die water te spring, en terwyl hy hom van die kus af verwyder, roep hy sy geredde maat toe: Vaarwel, Alidoro, goeie reis en groete tuis!
Tot siens, Pinokkio! antwoord die hond. Duisend maal dankie dat jy my van die dood gered het. Jy het my n groot diens bewys en die mense sę: ,Wie goed doet, goed ontmoet. Ek sal vir jou ook weer eendag n klip uit die pad rol.
Pinokkio swem toe verder, maar bly steeds digteby die kus. Eindelik meen hy dat hy n veilige plekkie gevind het, kyk langs die kus en sien in die rotse n soort grot waaruit rook kom.
Daar moet n vuur in daardie grot wees, sę hy by homself.
Soveel te beter. Dan kan ek my daar gaan droog en warm maak en daarna kan ek besluit wat om te doen.
Toe hy die besluit geneem he.t, swem hy na die rotse toe,
maar net toe hy daarteen wou opklim, voel hy dat daar iets onder die water is wat hoër en hoër styg en hom uit die water trek. Hy probeer nog om te ontkom, maar dit is reeds te laat, want tot sy ontsteltenis lę hy in n groot net tussen n gekrioel van visse van allerlei vorm en grootte, wat wanhopig met hul sterte slaan en spartel.
En op dieselfde oomblik sien hy n lelike visser uit die grot kom: só lelik dat hy soos n seemonster lyk. In plaas van hare het hy n bos groen gras op sy kop. Sy vel is groen, groen is sy oe en
ook sy lang baard wat tot op sy voete hang. Hy lyk nes n groot akkedis wat op sy agterpote staan.

Toe die visser die net ingetrek het, roep hy tevrede: Die Voorsienigheid sy gedank! Vandag kan ek weer genoeg vis eet!
Dis maar goed dat ek gn vis is nie, sę Pinokkio vir homself en voel weer n bietjie moediger.
Die net vol visse word na die grot gebring: n donker, rokerige grot, in die middël waarvan n groot pan met olie staan en prut-tel en wat so na kersvet ruik dat jou asem daarvan weg slaan.
Laat ons n bietjie sien wat se visse ons gevang het! sę die groen visser; en hy steek n hand so groot soos n skopgraaf in die net en haal n paar galjoene uit.
Lekker galjoen, sę hy en bekyk hulle tevrede. En nadat hy hulle beruik het, gooi hy hulle in n pot sonder water. Hierdie handelwyse herhaal hy weer en weer en hoe meer visse hy uithaal, hoe meer kry hy lus. Verruk oor sy vangs sę hy:
Lekker! Stompneus! Heerlik! Harders! Verruklik! Tongvis! Voortreflik! Kabeljou! Fyn, die sardientjies met kop en al.
En hy gooi al die soorte vis in dieselfde pot by die galjoen. Pinokkio bly die laaste oor in die net.
Sodra die visser hom uitgehaal het, rek hy sy oë wawyd oop en sę amper verskrik: ,,Wat se vis Is dit? Ek kan my nie herinner dat ek al ooit hierdie soort geëet het nie!
En hy bekyk hom weer aandagtig van alle kante. Eindelik sę hy: Ek begryp dit. Dit moet nseekreefwees!
Pinokkio, beledig dat hy vir n seekreef aangesien word, roep
kwaad: Watkreef of gn kreef nie! Wat is dit vir n behandeling ? Mag ek u net sę dat ek n houtpop is ?
,,n Houtpop! antwoord die visser. Om die waarheid te sę is
n houtpopvis my onbekend. Des te beter: dan eet ek jou nog liewer!
My opeet? Maar verstaan u dan nie dat ek nie n vis is nie?
Hoor u dan nie dat ek kan praat en redeneer nes u nie ?
Dis baie waar, antwoord die visser, en omdat ek sien dat
jy n vis is wat die geluk het om nes ek te kan praat en redeneer, sal ek ook die verskuldigde agting vir jou hę.
En wat is dit?
As teken van vriendskap en besondere agting mag jy self kies hoe jy klaargemaak wil word. Wil jy in die pan gebak word of hewers gekook word met tamatiesous ?
Om u die waarheid te sę, antwoord Pinokkio, sou ek hewers my vryheid wil he om na my eie huis te kan gaan.
Moenie nou gekskeer nie! Dink jy dan dat ek die geleentheid sal laat verbygaan om so n seldsame vis te proe ? Dit gebeur tog nie aldag dat daar in hierdie see n houtpopvis is nie. Laat dit maar aan my oor: ek sal jou met die ander visse in een pan bak en jy sal daarvan hou. Dit troos altyd as jy nie alleen in jou ongeluk is nie.

Die arme Pinokkio begin by hierdie redenering te huil en te gil om medelye op te wek, en snik: Sou dit tog nie baie beter gewees het as ek skool toe gegaan het nie! Nou het ek na my maats geluister en moet ek daarvoor boet!
En omdat hy so kronkel en hom so ongelooflik inspan om uit die grypvingers van die visser los te kom, vat die visser n stuk kie boombas en bind sy hande en voete styf teen sy lyf vas, sodat hy soos n wors lyk, en gooi hom in die pot by die ander…
Daarop neem hy n bak met meel, rol die visse daarin en gooi hulle dadelik in die pan.
Die eerste wat in die kokende vet moet ronddans, is die arme stompneusvisse, daarna die kabeljou, toe die tongvisse en die sardiens en toe is dit Pinokkio se beurt.
Toe hy die dood - en so n vreeslike dood - sien aankom, begin hy so angstig te bewe dat hy gn stem en gn asem meer oor het om genade te vra nie.
Sy oë kyk die visser smekend aan. Maar dié neem daar gn notisie van nie; hy draai hom vyf of ses maal in die meel om en bemeel hom só van bo tot onder dat hy soos n pop van gips lyk.
Daarna pak hy hom by sy kop, en …

CHAPTER 29

Pinocchio returns to the Fairy's house and she promises him that, on the morrow, he wi l cease to be a Marionette and become a boy. A wonderful party of coffee-and-milk to celebrate the great event.

Mindful of what the Fisherman had said, Pinocchio knew that all hope of being saved had gone. He closed his eyes and waited for the final moment.

Suddenly, a large Dog, attracted by the odor of the boiling oil, came running into the cave.

"Get out!" cried the Fisherman threateningly and sti l holding onto the Marionette, who was all covered with flour. But the poor Dog was very hungry, and whining and wagging his tail, he tried to say:
"Give me a bite of the fish and I'll go in peace."

"Get out, I say!" repeated the Fisherman.
And he drew back his foot to give the Dog a kick.

Then the Dog, who, being really hungry, would take no refusal, turned in a rage toward the Fisherman and bared his terrible fangs. And at that moment, a pitiful little voice was heard saying: "Save me, Alidoro; if you don't, I fry!"

The Dog immediately recognized Pinocchio's voice. Great was his surprise to find that the voice came from the little flour-covered bundle that the Fisherman held in his hand.

Then what did he do? With one great leap, he grasped that bundle in his mouth and, holding it lightly between his teeth, ran through the door and disappeared like a flash!

The Fisherman, angry at seeing his meal snatched from under his nose, ran after the Dog, but a bad fit of coughing made him stop and turn back.

Meanwhile, Alidoro, as soon as he had found the road which led to the vi lage, stopped and dropped Pinocchio softly to the ground. "How much I do thank you!" said the Marionette.
"It is not necessary," answered the Dog. "You saved me once, and

what is given is always returned. We are in this world to help one another."

"But how did you get in that cave?"

"I was lying here on the sand more dead than alive, when an appetizing odor of fried fish came to me. That odor tickled my hunger and I followed it. Oh, if I had come a moment later!"

"Don't speak about it," wailed Pinocchio, sti l trembling with fright. "Don't say a word. If you had come a moment later, I would be fried, eaten, and digested by this time. Brrrrrr! I shiver at the mere thought of it."

Alidoro laughingly held out his paw to the Marionette, who shook it heartily, feeling that now he and the Dog were good friends. Then they bid each other good-by and the Dog went home.

Pinocchio, left alone, walked toward a little hut near by, where an old man sat at the door sunning himself, and asked: "Tell me, good man, have you heard anything of a poor boy with a wounded head, whose name was Eugene?"
"The boy was brought to this hut and now—"

"Now he is dead?" Pinocchio interrupted sorrowfu ly. "No, he is now alive and he has already returned home."
"Really? Really?" cried the Marionette, jumping around with joy. "Then the wound was not serious?"

"But it might have been—and even mortal," answered the old man, "for a heavy book was thrown at his head." "And who threw it?"
"A schoolmate of his, a certain Pinocchio."

"And who is this Pinocchio?" asked the Marionette, feigning ignorance. "They say he is a mischief-maker, a tramp, a street urchin —" "Calumnies! A l calumnies!"
"Do you know this Pinocchio?"

"By sight!" answered the Marionette.

"And what do you think of him?" asked the old man.
"I think he's a very good boy, fond of study, obedient, kind to his Father, and to his whole family—"

As he was telling all these enormous lies about himself, Pinocchio touched his nose and found it twice as long as it should be. Scared out of his wits, he cried out:

“Don’t listen to me, good man! A l the wonderful things I have said are not true at all. I know Pinocchio well and he is indeed a very wicked fellow, lazy and disobedient, who instead of going to school, runs away with his playmates to have a good time.”

At this speech, his nose returned to its natural size. “Why are you so pale?” the old man asked suddenly.
“Let me tell you. Without knowing it, I rubbed myself against a newly painted wall,” he lied, ashamed to say that he had been made ready for the frying pan.

“What have you done with your coat and your hat and your breeches?”

“I met thieves and they robbed me. Tell me, my good man, have you not, perhaps, a little suit to give me, so that I may go home?” “My boy, as for clothes, I have only a bag in which I keep hops. If you want it, take it. There it is.”
Pinocchio did not wait for him to repeat his words. He took the bag, which happened to be empty, and after cutting a big hole at the top and two at the sides, he slipped into it as if it were a shirt. Lightly clad as he was, he started out toward the vi lage.

Along the way he felt very uneasy. In fact he was so unhappy that he went along taking two steps forward and one back, and as he went he said to himself:

“How shall I ever face my good little Fairy? What will she say when she sees me? Wi l she forgive this last trick of mine? I am sure she won’t. Oh, no, she won’t. And I deserve it, as usual! For I am a rascal, fine on promises which I never keep!”

He came to the village late at night. It was so dark he could see nothing and it was raining pitchforks. Pinocchio went straight to the Fairy’s house, firmly resolved to knock at the door.
When he found himself there, he lost courage and ran back a few steps. A second time he came to the door and again he ran back.
A third time he repeated his performance. The fourth time, before he had time to lose his courage, he grasped the knocker and made a faint sound with it.

He waited and waited and waited. Finally, after a fu l half hour, a top-floor window (the house had four stories) opened and
Pinocchio saw a large Snail look out. A tiny light glowed on top of her head. “Who knocks at this late hour?” she called. “Is the Fairy home?” asked the Marionette.
“The Fairy is asleep and does not wish to be disturbed. Who are you?”
“It is I.”
“Who’s I?” “Pinocchio.”
“Who is Pinocchio?”

“The Marionette; the one who lives in the Fairy’s house.”

“Oh, I understand,” said the Snail. “Wait for me there. I’ l come down to open the door for you.” “Hurry, I beg of you, for I am dying of cold.”
“My boy, I am a snail and snails are never in a hurry.”
An hour passed, two hours; and the door was sti l closed. Pinocchio, who was trembling with fear and shivering from the cold rain on his back, knocked a second time, this time louder than before.

At that second knock, a window on the third floor opened and the same Snail looked out.

“Dear little Snail,” cried Pinocchio from the street. “I have been waiting two hours for you! And two hours on a dreadful night like this are as long as two years. Hurry, please!”

“My boy,” answered the Snail in a calm, peaceful voice, “my dear boy, I am a snail and snails are never in a hurry.” And the window closed.

A few minutes later midnight struck; then one o’clock—two o’clock. And the door still remained closed!

Then Pinocchio, losing all patience, grabbed the knocker with both hands, fully determined to awaken the whole house and street with it. As soon as he touched the knocker, however, it became an eel and wiggled away into the darkness.

“Really?” cried Pinocchio, blind with rage. “If the knocker is gone, I can sti l use my feet.”

He stepped back and gave the door a most solemn kick. He kicked so hard that his foot went straight through the door and his leg followed

almost to the knee. No matter how he pu led and tugged, he could not pu l it out. There he stayed as if nailed to the door.

Poor Pinocchio! The rest of the night he had to spend with one foot through the door and the other one in the air.

As dawn was breaking, the door finally opened. That brave little animal, the Snail, had taken exactly nine hours to go from the fourth floor to the street. How she must have raced!

“What are you doing with your foot through the door?” she asked the Marionette, laughing. “It was a misfortune. Won’t you try, pretty little Snail, to free me from this terrible torture?” “My boy, we need a carpenter here and I have never been one.”
“Ask the Fairy to help me!”

“The Fairy is asleep and does not want to be disturbed.”

“But what do you want me to do, nailed to the door like this?” “Enjoy yourself counting the ants which are passing by.”
“Bring me something to eat, at least, for I am faint with hunger.” “Immediately!”
In fact, after three hours and a half, Pinocchio saw her return with a silver tray on her head. On the tray there was bread, roast chicken, fruit.

“Here is the breakfast the Fairy sends to you,” said the Snail.

At the sight of a l these good things, the Marionette felt much better.

What was his disgust, however, when on tasting the food, he found the bread to be made of chalk, the chicken of cardboard, and the bri liant fruit of colored alabaster!

He wanted to cry, he wanted to give himself up to despair, he wanted to throw away the tray and all that was on it. Instead, either from pain or weakness, he fell to the floor in a dead faint.

When he regained his senses, he found himself stretched out on a sofa and the Fairy was seated near him. “This time also I forgive you,” said the Fairy to him. “But be careful not to get into mischief again.”
Pinocchio promised to study and to behave himself. And he kept his word for the remainder of the year. At the end of it, he passed first in a l his examinations, and his report was so good that the Fairy said to

him happily:

“Tomorrow your wish wi l come true.” “And what is it?”
“Tomorrow you will cease to be a Marionette and wi l become a real boy.”

Pinocchio was beside himself with joy. A l his friends and schoolmates must be invited to celebrate the great event! The Fairy promised to prepare two hundred cups of coffee-and-milk and four hundred slices of toast buttered on both sides.

The day promised to be a very gay and happy one, but—

Unluckily, in a Marionette’s life there’s always a BUT which is apt to spoil everything.

29
Pinokkio kom in die huis van die Fee terug, en sy belowe dat
hy op Ť sekere dag nie meer n houtpop sal wees nie, maar n seun sal word, n Groot koffieparty om hierdie gelukkige gebeurtenis
te vier.

Net toe die groen visser op die punt staan om Pinokkio in die pan te gooi, kom daar n groot hond die grot binne, aan-gelok deur die sterk, lekker geur van gebakte vis.
Voertsek! skree die visser dreigend, met die spierwit bemeelde Pinokkio in sy hand. Maar die hond is vreeslik honger en hy kwispel met sy stert asof hy wil sę:
Gee my n happie gebakte vis en ek sal jou met rus laat.
Siejy! sę ek, herhaal die visser en probeer hom skop. Toe spring die hond, wat regtig honger het en nie met hom laat
speel nie, woedend teen die visser op en wys sy vreeslike tande. Op daardie oomblik klink daar n flou stemmetjie deur die
grot:
Red my, Alidoro! Red my, anders word ek gebak!
Die hond herken dadelik Pinokkio se stem en merk tot sy verbasing dat dit uit die bemeelde bondeltjie in die visser se hand kom. En wat doen hy toe ? Hy gryp die bemeelde bondel tjie in sy bek, hou dit versigtig tussen sy tande en weg is hy die grot uit.
Die visser is woedend dat n vis wat hy darem alte graag wou
geproe het uit sy hand geruk is. Hy wil die hond eers nog agternasit, maar na n paar tree kry hy n hoesbui en moet na die grot terugkeer.
Alidoro gaan toe langs die pad na die dorp stilstaan en sit
Pinokkio versigtig neer.

Ag, ek is jóu vreeslik dankbaar! sę die pop bewerig.
Tot jou diens! antwoord die hond. Jy het my gered en wie goed doet, goed ontmoet! Ons weet mos dat ons mekaar almelewe in hierdie węreld moet help.
Maar hoe het jy tog so juis op die regte oomblik in die grot
gekom?
Wel, ek het nog meer dood as lewend op die sand uitgestrek gelę, toe die wind my uit die verte n geur van heerlike gebakte vis bring. En die geur het my so n eetlus gegee dat ek sommer gaan soek het waarvandaan dit kom. As ek één minuut later gekom het . .
Moenie daarvan praat nie! sę Pinokkio, wat nog bewe van angs. Moenie daarvan praat nie! As jy één minuut later ge kom het, was ek nou al gebak, opgeëet en byna verteer. Brrr! ek gril as ek daaraan dink!
Alidoro blaf en steek sy regtervoorpoot uit na Pinokkio, wat dit druk as teken van groot vriendskap, en toe skei hulle van mekaar. Die hond gaan weer na sy huis en Pinokkio loop na n hutjie in die buurt en vra aan n ou mannetjie wat voor die deur in die son sit en bak:
Weet oom miskien iets van n seun Eugene wat aan sy kop gewond was ?
,,n Paar vissers het hom hier in die hut gebring en nou . .
Nou is hy seker dood! val Pinokkio hom bedroefin die rede.
Nee, hy lewe en is al terug huis toe.
Regtig ? roep die pop en dans van vreugde. Die wond was dus nie ernstig nie?
Maar dit kon baie ernstig, selfs dodelik, gewees het, want hulle het hom met n boek met n kartonband teen sy kop gegooi.
En wie het dit gedoen?
Een van sy maats, n sekere Pinokkio.
En wie is die Pinokkio ? vra die pop en hou hom ewe on-nosel.
Hulle sę dat dit n nare seun is, n vabond, n egte rakker..
Laster, dis alles laster!
Ken jy die Pinokkio dan ?
So van sien, antwoord die pop.
En hoe lyk hy vir jou ? vra die ou mannetjie…
Ek dink hy is n gawe seun, leergierig, ywerig en baie lief vir sy pa en sy ander familie.
Terwyl die pop hierdie leuens sonder te blik of te bloos staan
en vertel, raak hy aan sy neus en merk hy dat dit al meer as n duim gegroei het. Verskrik roep hy uit:
Moenie luister na wat ek gesę het nie. Ek ken die Pinokkio baie goed en ek verseker oom dat hy n rakker is, ongehoorsaam en lui en in plaas van skool toe gaan, haai hy allerlei streke uit met sy maats.
Skaars het hy dit gesę of sy neus krimp weer tot sy natuurlike

lengte in.
En hoekom is jy so wit? vra die ou mannetjie skielik.
Wel, sonder dat ek dit gemerk het, het ek te naby aan n muur verbygeloop wat net gewit was, antwoord die pop, wat hom skaam om te beken dat hy in die meel gerol en amper soos
n vis in n pan gebak is.
En waar is jou baadjie, jou broek en jou mus?
Ek het diewe langs die pad gekry en dié het my klere ge-steel. Het oom miskien klere vir my sodat ek huis toe kan gaan ?
Klere het ek nie, my seun, net n sakkie waarin ek boontjies
bęre; dié kan jy kry as jy wil: daar lę dit.
Dit het Pinokkio hom nie twee maal laat sę nie. Hy vat die leë sakkie, knip daar gate in vir sy arms en trek dit soos n hemp aan. Op hierdie manier, so dun as moontlik aangetrek, gaan hy dorp toe.
Maar hy voel hom op pad glad nie gerus nie, sodat hy dan vorentoe en dan weer agteruit loop, want hy redeneer:
Wat moet ek sę as ek by die goeie Fee terugkom ? En wat sal
sy sę as sy my sien ... ? Sal sy my hierdie tweede streek ook vergewe? Ek wed sy sal nie kan nie. Ag, sy sal sekerlik nie kan kan nie ...! En dit verdien ek ook, want ek is n deugniet wat altyd belowe om my te verbeter en dit nooit doen nie.
Hy bereik die dorp toe dit al pikdonker is en omdat dit giet
soos dit reën, loop hy reguit na die Fee se huis, vasbeslote om te klop en te maak dat hy binne kom.
Maar toe hy voor die deur kom, sink sy moed in sy skoene en hy loop twintig tree agteruit in plaas van te klop. Weer loop hy na die deur en durf nie; n derde keer net so min. Eindelik, die vierde maal, pak hy bewerig die ysterknop en tik baie saggies.
Hy wag en wag, en eindelik na n halfuur gaan daar n venster bo in die vierde verdieping oop en sien Pinokkio voor die venster n groot slak met n brandende liggie op haar kop. Die slak sę: Wie is daar so laat in die nag ?
Is die Fee tuis? vra die pop.
Die Fee slaap en wil nie wakker gemaak word nie, maar wie is jy?
Dis ek.
Wie is ek?
Pinokkio.
Wie is Pinokkio ?
Die houtpop wat by die Fee woon.
0, nou begryp ek, sę die slak. ,,Wag maar, ek kom ondertoe, dan sal ek vir jou oopmaak.
Maar maak tog gou asseblief, want ek sterf van die koue.
My liewe kind, ek is n slak en slakke is nooit haastig nie.
n Uur gaan verby, n tweede, en nog steeds bly die deur toe. Pinokkio

bewe van koue en angs en van die water wat langs sy rug afloop, maar skep moed en klop weer, hierdie keer harder.
By die tweede klop steek die slak haar kop by n laer venster uit.

ion
Liewe Slak, roep Pinokkio, ek wag nou al twee uur en dit lyk in dié vreeslike nag soos twee jaar! Maak tog asseblief gou!
My seun, antwoord die slak, wat een en al rus en kalmte is,
ek is n slak en n slak is nooit haastig nie! En die venster gaan weer toe.
n Bietjie later slaan dit twaalfuur, toe een en daarna twee en die deur bly toe.
Toe verloor Pinokkio sy geduld, gryp woedend die klopper, want nou sal hy darem so hard slaan dat die huis dreun. Maar skielik verander die ysterklopper in n lewendige vis, wat uit sy hand glip en in die riool in die middel van die straat verdwyn.
Nou ja, roep Pinokkio blind van woede, as die klopper dan verdwyn, sal ek my voete gebruik!
Hy gaan n entjie agteruit en gee n geweldige trap teen die
deur. Die skop was so hard dat sy voet halfpad deur die hout gaan en toe hy hom wil terugtrek, sit hy so vas soos n omge-klinkte spyker.
Stel julle voor hoe die arme Pinokkio moet gevoel het! Die
res-van die nag moes hy so bly staan met sy een voet op die grond en die ander in die lug.
Teen dagbreek gaan die deur eindelik oop.
Die liewe goeie slak het maar net nege uur nodig gehad om van die vierde verdieping tot by die voordeur te kom!
En hoekom sit jou voet daar in die deur vas ? lag sy.
Dit was n ongeluk. Probeer n bietjie, Slakkielief; probeer tog of jy my van die kwelling kan verlos.
My kind, dit moet n timmerman doen. En ek was nog nooit timmerman nie!
Vra tog vir die Fee!
Die Fee slaap en wil nie wakker gemaak word nie.
Maar wat moet ek heeldag doen solank as ek in die deur vassit?
Tel maar die miere wat daar verby loop.
Bring my dan n bietjie kos, ek is flou van die honger.

Dadelik! sę die slak.
En werklik na drie en n half uur kom sy terug met n silwer-skinkbord op haar kop. Op die skinkbord is brood, n gebraaide hoender en vier ryp appelkose.
Hier is jou ontbyt wat die Fee stuur, sę die slak.
Om hierdie goeie gawe te sien, is al vir Pinokkio n troos, maar stel

julle sy teleurstelling voor toe hy merk dat die brood van kryt, die hoender van karton en die appelkose albasters is wat in n appelkooskleur geverfis.
Hy wil huil, hom aan die wanhoop oorgee, selfs die hele boel
op die grond neersmyt, maar of dit nou van drocfheid of van uitputting is, weet niemand nie: hy val flou!
Toe hy bykom, lę hy op die rusbank en die Fee sit by hom.
Ook hierdie keer vergewe ek jou, sę sy, maar wee jou as jy weer n streek uithaal!
Pinokkio belowe, ja, hy sweer om van nou af soet te wees en goed te leer.
En vir die res van die jaar hou hy ook sy woord. By die eksa—
men voor die vakansie is hy die beste van die hele skool, en sy algemene gedrag is so lofwaardig en goed dat die Fee, baie in haar skik is en vir hom sę:
Móre sal jou wens eindelik vervul word!
Hoe dan?
Móre sal jy nie langer n houtpop wees nie, maar n egte seun word!
Niemand wat dit nie self gesien het nie, kan hom Pinokkio se vreugde voorstel nie.
Al sy maats moes na n groot koffieparty genooi word om die gebeurtenis te vier en die Fee het tweehonderd koppies koffie en vierhonderd broodjies - van binne en van buite met botter gesmeer - laat klaarmaak.
Dit sou n heerlike, blye dag word, maar …
Ongelukkig is daar in die lewe van houtpoppe altyd n
maar om alles te bederf.

CHAPTER 30

Pinocchio, instead of becoming a boy, runs away to the Land of Toys with his friend, Lamp-Wick.

Coming at last out of the surprise into which the Fairy's words had thrown him, Pinocchio asked for permission to give out the invitations.

"Indeed, you may invite your friends to tomorrow's party. Only remember to return home before dark. Do you understand?" "I' l be back in one hour without fail," answered the Marionette.
"Take care, Pinocchio! Boys give promises very easily, but they as easily forget them." "But I am not like those others. When I give my word I keep it."
"We shall see. In case you do disobey, you will be the one to suffer, not anyone else." "Why?"
"Because boys who do not listen to their elders always come to grief."
"I certainly have," said Pinocchio, "but from now on, I obey."
"We shall see if you are telling the truth."

Without adding another word, the Marionette bade the good Fairy good-by, and singing and dancing, he left the house.

In a little more than an hour, all his friends were invited. Some accepted quickly and gladly. Others had to be coaxed, but when they heard that the toast was to be buttered on both sides, they all ended by accepting the invitation with the words, "We'll come to please you."

Now it must be known that, among a l his friends, Pinocchio had one whom he loved most of all. The boy's real name was Romeo, but everyone called him Lamp-Wick, for he was long and thin and had a woebegone look about him.

Lamp-Wick was the laziest boy in the school and the biggest mischief-maker, but Pinocchio loved him dearly.

That day, he went straight to his friend's house to invite him to the party, but Lamp-Wick was not at home. He went a second time, and again a third, but sti l without success.

Where could he be? Pinocchio searched here and there and everywhere, and finally discovered him hiding near a farmer's wagon. "What are you doing there?" asked Pinocchio, running up to him.
"I am waiting for midnight to strike to go—"
"Where?"

"Far, far away!"

"And I have gone to your house three times to look for you!" "What did you want from me?"
"Haven't you heard the news? Don't you know what good luck is mine?" "What is it?"
"Tomorrow I end my days as a Marionette and become a boy, like you and all my other friends." "May it bring you luck!"
"Shall I see you at my party tomorrow?" "But I'm te ling you that I go tonight."
"At what time?" "At midnight."
"And where are you going?"

"To a real country—the best in the world—a wonderful place!" "What is it called?"
"It is called the Land of Toys. Why don't you come, too?" "I? Oh, no!"
"You are making a big mistake, Pinocchio. Believe me, if you don't come, you' l be sorry. Where can you find a place that wi l agree better with you and me? No schools, no teachers, no books! In that blessed place there is no such thing as study. Here, it is only on Saturdays that we have no school. In the Land of Toys, every day, except Sunday, is a Saturday. Vacation begins on the first of January and ends on the last day of December. That is the place for me! A l countries should be like it! How happy we should all be!"

"But how does one spend the day in the Land of Toys?"

"Days are spent in play and enjoyment from morn ti l night. At night one goes to bed, and next morning, the good times begin all over again. What do you think of it?"

"H'm—!" said Pinocchio, nodding his wooden head, as if to say, "It's the kind of life which would agree with me perfectly." "Do you want to go with me, then? Yes or no? You must make up your mind."
"No, no, and again no! I have promised my kind Fairy to become a good boy, and I want to keep my word. Just see: The sun is setting and I must leave you and run. Good-by and good luck to you!"

"Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"Home. My good Fairy wants me to return home before night." "Wait two minutes more."
"It's too late!"

"Only two minutes."
"And if the Fairy scolds me?"

"Let her scold. After she gets tired, she will stop," said Lamp-Wick. "Are you going alone or with others?"
"Alone? There will be more than a hundred of us!" "Wi l you walk?"
"At midnight the wagon passes here that is to take us within the boundaries of that marvelous country." "How I wish midnight would strike!"
"Why?"

"To see you all set out together."

"Stay here a while longer and you will see us!" "No, no. I want to return home."
"Wait two more minutes."

"I have waited too long as it is. The Fairy wi l be worried." "Poor Fairy! Is she afraid the bats wi l eat you up?"
"Listen, Lamp-Wick," said the Marionette, "are you really sure that there are no schools in the Land of Toys?" "Not even the shadow of one."

"Not even one teacher?" "Not one."
"And one does not have to study?" "Never, never, never!"
"What a great land!" said Pinocchio, feeling his mouth water. "What a beautiful land! I have never been there, but I can well imagine it."

"Why don't you come, too?"
"It is useless for you to tempt me! I told you I promised my good Fairy to behave myself, and I am going to keep my word." "Good-by, then, and remember me to the grammar schools, to the high schools, and even to the colleges if you meet them on the
way."

"Good-by, Lamp-Wick. Have a pleasant trip, enjoy yourself, and remember your friends once in a while." With these words, the Marionette started on his way home. Turning once more to his friend,

he asked him: “But are you sure that, in that country, each week is composed of six Saturdays and one Sunday?”
“Very sure!”

“And that vacation begins on the first of January and ends on the thirty-first of December?” “Very, very sure!”
“What a great country!” repeated Pinocchio, puzzled as to what to do. Then, in sudden determination, he said hurriedly:
“Good-by for the last time, and good luck.” “Good-by.”
“How soon wi l you go?” “Within two hours.”
“What a pity! If it were only one hour, I might wait for you.” “And the Fairy?”
“By this time I’m late, and one hour more or less makes very little difference.” “Poor Pinocchio! And if the Fairy scolds you?”
“Oh, I’ll let her scold. After she gets tired, she will stop.”

In the meantime, the night became darker and darker. A l at once in the distance a small light flickered. A queer sound could be heard, soft as a little bell, and faint and muffled like the buzz of a faraway mosquito.

“There it is!” cried Lamp-Wick, jumping to his feet. “What?” whispered Pinocchio.
“The wagon which is coming to get me. For the last time, are you coming or not?” “But is it really true that in that country boys never have to study?”
“Never, never, never!”

“What a wonderful, beautiful, marvelous country! Oh—h—h!!”

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In plaas van ‘n seun te word, vertrek Pinokkio stilletjies met sy vriend Oliepit na Speelgoedland.

Natuurlik vra Pinokkio dadelik aan die Fee of hy self sy vriendjies in die stad mag gaan uitnooi.
Ja, gaan nooi maar jou maats, sę die Fee. Sorg net dat jy voor vanaand tuis is, hoor!
Ek is binne n uur weer hier, belowe die pop.
Dink n bietjie daaraan, Pinokkio, die meeste seuns belowe gou, maar hulle is baie stadig om hul woord te hou!
Maar ek is nie soos ander nie; as ek iets belowe, doen ek dit.
Ons sal sien. Mog jy miskien ongehoorsaam wees, des te erger vir jou!
Hoekom?

,jOmdat seuns wat nie luister na die raad van diegene wat beter weet nie, altyd hul eie ongeluk tegemoet loop.
Dit het ek ondervind, sę Pinokkio, maar dit sal my nie weer oorkom nie!
Ons sal sien of jy die waarheid praat!
Sonder verder iets te sę, groet Pinokkio die Fee, wat n goeie moedertjie vir hom is, en singsing verlaat hy die huis. Binne n uur het hy al sy maats uitgenooi. Party het sommer dadelik en
gretig ja gesę, ander laat hulle eers n bietjie nooi, maar toe hulle hoor dat die broodjies van buite ook sou gesmeer wees, sę hulle eindelik:
Dan sal ons ook maar kom om jou plesier te doen.
Nou moet julle weet dat Pinokkio een spesiale vriendjie gehad het met die naam Romeo, maar die laaste mens het hom Oliepit genoem, omdat hy so lank en brandmaer is nes die nuwe pit van n nagliggie.
Oliepit was die luiste en ondeundste seun van die hele skool, maar Pinokkio het tog baie van hom gehou. Hy het dan ook heel eerste na sy huis gegaan om hom na die party te nooi, maar Oliepit was nie tuis nie. n Bietjie later het Pinokkio weer gegaan en later nog n keer, maar Oliepit was nog steeds nie daar nie.
Waar sou hy hom nou soek? Hy het oral rondgesnuffel en eindelik ontdek hy hom in die portaal van n boerehuis waar hy weggekruip het.
Wat maak jy hier? vra Pinokkio en stap na hom toe.
Ek wag tot vannag twaalfuur, want ek gaan weg
Waarnatoe?
Baie ver weg!
Ek was al drie maal by jou huis!
Wat wou jy van my hę?
Weet jy nog nie die groot nuus nie? Het jy nog nie van my groot geluk gehoor nie?
Wat dan?
Van more af hou ek op om n pop te wees en word ek n seun nes jy en die ander!
Mag dit jou goed gaan.
Ek verwag jou dus more op my party!
Maar ek sę mos ek gaan vanaand weg!
Hoe laat?
Om middernag.
En waar gaan jy heen?
Ek gaan in n land woon… die mooiste in die węreld … n regte luilekkerland!
En wat is sy naam ?
Speelgoedland. Hoekom gaan jy nie saam nie ?
Ek? Daar is nie aan te dink nie!

Dis verkeerd! Pinokkio, glo my, dit sal jou spyt as jy nie saamgaan nie! Waar kan jy ooit n gesonder land vir seuns soos ons kry? Daar is gn skool nie, geen lesse en ook gn meesters nie. In daardie salige land hoef jy nooit te leer nie. Op Donder-dag iŁ daar gn skool nie en elke week bestaan daar uit ses Donderdae en een Sondag. Stel jou voor, die lang vakansie begin daar op i Januarie en eindig op die laaste dag van Desember.
Dis nou n land na my smaak! So moet alle beskaafde lande wees. Maar wat maak n mens heeldag in Speelgoedland ?
> Jy speel daar die ganse dag en maak pret. Saans gaan jy slaap en smórens begin jy weer van voor af aan. Hoe lyk dit vir jou?
Hm! sę Pinokkio en knik saggies met sy kop, dis die lewe vir my!
Dus, jy gaan saam ? Ja of nee ? Besluit sommer nou!
Nee, nee, en weer nee! Ek het vir my goeie Fee belowe om n soet seun te wees en ek wil my belofte hou! En noudat ek sien dat die son begin sak, moet ek sommer dadelik trek. Goeiendag en goeie reis!
Waarheen gaan jy nou so haastig?
Huis toe. My goeie Fee wil hę ek moet voor donker tuis wees.
Wag nog twee minute!
Dit word te laat!
Twee ou minuutjies!
En as die Fee dan kwaad word?
Laat haar dan maar kwaad wees. As sy eers so n skoot goed geknor het, word sy wel weer goed! sę die skelm van n Oliepit.
En hoe gaan jy nou ? Alleen of met ander saam ?
Alleen? Ons is meer as n honderd seuns wat gaan!
En gaan julle te voet?
Vannag om twaalfuur kom die kar wat ons saamneem tot binne in die gelukkige land.
Ek wens dis al twaalfuur!
Hoekom?
Om julle almal te kan sien vertrek.
Bly nog n bietjie, dan kan jy dit sien.
,,Nee, nee, ek moet huis toe gaan!
Wag nou n paar minute.
Ek het al te lank versuim. Die Fee sal angstig word.
,,Die arme Fee! Is sy altemit bang dat die vlermuise jou sal opeet?
Maar, sę Pinokkio nou, is jy heeltemal seker dat daar in
daardie land gn skole is nie?
Totaal nie!
En gn skoolmeesters nie?
Nie één nie!
En hoef jy daar nooit te leer nie?
Nooit, nooit, nooit!

Dis darem n fyn land! sę Pinokkio en sy mond water.
Dis darem lekker hoor! Ek was nou wel nooit daar nie, maar ek kan dit my so goed voorstel!
Hoekom gaan jy dan nie saam nie?
Jy hoef nie te probeer om my om te praat nie. Ek het nou eenmaal aan my goeie Fee belowe dat ek n verstandige seun sal word en ek wil my woord nie breek nie!
Nou ja, van die beste hoor! En as jy miskien die meester
langs die pad ontmoet, sę dan maar groete van my!
Dag, Oliepit! Goeie reis en moenie jou maat heeltemal vergeet nie!
Na hy dit gesę het, gee Pinokkio twee tree, asof hy wil weggaan, bly weer staan, draai na sy maat en vra:
Maar is jy nou heeltemal seker daarvan dat daar in daardie land ses Donderdae en een Sondag in elke week is ?
Beslis!
En weet jy ook seker dat die vakansie vanaf i Januarie tot die laaste dag van Desember duur?
Absoluut!
Wat n salige land! sug Pinokkio.
Daarop sę hy met n besliste gesig haastig agterna:
Nou ja, dan is dit regtig: tot siens en goeie reis!
Tot siens!
Oor hoe lank vertrek jy?
Oor twee uur.
Jammer; as dit nou één was, sou ek amper kan bly.
En die Fee dan?
Ek is nou tog te laat, nou kom dit daar nie meer op aan of ek n uur vroeër of later tuis kom nie ..
Arme ou Pinokkio! En as die Fee nou knor?
Ek moet maar afwag. Ek sal haar maar laat knor. As sy dan klaar met knor is, sal sy wel weer goed word.
Ondertussen het dit al donker geword - baie donker. Daar
sien hulle skielik in die verte n liggie beweeg en hoor hulle die gerinkel van belletjies en trompetgeskal, maar so ver weg dat dit gaan soos die gezoem van n muggie.
Daars hy! roep Oliepit en spring op.
Wie? vra Pinokkio saggies.
Daar is die kar wat my kom haai. Gaan jy nou saam of nie?
Maar is dit nou regtig waar? vra die pop nog, dat seuns
in daardie land nooit hoef te leer nie ?
Nooit, nooit, nooit!
Wat n fyn land, wat n fyn land ...!

CHAPTER 31

After five months of play, Pinocchio wakes up one fine morning and finds a great surprise awaiting him. Finally the wagon arrived. It made no noise, for its wheels were bound with straw and rags.
It was drawn by twelve pair of donkeys, all of the same size, but all of different color. Some were gray, others white, and sti l others a mixture of brown and black. Here and there were a few with large yellow and blue stripes.

The strangest thing of all was that those twenty-four donkeys, instead of being iron-shod like any other beast of burden, had on their feet laced shoes made of leather, just like the ones boys wear.

And the driver of the wagon?

Imagine to yourselves a little, fat man, much wider than he was long, round and shiny as a ball of butter, with a face beaming like an apple, a little mouth that always smiled, and a voice small and wheedling like that of a cat begging for food.

No sooner did any boy see him than he fell in love with him, and nothing satisfied him but to be allowed to ride in his wagon to that lovely place called the Land of Toys.

In fact the wagon was so closely packed with boys of all ages that it looked like a box of sardines. They were uncomfortable, they were piled one on top of the other, they could hardly breathe; yet not one word of complaint was heard. The thought that in a few hours they would reach a country where there were no schools, no books, no teachers, made these boys so happy that they felt neither hunger, nor thirst, nor sleep, nor discomfort.
No sooner had the wagon stopped than the little fat man turned to Lamp-Wick. With bows and smiles, he asked in a wheedling tone:

“Tell me, my fine boy, do you also want to come to my wonderful country?” “Indeed I do.”
“But I warn you, my little dear, there’s no more room in the wagon. It is full.”

“Never mind,” answered Lamp-Wick. “If there’s no room inside, I can sit on the top of the coach.” And with one leap, he perched himself

there.
"What about you, my love?" asked the Little Man, turning politely to Pinocchio. "What are you going to do? Will you come with us, or do you stay here?"

"I stay here," answered Pinocchio. "I want to return home, as I prefer to study and to succeed in life." "May that bring you luck!"
"Pinocchio!" Lamp-Wick called out. "Listen to me. Come with us and we'll always be happy." "No, no, no!"
"Come with us and we'll always be happy," cried four other voices from the wagon.

"Come with us and we'll always be happy," shouted the one hundred and more boys in the wagon, all together. "And if I go with you, what wi l my good Fairy say?" asked the Marionette, who was beginning to waver and weaken in his good resolutions.

"Don't worry so much. Only think that we are going to a land where we shall be allowed to make all the racket we like from morning till night."

Pinocchio did not answer, but sighed deeply once—twice—a third time. Finally, he said: "Make room for me. I want to go, too!"
"The seats are all filled," answered the Little Man, "but to show you how much I think of you, take my place as coachman." "And you?"
"I' l walk."

"No, indeed. I could not permit such a thing. I much prefer riding one of these donkeys," cried Pinocchio.

No sooner said than done. He approached the first donkey and tried to mount it. But the little animal turned suddenly and gave him such a terrible kick in the stomach that Pinocchio was thrown to the ground and fell with his legs in the air.

At this unlooked-for entertainment, the whole company of runaways laughed uproariously.

The little fat man did not laugh. He went up to the rebellious animal, and, still smiling, bent over him lovingly and bit off half of his right ear.

In the meantime, Pinocchio lifted himself up from the ground, and with one leap landed on the donkey's back. The leap was so well taken

that all the boys shouted,

“Hurrah for Pinocchio!” and clapped their hands in hearty applause.

Suddenly the little donkey gave a kick with his two hind feet and, at this unexpected move, the poor Marionette found himself once again sprawling right in the middle of the road.

Again the boys shouted with laughter. But the Little Man, instead of laughing, became so loving toward the little animal that, with another kiss, he bit off half of his left ear.

“You can mount now, my boy,” he then said to Pinocchio. “Have no fear. That donkey was worried about something, but I have spoken to him and now he seems quiet and reasonable.”

Pinocchio mounted and the wagon started on its way. While the donkeys galloped along the stony road, the Marionette fancied he heard a very quiet voice whispering to him:

“Poor si ly! You have done as you wished. But you are going to be a sorry boy before very long.”

Pinocchio, greatly frightened, looked about him to see whence the words had come, but he saw no one. The donkeys galloped, the wagon rolled on smoothly, the boys slept (Lamp-Wick snored like a dormouse) and the little, fat driver sang sleepily between his teeth.

After a mile or so, Pinocchio again heard the same faint voice whispering: “Remember, little simpleton! Boys who stop studying and turn their backs upon books and schools and teachers in order to give all their time to nonsense and pleasure, sooner or later come to grief. Oh, how well I know this! How well I can prove it to you! A day will come when you wi l weep bitterly, even as I am weeping now—but it wi l be too late!”

At these whispered words, the Marionette grew more and more frightened. He jumped to the ground, ran up to the donkey on whose back he had been riding, and taking his nose in his hands, looked at him. Think how great was his surprise when he saw that the donkey was weeping—weeping just like a boy!

“Hey, Mr. Driver!” cried the Marionette. “Do you know what strange thing is happening here! This donkey weeps.” “Let him weep. When

he gets married, he will have time to laugh."
"Have you perhaps taught him to speak?"

"No, he learned to mumble a few words when he lived for three years with a band of trained dogs." "Poor beast!"
"Come, come," said the Little Man, "do not lose time over a donkey that can weep. Mount quickly and let us go. The night is cool and the road is long."

Pinocchio obeyed without another word. The wagon started again. Toward dawn the next morning they finally reached that much-longed-for country, the Land of Toys.

This great land was entirely different from any other place in the world. Its population, large though it was, was composed wholly of boys. The oldest were about fourteen years of age, the youngest, eight. In the street, there was such a racket, such shouting, such blowing of trumpets, that it was deafening. Everywhere groups of boys were gathered together. Some played at marbles, at hopscotch, at ball. Others rode on bicycles or on wooden horses. Some played at blindman's buff, others at tag. Here a group played circus, there another sang and recited. A few turned somersaults, others walked on their hands with their feet in the air. Generals in full uniform leading regiments of cardboard soldiers passed by. Laughter, shrieks, howls, catcalls, handclapping followed this parade. One boy made a noise like a hen, another like a rooster, and a third imitated a lion in his den. All together they
created such a pandemonium that it would have been necessary for you to put cotton in your ears. The squares were fi led with small wooden theaters, overflowing with boys from morning ti l night, and on the walls of the houses, written with charcoal, were words
like these: HURRAH FOR THE LAND OF TOYS! DOWN WITH ARITHMETIC! NO MORE SCHOOL!

As soon as they had set foot in that land, Pinocchio, Lamp-Wick, and all the other boys who had traveled with them started out on a tour of investigation. They wandered everywhere, they looked into every nook and corner, house and theater. They became everybody's friend. Who could be happier than they?

What with entertainments and parties, the hours, the days, the weeks passed like lightning.

"Oh, what a beautiful life this is!" said Pinocchio each time that, by

chance, he met his friend Lamp-Wick.

“Was I right or wrong?” answered Lamp-Wick. “And to think you did not want to come! To think that even yesterday the idea
came into your head to return home to see your Fairy and to start studying again! If today you are free from pencils and books and school, you owe it to me, to my advice, to my care. Do you admit it? Only true friends count, after all.”

“It’s true, Lamp-Wick, it’s true. If today I am a really happy boy, it is all because of you. And to think that the teacher, when speaking of you, used to say, ‘Do not go with that Lamp-Wick! He is a bad companion and some day he wi l lead you astray.’”

“Poor teacher!” answered the other, nodding his head. “Indeed I know how much he disliked me and how he enjoyed speaking i l of me. But I am of a generous nature, and I gladly forgive him.”

“Great soul!” said Pinocchio, fondly embracing his friend.

Five months passed and the boys continued playing and enjoying themselves from morn ti l night, without ever seeing a book, or a desk, or a school. But, my children, there came a morning when Pinocchio awoke and found a great surprise awaiting him, a surprise which made him feel very unhappy, as you shall see.

31
Ná vyf maande in luilekkerland voel Pinokkio tot sy groot verbasing dat hy ‘n mooi paar eselsore kry en n esel word met n stert en alles.

Heerlik! Daar kom die kar eindelik en dit sonder die minste geluid te maak, want sy wiele is toegedraai met strooi en lappe.
Twaalf paar eseltjies, almal ewe groot, maar van verskillende
kleure, trek die kar. Party is wit, party grys, ander gespikkel. en daar is selfs geel-en blougestreeptes ook.
Maar die snaaksste van alles is dat die twaalf paar eseltjies nie met yster beslaan is soos ander trekdiere nie, maar mense-skoene van wit leer aanhet.
En die drywer?
Stel julle voor n mannetjie, eerder breed as groot, so slap en vet soos n klont botter, met n gesig soos n lemoen, n klein mondjie wat altyd lag en n sagte vlei-stemmetjie soos die van n kat wat deur die huisvrou gestreel wil word.
Al die seuns het hom sommer dadelik baie gaaf gevind en

hulle verdring mekaar om op die kar te kom wat hulle na die heerlike luilekkerland met die verleidelike naam van Speelgoedland sal voer.
Die kar is al so vol seuns van agt tot twaalf jaar dat hulle
soos sardiens gepak sit. Hulle is baie benoud en kan skaars asemhaal, maar nie een sę eina! nie en niemand kla nie. Die
heerlike gedagte van oor n paar uur in die land te wees waar gn meester, boeke of skool is nie, maak hulle so tevrede en onder-worpe dat hulle van ongemak, vermoeienis, honger, dors en vaak niks voel nie.
Sodra die kar stilhou, keer die mannetjie hom met n vriendelike gesig en liewe manier na Oliepit en vra met n glimlag:
En toe, mooi seuntjie, gaan jy ook saam na die heerlike
land?
Natuurlik wil ek gaan!
,,Maar ek waarsku jou, die kar is stampvol, daar is nie meer
n gaatjie oop nie, soos jy self sien.
Dis niks nie! antwoord Oliepit. As daar binne-in geen plek is nie, gaan sit ek op die disselboom.
En hy gaan wydsbeen op die disselboom sit.
En jy, my liewe kind ? sę die mannetjie danig vriendelik vir Pinokkio, wat is jou plan ? Gaan jy met ons saam, of bly jy waar jy is ?
Ek bly hier, antwoord Pinokkio, ek gaan terug huis toe;
ek wil gaan leer en op skool my bes doen, soos alle goeie seuns.
Mag dit jou goed gaan!
Pinokkio, sę Oliepit toe, luister nou na my, kom saam, dan sal ons pret hę.
Nee, nee, nee!
Kom met ons saam, dan sal ons pret maak! skree n stuk of vier stemme uit die kar.
En as ek met julle saamgaan, wat sal die goeie Fee dan sę?
vra die pop, wat begin te wankel in sy besluit.
Man, moenie jou oor alles kwel nie. Dink liewers dat ons na
n land gaan waar ons heeldag en aldag kan stoei en speel. Pinokkio antwoord nie, maar hy sug. Toe sug hy weer en
eindelik sę hy: Skuiwe n bietjie op, dan gaan ek saam!
A1 die plekke is vol, maar om jou te toon hoe welkom jy is, gee ek jou my plek op die bok, sę die mannetjie.
En u self dan?
Dan gaan ek te voet.
Nee, dit laat ek nie toe nie. Dan gaan ek liewers op die rug van een van die eseltjies sit! roep Pinokkio.
Hy stap na die hotvoor-eseltjie en wou net opklim, toe dié omdraai en hom skielik met sy kop in die maag stamp sodat Pinokkio bene in die lug val.

En het die seuns nie gelag dat dit dreun nie!
Maar die mannetjie lag nie. Hy loop na die eseltjie, maak of hy hom n soen wil gee en byt met een hap sy halwe oor af.
Intussen vlieg Pinokkio, wat woedend opgestaan het, in een sprong op die dier se rug. En sy sprong was só oulik dat die seuns ophou met lag, hul hande begin klap en Lank lewe Pinokkio! skree.
Toe hy dit die minste verwag, skop die esel skielik agterop en
gooi Pinokkio in die middel van die straat op n hoop gruis.
Weer skree die seuns soos hulle lag, maar die mannetjie gaan na die onrustige eseltjie en vind hom so lief dat hy die helfte van sy ander oor ook afbyt. Daarna sę hy vir die pop:
Klim maar weer op en moenie bang wees nie. Die esel was n
bietjie nukkerig, maar ek het gou iets in sy oor gefluister en nou sal hy hom wel sagmoediger en verstandiger gedra.
Pinokkio klim op en die kar kom in beweging; maar terwyl die eseltjies op n galop slaan en die kar oor die klippe van die pad rol, is dit al vir Pinokkio of hy n gedempte stem nouliks verstaanbaar hoor sę:
Arme domkop! Jy wou jou sin hę, maar dit sal jou berou!
Pinokkio word bang en kyk orals rond of hy kan sien waarVandaan die woorde kom, maar hy gewaar niemand nie. Die eseltjies galop, die kar rol, die seuns in die kar slaap, Oliepit snork soos n os en die mannetjie op die bok sing sag tussen sy tande:
Snags slaap hulle almal, net ek slaap nooit… n Halfmyl
verder hoor Pinokkio dieselfde stem van tevore wat sag sę:
Onthou dit, Uilskuiken! Seuns wat hul rug op boeke,
skole en meesters draai om niks te doen as net pretmaak nie, kom aan n slegte einde … Ek weet dit by ondervinding. Ek mag dit dus sę. Daar sal n dag kom dat jy ook sal huil, nes ek nou … Maar dan is dit te laat!
By die sag gefluisterde woorde spring die pop, wat nog nooit
so verskrik was nie, van die rug van sy rydier af en gryp die eseltjie aan die kop.
En verbeel julle sy verbasing toe hy merk dat die eseltjie huil
en huil, nes n seun!
Haai, meneer Mannetjie! roep Pinokkio na die baas van die kar. ,,Dis die nuutste! Hierdie esel huil!
Laat hom maar huil! Later sal hy wel weer lag!
Maar het u hom altemit leer praat?
Nee, hy het sommer self so hier en daar iets leer brom, oor hy drie jaar in die geselskap van geleerde honde gewees het.
Arme dier!
Kom, kom! Moenie dat óns tyd verloor om n esel te sien huil nie. Klim weer op, dan gaan ons verder; die nag is fris en dis n lang pad, sę die

mannetjie.
Pinokkio gehoorsaam swygend. Die kar rol weer verder en by
die aanbreek van die dag kom hulle veilig by Speelgoedland aan.
Die land is anders as enige ander land in die węreld. Sy hele
bevolking bestaan uit seuns. Die oudstes is veertien jaar en die jongstes skaars agt. En daar is n pret, n lawaai, n gegil om doof van te word. Oral groepies seuns: die een gooi met neute, die ander met plat klippies; hier sit een op n fiets, daar ry een op n houtperdjie; sommige speel blindemol, ander, aangetrek soos paljasse, steek brandende goed in hul monde; hulle resiteer, sing en slaan bolmakiesie. Weer n ander se plesier is om op sy hande te loop; hier hoepel een, daar loop een in die uniform van n generaal met n papiermus op en n sabel van karton in die hand; hier lag een, daar skree een; n mens hoor handegeklap, gefluit en die gekekkel van n hen wat n eier gelę het;
kortom, daar is so n lawaai dat jy watte in jou ore moet steek om me doof te word nie.
Op al die pleine is popteaters wat van smórens tot saans vol seuns is en op al die huismure is met kryt die volgende mooi goed geskrywe - net so: Lewe die Speelgoedland! Ons willie meer na skool! Pelsier is ons voorlant! en sulke dinge meer.
Pinokkio, Oliepit en die ander seuns wat met die mannetjie saamgekom het, is nouliks in die stad of hulle gooi hulle in die gewoel en is groot maats met almal. Was daar ooit n gelukkiger klomp as hulle ?
Onder al die pret en verskillende vermake vlieg die ure, dae en weke soos blits verby.
Ai, maar dis darem n wonderlike lewe! sę Pinokkio elke maal as hy toevallig by Oliepit verbykom.
Sien jy nou dat ek reg was? antwoord Oliepit. En jy wat nogal eers nie wou kom nie en wat jou ingeprent het om te leer en na die Fee terug te gaan …! Dat jy nou verlos is van die ver-velige boeke en skole het jy aan my te danke, aan my raád en my bemoeiings, nie waar nie ? Daarvoor moet n mens darem regtig vriende wees om iemand so n diens te bewys.
Dis waar, Oliepit! Dat ek só gelukkig is, is jou werk.
En weet jy wat Meester van jou gesę het? Hy het gesę: ‚Jy moenie met Oliepit omgaan nie, hy is n deugniet en sal jou net tot slegte dinge oorhaal!
Arme Meester! sę die ander en skud sy kop, ek weet dat hy my nie kon verdra nie en dat hy daar plesier in gevind het om altyd van my te skinder, maar ek is grootmoedig genoeg om hom te vergewe.
Ja, edelmoedig is jy! sę Pinokkio.
Dit is nou al vyf maande dat hierdie lewetjie van pretmaak en speel van die more tot die aand voortduur en nog nooit het hulle n boek ofn

skool gesien nie.
Toe word Pinokkio een more wakker en vind tot sy groot verbasing dat hy jou waarlik besig is om n esel te word!

CHAPTER 32

Pinocchio's ears become like those of a Donkey. In a little while he changes into a real Donkey and begins to bray.

Everyone, at one time or another, has found some surprise awaiting him. Of the kind which Pinocchio had on that eventful morning of his life, there are but few.

What was it? I will tell you, my dear little readers. On awakening, Pinocchio put his hand up to his head and there he found— Guess!
He found that, during the night, his ears had grown at least ten full inches!

You must know that the Marionette, even from his birth, had very small ears, so small indeed that to the naked eye they could hardly be seen. Fancy how he felt when he noticed that overnight those two dainty organs had become as long as shoe brushes!

He went in search of a mirror, but not finding any, he just fi led a basin with water and looked at himself. There he saw what he never could have wished to see. His manly figure was adorned and enriched by a beautiful pair of donkey's ears.

I leave you to think of the terrible grief, the shame, the despair of the poor Marionette.

He began to cry, to scream, to knock his head against the wall, but the more he shrieked, the longer and the more hairy grew his ears.

At those piercing shrieks, a Dormouse came into the room, a fat little Dormouse, who lived upstairs. Seeing Pinocchio so grief-stricken, she asked him anxiously:

"What is the matter, dear little neighbor?"

"I am sick, my little Dormouse, very, very sick—and from an i lness which frightens me! Do you understand how to feel the pulse?" "A little."
"Feel mine then and tell me if I have a fever."

The Dormouse took Pinocchio's wrist between her paws and, after a

few minutes, looked up at him sorrowfu ly and said: “My friend, I am sorry, but I must give you some very sad news.”

“What is it?”

“You have a very bad fever.” “But what fever is it?”
“The donkey fever.”
“I don’t know anything about that fever,” answered the Marionette, beginning to understand even too well what was happening to him.

“Then I wi l tell you all about it,” said the Dormouse. “Know then that, within two or three hours, you will no longer be a Marionette, nor a boy.”

“What shall I be?”

“Within two or three hours you will become a real donkey, just like the ones that pull the fruit carts to market.”

“Oh, what have I done? What have I done?” cried Pinocchio, grasping his two long ears in his hands and pu ling and tugging at them angrily, just as if they belonged to another.

“My dear boy,” answered the Dormouse to cheer him up a bit, “why worry now? What is done cannot be undone, you know. Fate has decreed that all lazy boys who come to hate books and schools and teachers and spend all their days with toys and games must sooner or later turn into donkeys.”

“But is it really so?” asked the Marionette, sobbing bitterly.

“I am sorry to say it is. And tears now are useless. You should have thought of all this before.” “But the fault is not mine. Believe me, little Dormouse, the fault is all Lamp-Wick’s.”
“And who is this Lamp-Wick?”

“A classmate of mine. I wanted to return home. I wanted to be obedient. I wanted to study and to succeed in school, but Lamp-Wick said to me, ‘Why do you want to waste your time studying? Why do you want to go to school? Come with me to the Land of Toys. There we’ll never study again. There we can enjoy ourselves and be happy from morn till night.’”

“And why did you follow the advice of that false friend?”

“Why? Because, my dear little Dormouse, I am a heedless Marionette —heedless and heartless. Oh! If I had only had a bit of heart, I should never have abandoned that good Fairy, who loved me so well and who has been so kind to me! And by this time, I should no longer be a Marionette. I should have become a real boy, like all these friends of mine! Oh, if I meet Lamp-Wick I am going to tell him what I think of him—and more, too!”

After this long speech, Pinocchio walked to the door of the room. But when he reached it, remembering his donkey ears, he felt ashamed to show them to the public and turned back. He took a large cotton bag from a shelf, put it on his head, and pulled it far down to his very nose.

Thus adorned, he went out. He looked for Lamp-Wick everywhere, along the streets, in the squares, inside the theatres, everywhere; but he was not to be found. He asked everyone whom he met about him, but no one had seen him. In desperation, he returned home and knocked at the door.

“Who is it?” asked Lamp-Wick from within. “It is I!” answered the Marionette.
“Wait a minute.”

After a full half hour the door opened. Another surprise awaited Pinocchio! There in the room stood his friend, with a large cotton bag on his head, pu led far down to his very nose.

At the sight of that bag, Pinocchio felt slightly happier and thought to himself:

“My friend must be suffering from the same sickness that I am! I wonder if he, too, has donkey fever?” But pretending he had seen nothing, he asked with a smile:
“How are you, my dear Lamp-Wick?”
“Very well. Like a mouse in a Parmesan cheese.” “Is that really true?”
“Why should I lie to you?”

“I beg your pardon, my friend, but why then are you wearing that cotton bag over your ears?”

“The doctor has ordered it because one of my knees hurts. And you, dear Marionette, why are you wearing that cotton bag down to your

nose?”

“The doctor has ordered it because I have bruised my foot.” “Oh, my poor Pinocchio!”
“Oh, my poor Lamp-Wick!”

An embarrassingly long silence followed these words, during which time the two friends looked at each other in a mocking way. Finally the Marionette, in a voice sweet as honey and soft as a flute, said to his companion:
“Tell me, Lamp-Wick, dear friend, have you ever suffered from an earache?” “Never! And you?”
“Never! Sti l, since this morning my ear has been torturing me.” “So has mine.”
“Yours, too? And which ear is it?” “Both of them. And yours?”
“Both of them, too. I wonder if it could be the same sickness.” “I’m afraid it is.”
“Wi l you do me a favor, Lamp-Wick?” “Gladly! With my whole heart.”
“Wi l you let me see your ears?”

“Why not? But before I show you mine, I want to see yours, dear Pinocchio.” “No. You must show yours first.”
“No, my dear! Yours first, then mine.”

“Well, then,” said the Marionette, “let us make a contract.” “Let’s hear the contract!”
“Let us take off our caps together. All right?” “All right.”
“Ready then!”

Pinocchio began to count, “One! Two! Three!”

At the word “Three!” the two boys pu led off their caps and threw them high in air.
And then a scene took place which is hard to believe, but it is all too true. The Marionette and his friend, Lamp-Wick, when they saw each other both stricken by the same misfortune, instead of feeling sorrowful and ashamed, began to poke fun at each other, and after much nonsense, they ended by bursting out into hearty laughter.

They laughed and laughed, and laughed again—laughed ti l they ached—laughed ti l they cried.

But all of a sudden Lamp-Wick stopped laughing. He tottered and

almost fell. Pale as a ghost, he turned to Pinocchio and said: “Help, help, Pinocchio!”
“What is the matter?”

“Oh, help me! I can no longer stand up.”

“I can’t either,” cried Pinocchio; and his laughter turned to tears as he stumbled about helplessly.

They had hardly finished speaking, when both of them fell on all fours and began running and jumping around the room. As they ran, their arms turned into legs, their faces lengthened into snouts and their backs became covered with long gray hairs.

This was humiliation enough, but the most horrible moment was the one in which the two poor creatures felt their tails appear. Overcome with shame and grief, they tried to cry and bemoan their fate.

But what is done can’t be undone! Instead of moans and cries, they burst forth into loud donkey brays, which sounded very much like, “Haw! Haw! Haw!”

At that moment, a loud knocking was heard at the door and a voice called to them:

“Open! I am the Little Man, the driver of the wagon which brought you here. Open, I say, or beware!”

32
Pinokkio kry eselsore. Hy word daarna regtig n esel en begin te balk.

Toe Pinokkio wakker word en sy kop krap, merk hy tot sy grootste verbasing dat sy ore n hele paar duim gegroei het!
Want julle weet Pinokkio het altyd baie klein oortjies gehad,
so klein dat n mens hulle met die blote oog nie kon sien nie. Stel julle dus sy onsteltenis voor toe hy merk dat sy twee ore in die nag uitgegroei het soos besemgoed!
Hy het dadelik n spieël gaan soek om homself te bekyk, maar hy kon nie een kry nie. Hy vul toe die waskom met water en kyk daarin. En daar sien hy sy eie beeltenis verfraai met n paar pragtige eselsore!
Stel julle tog net voor hoe beskaamd, bedroef en wanhopig hy
gevoel het!
Hy begin huil en gil en loop in wanhoop met sy kop teen die muur; maar hoe wanhopiger hy word, hoe meer groei sy ore en toe kry hulle

nog harige punte ook!
Op sy geskree kom n mooi malmokkie, wat n verdieping
hoër woon, die kamer binne en vra besorg:
Wat makeer jou, my liewe buurman?
Ek is siek, my liewe malmokkie, swaar siek, n siekte waar-voor ek baie bang is. Het jy kennis van pols voel?
So n bietjie.
Voel dan of ek koors het.
Die malmokkie tel haar regtervoorpootjie op en na sy Pinokkio se pols gevoel het, sug sy: Beste vriend, dit spyt my dat ek slegte tyding vir jou het. .
En dit is?
Jy het hoë koors.
Watter soort koors?
Eselkoors.
,.Ek weet nie watter soort koors dit is nie, sę die pop; maar hy het alte goed geweet.
Dan sal ek dit vir jou uitlę, sę die malmokkie. Jy sal oor
n uur of twee nie meer n pop ofn seun wees nie . .
Wat dan?
Oor twee of drie uur word jy n regtige esel, nes dié wat die kar trek of kool en slaai mark toe dra.
Arme ek! skree Pinolˆdo en ruk en pluk woedend aan die
ore asof hulle nie syne is nie, maar iemand anders sn.
Ja, ou maat, hervat die malmokkie, wat kan jy daar nou aan doen ? Dis nou eenmaal jou lot. So staan dit geskrywe dat alle lui seuns wat bocke, skool en meesters haat en hul dae met speel en pretmaak deurbring, vroeër of later moet verander in eseltjies.
Maar is dit regtig so? snik die pop.
,.Ja. En huil help niks nie. Jy moes eerder daaraan gedink het.
Maar dis nie my skuld nie. Dis alles die skuld van Oliepit.
En wie is Oliepit?
Een van my skoolmaats. Ek wou huis toe gaan, ek wou gehoorsaam wees en leer en my bes doen … maar toe sę Oliepit: ,Hoekom sal jy jou nou verveel met leer? Hoekom wil jy skool toe gaan? Gaan saam met my na Speelgoedland: daar hoef ons nie te leer nie, daar maak jy van die more tot die aand net plesier en almal is daar vrolik!
En hoekom het jy na die raad van n valse vriend geluister ?!
Hoekom? Ja, Malmokkie, omdat ek n pop is sonder verstand en sonder hart. Ag, as ek net n krummeltjie hart gehad het, sou ek die goeie Fee nooit in die steek gelaat het nie. Sy het van my gehou asof sy my moedertjie was en het soveel vir my gedoen…! En dan sou ek nou gn pop meer gewees het nie, maar n regte seun, soos dit hoort en soos daar so baie is! O, maar as ek die Oliepit raakloop…!

En hy was op die punt om die kamer te verlaat, toe hy aan sy eselsore dink en omdat hy hom skaam om so op straat gesien te word, vat hy n groot katoenmus en trek dit tot amper op sy neus. Daarna gaan hy uit en soek oral na Oliepit, maar hy is nęrens te vind nie en niemand het hom gesien nie.
Toe gaan hy na sy huis om te sien of hy miskien daar is en klop aan die deur.
Wie is daar ? roep Oliepit.
,,Ek! roep die pop. *
Wag n bietjie, dan maak ek oop.
Ná n ruk gaan die deur oop, en verbeel julle Pinokkio se verbasing toe hy sy maat sien met n katoenmus wat amper op sy neus hang.
Sou my vriendjie ook eselkoors hę? dink hy by homself. Hy maak of hy niks sien nie en vra met n glimlag:
Hoe gaan dit met jou, ou maat ?
Uitstekend!
Regtig?
Hoekom sou ek lieg?
Neem my nie kwalik nie, maar hoekom het jy dan die mus op wat jou ore bedek?
Die dokter het gesę ek moet dit dra omdat ek so n pyn in my knie het. En jy, hoekom het jy so n mus op ?
Dit doen ek omdat die dokter dit beveel het. Ek het my voet gestamp.
Ag, arme Pinokkio!
Ag, arme Oliepit!
Daarna heers daar n lang stilte, terwyl die twee vriende mekaar plaend aankyk.
Eindelik sę die pop met n suikersoet stemmetjie:
Sę n bietjie eerlik, Oliepit, het jy al ooit n siekte aan jou ore gehad ?
Nooit ...! En jy?
Nooit! Maar van vanoggend af is my een oor baie seer.
Myne ook!
Joue ook? Waiter een?
Altwee ... en by jou?
Ook altwee. Sou ons dieselfde siekte hę ?
Wil jy my n plesier doen, Oliepit?
Seker; graag!
Wys my dan jou ore 1
Hoekom nie? Maar dan wil ek eers joune sien, Pinokkio.
Nee, eers jy!
Nee, eers jy en dan ek!
Nou ja, sę die pop, kom ons sluit dan n ooreenkoms.
Goed.
Kom ons haai altwee gelyk ons musse af.

Goed.
Een, twee, drie!
By drie gooi altwee hul musse af.
En toe gebeur daar iets wat ongelooflik sou gewees het, as dit nie werklik gebeur het nie.
Toe Oliepit en Pinokkio sien dat dieselfde ongeluk hulle al
twee getref het, begin hulle, in plaas van verneder en bedroef te voel, altwee hul groot ore beweeg, allerhande dwaashede uit te haai en toe bars hulle in onbedaarlike gelag uit!
Hulle lag en lag tot hulle geen raad meer weet nie, maar skielik hou Oliepit op, word bleek en naar en sę aan sy vriend:
Help! Pinokkio, help!
Wat makeer?
0, ek kan nie meer op my bene staan nie!
Ek ook nie, roep Pinokkio snikkend en begin te waggel.
En terwyl hulle nog praat, val hulle op hul knieë en begin op hande en voete deur die kamer kruip. En intussen word hul arms pote, hul gesigte rek uit en word snoete en op hul rugge groei liggrys hare met swart spikkels.
Maar weet julle wat die vreeslikste oomblik vir die arme
seuns was ? Dit was toe hulle voel hulle het sterte! Oorstelp van droefheid en skaamte, begin hulle hardop huil en weeklaag oor hul lot.
Dit moes hulle nooit gedoen het nie!
Want in plaas van te kerm en te kla, balk hulle altwee soos esels en weerklink daar n oorverdowende ia!! ia!! ia!! deur die huis.
Op daardie oomblik word daar geklop en sę n stem buite:
Maak oop! Dis ek, die mannetjie wat julle na hierdie land gebring het. Maak dadelik oop, anders…

CHAPTER 33

Pinocchio, having become a Donkey, is bought by the owner of a Circus, who wants to teach him to do tricks. The Donkey becomes lame and is sold to a man who wants to use his skin for a drumhead.

Very sad and downcast were the two poor little fellows as they stood and looked at each other. Outside the room, the Little Man grew more and more impatient, and finally gave the door such a violent kick that it flew open. With his usual sweet smile on his lips, he looked at Pinocchio and Lamp-Wick and said to them:

“Fine work, boys! You have brayed well, so well that I recognized your voices immediately, and here I am.”

On hearing this, the two Donkeys bowed their heads in shame, dropped their ears, and put their tails between their legs.

At first, the Little Man petted and caressed them and smoothed down their hairy coats. Then he took out a currycomb and worked over them ti l they shone like glass. Satisfied with the looks of the two little animals, he bridled them and took them to a market place far away from the Land of Toys, in the hope of selling them at a good price.

In fact, he did not have to wait very long for an offer. Lamp-Wick was bought by a farmer whose donkey had died the day before. Pinocchio went to the owner of a circus, who wanted to teach him to do tricks for his audiences.

And now do you understand what the Little Man’s profession was? This horrid little being, whose face shone with kindness, went about the world looking for boys. Lazy boys, boys who hated books, boys who wanted to run away from home, boys who were tired of school—all these were his joy and his fortune. He took them with him to the Land of Toys and let them enjoy themselves to their heart’s content. When, after months of all play and no work, they became little donkeys, he sold them on the market place. In a few years, he had become a millionaire.

What happened to Lamp-Wick? My dear children, I do not know. Pinocchio, I can tell you, met with great hardships even from the first day.

After putting him in a stable, his new master fi led his manger with straw, but Pinocchio, after tasting a mouthful, spat it out.
Then the man fi led the manger with hay. But Pinocchio did not like that any better.

“Ah, you don’t like hay either?” he cried angrily. “Wait, my pretty Donkey, I’ l teach you not to be so particular.” Without more ado, he took a whip and gave the Donkey a hearty blow across the legs.
Pinocchio screamed with pain and as he screamed he brayed: “Haw! Haw! Haw! I can’t digest straw!”
“Then eat the hay!” answered his master, who understood the Donkey perfectly. “Haw! Haw! Haw! Hay gives me a headache!”
“Do you pretend, by any chance, that I should feed you duck or chicken?” asked the man again, and, angrier than ever, he gave poor Pinocchio another lashing.

At that second beating, Pinocchio became very quiet and said no more.

After that, the door of the stable was closed and he was left alone. It was many hours since he had eaten anything and he started to yawn from hunger. As he yawned, he opened a mouth as big as an oven.

Finally, not finding anything else in the manger, he tasted the hay. After tasting it, he chewed it well, closed his eyes, and swallowed it.

“This hay is not bad,” he said to himself. “But how much happier I should be if I had studied! Just now, instead of hay, I should be eating some good bread and butter. Patience!”
Next morning, when he awoke, Pinocchio looked in the manger for more hay, but it was all gone. He had eaten it all during the night. He tried the straw, but, as he chewed away at it, he noticed to his great disappointment that it tasted neither like rice nor like
macaroni.

“Patience!” he repeated as he chewed. “If only my misfortune might serve as a lesson to disobedient boys who refuse to study! Patience! Have patience!”

“Patience indeed!” shouted his master just then, as he came into the stable. “Do you think, perhaps, my little Donkey, that I have brought you here only to give you food and drink? Oh, no! You are to help me earn some fine gold pieces, do you hear? Come along, now. I am going

to teach you to jump and bow, to dance a waltz and a polka, and even to stand on your head."

Poor Pinocchio, whether he liked it or not, had to learn all these wonderful things; but it took him three long months and cost him many, many lashings before he was pronounced perfect.

The day came at last when Pinocchio's master was able to announce an extraordinary performance. The announcements, posted all around the town, and written in large letters, read thus:

GREAT SPECTACLE TONIGHT LEAPS AND EXERCISES BY THE GREAT ARTISTS AND THE FAMOUS HORSES of the COMPANY

First Public Appearance of the
FAMOUS DONKEY

called

PINOCCHIO

THE STAR OF THE DANCE –- The Theater wi l be as Light as Day
That night, as you can well imagine, the theater was fi led to overflowing one hour before the show was scheduled to start. Not an orchestra chair could be had, not a balcony seat, nor a gallery seat; not even for their weight in gold.
The place swarmed with boys and girls of all ages and sizes, wriggling and dancing about in a fever of impatience to see the famous
Donkey dance.

When the first part of the performance was over, the Owner and Manager of the circus, in a black coat, white knee breeches, and patent leather boots, presented himself to the public and in a loud, pompous voice made the following announcement:

"Most honored friends, Gentlemen and Ladies!

"Your humble servant, the Manager of this theater, presents himself before you tonight in order to introduce to you the greatest, the most famous Donkey in the world, a Donkey that has had the great honor in his short life of performing before the kings and queens and emperors of all the great courts of Europe.

"We thank you for your attention!"

This speech was greeted by much laughter and applause. And the applause grew to a roar when Pinocchio, the famous Donkey, appeared in the circus ring. He was handsomely arrayed. A new bridle of shining leather with buckles of polished brass was on his back; two white camellias were tied to his ears; ribbons and tassels of red silk adorned his mane, which was divided into many curls. A great sash of gold and silver was fastened around his waist and his tail was decorated with ribbons of many brilliant colors. He
was a handsome Donkey indeed!

The Manager, when introducing him to the public, added these words:

"Most honored audience! I shall not take your time tonight to tell you of the great difficulties which I have encountered while trying to tame this animal, since I found him in the wilds of Africa. Observe, I beg of you, the savage look of his eye. A l the means used by centuries of civilization in subduing wild beasts failed in this case. I had finally to resort to the gentle language of the whip in order to bring him to my wi l. With all my kindness, however, I never succeeded in gaining my Donkey's love. He is sti l today as savage as
the day I found him. He sti l fears and hates me. But I have found in him one great redeeming feature. Do you see this little bump on
his forehead? It is this bump which gives him his great talent of dancing and using his feet as nimbly as a human being. Admire him, O signori, and enjoy yourselves. I let you, now, be the judges of my success as a teacher of animals. Before I leave you, I wish to state that there will be another performance tomorrow night. If the weather threatens rain, the great spectacle wi l take place at eleven o'clock in the morning."

The Manager bowed and then turned to Pinocchio and said: "Ready, Pinocchio! Before starting your performance, salute your audience!"

Pinocchio obediently bent his two knees to the ground and remained kneeling until the Manager, with the crack of the whip, cried sharply: "Walk!"

The Donkey lifted himself on his four feet and walked around the ring. A few minutes passed and again the voice of the Manager called:

"Quickstep!" and Pinocchio obediently changed his step. "Gallop!" and Pinocchio galloped.
"Fu l speed!" and Pinocchio ran as fast as he could. As he ran the

master raised his arm and a pistol shot rang in the air. At the shot, the little Donkey fell to the ground as if he were really dead.
A shower of applause greeted the Donkey as he arose to his feet. Cries and shouts and handclappings were heard on all sides.

At all that noise, Pinocchio lifted his head and raised his eyes. There, in front of him, in a box sat a beautiful woman. Around her neck she wore a long gold chain, from which hung a large medallion. On the medallion was painted the picture of a Marionette.

"That picture is of me! That beautiful lady is my Fairy!" said Pinocchio to himself, recognizing her. He felt so happy that he tried his
best to cry out:

"Oh, my Fairy! My own Fairy!"

But instead of words, a loud braying was heard in the theater, so loud and so long that all the spectators—men, women, and children, but especially the children—burst out laughing.

Then, in order to teach the Donkey that it was not good manners to bray before the public, the Manager hit him on the nose with the handle of the whip.

The poor little Donkey stuck out a long tongue and licked his nose for a long time in an effort to take away the pain. And what was his grief when on looking up toward the boxes, he saw that the Fairy had disappeared!
He felt himself fainting, his eyes fi led with tears, and he wept bitterly. No one knew it, however, least of all the Manager, who, cracking his whip, cried out:

"Bravo, Pinocchio! Now show us how gracefu ly you can jump through the rings."

Pinocchio tried two or three times, but each time he came near the ring, he found it more to his taste to go under it. The fourth time, at a look from his master he leaped through it, but as he did so his hind legs caught in the ring and he fell to the floor in a heap.

When he got up, he was lame and could hardly limp as far as the stable.

“Pinocchio! We want Pinocchio! We want the little Donkey!” cried the boys from the orchestra, saddened by the accident. No one saw Pinocchio again that evening.
The next morning the veterinary—that is, the animal doctor—declared that he would be lame for the rest of his life. “What do I want with a lame donkey?” said the Manager to the stableboy. “Take him to the market and sell him.” When they reached the square, a buyer was soon found.
“How much do you ask for that little lame Donkey?” he asked. “Four dollars.”
“I’ l give you four cents. Don’t think I’m buying him for work. I want only his skin. It looks very tough and I can use it to make myself a drumhead. I belong to a musical band in my vi lage and I need a drum.”

I leave it to you, my dear children, to picture to yourself the great pleasure with which Pinocchio heard that he was to become a drumhead!

As soon as the buyer had paid the four cents, the Donkey changed hands. His new owner took him to a high cliff overlooking the sea, put a stone around his neck, tied a rope to one of his hind feet, gave him a push, and threw him into the water.

Pinocchio sank immediately. And his new master sat on the cliff waiting for him to drown, so as to skin him and make himself a drumhead.

33
Toe hy nou ‘n regte esel geword het, word Pinokkio mark toe gebring
en aan n sirkus verkoop om te leer dans en deur hoepels te spring. Maar een aand word hy kruppel en toe koop iemand hom om van sy vel
n tamboer te maak.

Hulle kon die deur nie oopmaak nie, daarom skop die manne
tjie dit oop en sę met sy gewone laggie:
Julle is goeie kęrels. Julle het goed gebalk en ek het julle albei aan jul stemme herken. Daarom het ek gekom.
Eers paai en streel hy hulle, daarna vat hy n roskam en be-werk hulle deeglik.
Toe hulle soos spieëls blink, sit hy vir hulle halters aan
en bring hulle mark toe om hulle te verkoop en baie geld te kry.
Inderdaad was die kopers gou by. Oliepit word aan n boer

verkoop wie se esel net die vorige dag dood is, en Pinokkio aan die baas van n sirkus wat hom wil leer om te spring en te dans saam met sy ander diere.
Verstaan julle nou wat die mannetjie se werk was? Met sy
vriendelike gesig en liewe woorde het hy orals lui seuns om-gepraat om in sy kar te klim en saam te ry na Speelgoedland. En as hulle dan daar van net speel en nooit leer esels geword het, gaan hy hulle op markte en kermisse verkoop. Op hierdie ma-nier het hy al n miljoenęr geword.
Wat verder van Oliepit geword het, weet ek nie, maar arme

ou Pinokkio het sommer van die staanspoor af baie swaar gekry. Toe hy in die stal kom, vul sy nuwe baas die krip met strooi. Pinokkio het net daaraan geproe, toe spoeg hy dit uit. Brom-brom gee sy baas hom toe hooi, maar daarvan hou Pinokkio net so min.
So, dus van hooi hou jy ook nie? roep sy baas vererg.
Wag maar, eseltjie-lief, ons sal jou gou jou nukke afleer! En hy gee hom n raps met die sweep langs sy pote.
Pinokkio begin te huil en balk van droefheid en sę met sy balkstem:
I-a … i-a … ek kan nie strooi eet nie!
Eet dan hooi! antwoord sy baas wat eselstaal goed verstaan.
I-a … i-a … ek kry pyn op my maag van hooi!
Dink jy altemit dat ek n esel soos jy op hoendervleis en vis gaan trakteer? vra die baas al kwaaier en raps hom weer. Ná die tweede slag bly Pinokkio versigtig stil en sę niks meer nie.
Toe word die stal gesluit en bly Pinokkio alleen; en omdat hy
lank laas geëet het, begin hy te gaap van honger en rek sy mond soos n bakoond oop.
Eindelik, toe hy niks anders in die krip vind nie, begin hy n
bietjie hooi te kou, maak sy oë styf toe en sluk dit af.
Die hooi is nie sleg nie! sę hy by homself, maar dit sou darem baie beter gewees het as ek bly leer het…! Dan sou ek nou in plaas van hooi n lekker stukkie brood met wors kon geëet het!
Die volgende more toe hy wakker word, soek Pinokkio dade
lik na n bietjie hooi, maar hy het sy krip die vorige aand al leeg geëet. Toe vat hy n mondjievol gekerfde strooi, maar dit smaak darem glad nie soos tertjies met room nie.
Nou ja, dit is nou eenmaal so! sę hy kou-kou … Geduld maar!
Jy met jou geduld! skree die baas. Dink jy altemit dat ek jou gekoop het om jou net te voer? Ek het jou gekoop om jou te laat werk en baie geld met jou te verdien. Komaan, sirkus toe met jou! Daar sal ek jou leer om deur hoepels te spring, met jou kop papier-vaatjies stukkend te stamp en n wals en polka op jou agterpote te dans.
En die arme Pinokkio moes teen wil en dank al die mooi dinge leer,

maar dit het drie maande gekos en baie sweepslae.
Eindelik het die dag gekom waarop sy baas n buitengewone voorstelling kon aankondig. Op al die hoeke van die strate was daar veelkleurige aanplakbiljette met die volgende daarop te
lees:

GR00T GALA—
V00RSTELLING
vanaand
Daar sal plaasvind die gewone verbasingwekkende toere, uitgevoer deur al die a die esels van die geselskap en
bowendien sal vir die eerste keer vPertoIoNn wOordKdieKbeIroOemde esel

Bygenaamd Die Ster van die Dans

Daardie aand was die sirkus al n uur voor die voorstelling stampvol. Met geen goud kon jy meer n plek koop nie. Almal brand van nuuskierigheid om die beroemde esel Pinokkio te sien dans.
Toe die eerste gedeelte van die program afgeloop was, kom die baas te voorskyn in n swart manel en wit kniebroek met hoë rystewels. Na n diep buiging stel hy ewe plegtig vir Pinokkio aan die gehoor voor. n Orkaan van handegeklap begroet die eseltjie toe hy feestelik opgetooi binnekom. Hy het splinternuwe bhnkleerteuels aan met kopergespes en knoppe; twee wit katjie-pierings versier sy ore; sy maanhare is gekrul en met rooi sy-lintjies vasgebind; daar is n breë goue en silwerband om sy middel en sy stert is deurvleg met blou fluweellinte. In een woord n pragstuk van n eseltjie!
Weer hou die baas n toespraak, weer buig hy diep en toe sę hy vir Pinokkio:
Moed! Pinokkio! Voor jy jou toere begin, begroet hierdie geëerde geselskap van dames en here en kinders!
Dadelik sink Pinokkio op sy voorknieë en bly so lę tot die baas sy sweep klap en sę:
Stapvoets!
Toe staan die eseltjie op en begin stap om die ring. Na n oomblik skree die baas:
Draf!
En dadelik draf Pinokkio ewe gehoorsaam.
Galop! en Pinokkio galop.
Hardloop! en Pinokkio hoi so al wat hy kan. Maar terwyl hy so hoi, los sy baas n pistoolskoot. Op die plek val Pinokkio lank-uit neer en maak of hy gewond is en werklik sterwe.
Toe hy van die grond af opstaan onder so n hewige applous dat dit lyk

of die hemel inval, kyk Pinokkio as vanself op ... en daar sien hy in die gehoor n mooi dame sit, met om haar nek
n medaljon en op die medaljon was die portret van n pop ge skilder.
Dis my portret ...! Dié dame is die Fee! sę Pinokkio
by homself. En oorweldig deur groot vreugde wou hy uit-roep:
0, liewe Fee, my liewe Fee!
Maar in plaas van woorde kom daar so n langgerekte gebalk uit sy keel dat almal uitbars van die lag, veral die seuns in die gehoor.
Toe gee die baas hom, om te toon dat dit slegte maniere is om
voor die publiek te balk, n hou op sy neus met die agterkant van sy sweep. Die arme esel steek sy tong amper n jaart lank uit om die plek te lek en so die pyn te stil. Maar hoe wanhopig was hy toe hy die tweede maal opkyk en merk dat die Fee nie meer daar sit nie. Hy het n gevoel gekry asof hy sou sterwe en hy begin vreeslik te huil, maar niemand merk dit nie, allermin-ste die baas wat met sy sweep klap en roep:
Vooruit, Pinokkio! Toon nou vir die dames en here hoe
goed jy deur n hoepel kan spring!
Twee of drie maal het Pinokkio geprobeer, maar elke maal as hy by die hoepel kom, loop hy op sy gemak onderdeur. Eindelik spring hy, maar sy agterpote haak aan die hoepel sodat hy val en bly lę.
Toe hy weer opstaan, was hy so kruppel dat hy beswaarlik na
sy stal kon terugloop.
Ons wil Pinokkio sien! Waar is die esel? skree die seuns wat hom jammer kry, maar daardie aand het die esel nie meer verskyn nie.
Die volgende more verklaar die veearts dat hy die esel goed ondersoek het en dat hy sy hele lewe kruppel gaan bly.
Toe sę die baas vir die staljong:
Wat moet ek met n kruppel esel maak? Dis net n ekstra eter. Vat hom mark toe en verkoop hom!
Op die mark was daar al dadelik n koper, wat aan die stal
jong sę:
Wat vra jy vir jou esel?
Een rand.
Ek sal jou tien sent gee. Ek koop hom nie om hom te gebruik nie. Ek wil net sy vel hę. Sy vel is baie hard, daar kan ek
n tamboer van maak vir die orkes van ons dorp.

Dink net hoe die arme Pinokkio gevoel het toe hy hoor dat hy bestem is om n tamboertrommel te word!
Skaars het die man die eseltjie gekoop, of hy neem hom na n rots op die kus. Hier bind hy n groot klip om sy nek en n tou aan sy een poot en stoot hom af in die water. Met die klip om sy nek sink Pinokkio

dadelik in die diepte, en die man gaan sit met die een ent van die tou styf in die hand en wag dat die esel moet doodgaan om hom daarna te kan afslag.

CHAPTER 34

Pinocchio is thrown into the sea, eaten by fishes, and becomes a Marionette once more. As he swims to land, he is swallowed by the Terrible Shark.

Down into the sea, deeper and deeper, sank Pinocchio, and finally, after fifty minutes of waiting, the man on the cliff said to himself: “By this time my poor little lame Donkey must be drowned. Up with him and then I can get to work on my beautiful drum.”
He pu led the rope which he had tied to Pinocchio’s leg—pu led and pu led and pulled and, at last, he saw appear on the surface of
the water—Can you guess what? Instead of a dead donkey, he saw a very much alive Marionette, wriggling and squirming like an eel.

Seeing that wooden Marionette, the poor man thought he was dreaming and sat there with his mouth wide open and his eyes popping out of his head.

Gathering his wits together, he said: “And the Donkey I threw into the sea?”
“I am that Donkey,” answered the Marionette laughing. “You?”
“I.”

“Ah, you little cheat! Are you poking fun at me?”

“Poking fun at you? Not at all, dear Master. I am talking seriously.”

“But, then, how is it that you, who a few minutes ago were a donkey, are now standing before me a wooden Marionette?” “It may be the effect of salt water. The sea is fond of playing these tricks.”
“Be careful, Marionette, be careful! Don’t laugh at me! Woe be to you, if I lose my patience!”

“Well, then, my Master, do you want to know my whole story? Untie my leg and I can tell it to you better.”

The old fellow, curious to know the true story of the Marionette’s life, immediately untied the rope which held his foot. Pinocchio, feeling free as a bird of the air, began his tale:

“Know, then, that, once upon a time, I was a wooden Marionette, just

as I am today. One day I was about to become a boy, a real boy, but on account of my laziness and my hatred of books, and because I listened to bad companions, I ran away from home. One beautiful morning, I awoke to find myself changed into a donkey—long ears, gray coat, even a tail! What a shameful day for me! I hope you will never experience one like it, dear Master. I was taken to the fair and sold to a Circus Owner, who tried to make me dance and jump through the rings. One night, during a performance, I had a bad fall and became lame. Not knowing what to do with a lame donkey, the Circus Owner sent me to the market place and you bought me."

"Indeed I did! And I paid four cents for you. Now who wi l return my money to me?"

"But why did you buy me? You bought me to do me harm—to ki l me—to make a drumhead out of me!" "Indeed I did! And now where shall I find another skin?"
"Never mind, dear Master. There are so many donkeys in this world."
"Tell me, impudent little rogue, does your story end here?"
"One more word," answered the Marionette, "and I am through. After buying me, you brought me here to ki l me. But feeling sorry for me, you tied a stone to my neck and threw me to the bottom of the sea. That was very good and kind of you to want me to suffer as little as possible and I shall remember you always. And now my Fairy wi l take care of me, even if you—"

"Your Fairy? Who is she?"

"She is my mother, and, like all other mothers who love their children, she never loses sight of me, even though I do not deserve it. And today this good Fairy of mine, as soon as she saw me in danger of drowning, sent a thousand fishes to the spot where I lay. They thought I was really a dead donkey and began to eat me. What great bites they took! One ate my ears, another my nose, a third my neck and my mane. Some went at my legs and some at my back, and among the others, there was one tiny fish so gentle and polite that he did me the great favor of eating even my tail."
"From now on," said the man, horrified, "I swear I shall never again taste fish. How I should enjoy opening a mu let or a whitefish just to find there the tail of a dead donkey!"

"I think as you do," answered the Marionette, laughing. "Still, you must know that when the fish finished eating my donkey coat, which covered me from head to foot, they naturally came to the bones—or

rather, in my case, to the wood, for as you know, I am made of very hard wood. After the first few bites, those greedy fish found out that the wood was not good for their teeth, and, afraid of indigestion, they turned and ran here and there without saying good-by or even as much as thank you to me. Here, dear Master, you have my story. You know now why you found a Marionette and not a dead donkey when you pu led me out of the water."

"I laugh at your story!" cried the man angrily. "I know that I spent four cents to get you and I want my money back. Do you know what I can do; I am going to take you to the market once more and se l you as dry firewood."

"Very well, sell me. I am satisfied," said Pinocchio. But as he spoke, he gave a quick leap and dived into the sea. Swimming away as fast as he could, he cried out, laughing:

"Good-by, Master. If you ever need a skin for your drum, remember me."

He swam on and on. After a while, he turned around again and called louder than before: "Good-by, Master. If you ever need a piece of good dry firewood, remember me."
In a few seconds he had gone so far he could hardly be seen. A l that could be seen of him was a very small black dot moving swiftly on the blue surface of the water, a little black dot which now and then lifted a leg or an arm in the air. One would have thought that Pinocchio had turned into a porpoise playing in the sun.

After swimming for a long time, Pinocchio saw a large rock in the middle of the sea, a rock as white as marble. High on the rock stood a little Goat bleating and calling and beckoning to the Marionette to come to her.

There was something very strange about that little Goat. Her coat was not white or black or brown as that of any other goat, but azure, a deep bri liant color that reminded one of the hair of the lovely maiden.

Pinocchio's heart beat fast, and then faster and faster. He redoubled his efforts and swam as hard as he could toward the white rock. He was almost halfway over, when suddenly a horrible sea monster stuck its head out of the water, an enormous head with a huge mouth, wide open, showing three rows of gleaming teeth, the mere sight of which

would have fi led you with fear.

Do you know what it was?

That sea monster was no other than the enormous Shark, which has often been mentioned in this story and which, on account of its cruelty, had been nicknamed “The Attila of the Sea” by both fish and fishermen.

Poor Pinocchio! The sight of that monster frightened him almost to death! He tried to swim away from him, to change his path, to escape, but that immense mouth kept coming nearer and nearer.

“Hasten, Pinocchio, I beg you!” bleated the little Goat on the high rock. And Pinocchio swam desperately with his arms, his body, his legs, his feet. “Quick, Pinocchio, the monster is coming nearer!”
Pinocchio swam faster and faster, and harder and harder.

“Faster, Pinocchio! The monster will get you! There he is! There he is! Quick, quick, or you are lost!”

Pinocchio went through the water like a shot—swifter and swifter. He came close to the rock. The Goat leaned over and gave him one of her hoofs to help him up out of the water.

Alas! It was too late. The monster overtook him and the Marionette found himself in between the rows of gleaming white teeth. Only for a moment, however, for the Shark took a deep breath and, as he breathed, he drank in the Marionette as easily as he would
have sucked an egg. Then he swallowed him so fast that Pinocchio, falling down into the body of the fish, lay stunned for a half hour.
When he recovered his senses the Marionette could not remember where he was. Around him all was darkness, a darkness so deep and so black that for a moment he thought he had put his head into an inkwell. He listened for a few moments and heard nothing. Once in a while a cold wind blew on his face. At first he could not understand where that wind was coming from, but after a while he understood that it came from the lungs of the monster. I forgot to tell you that the Shark was suffering from asthma, so that whenever he breathed a storm seemed to blow.

Pinocchio at first tried to be brave, but as soon as he became convinced that he was really and truly in the Shark’s stomach, he burst into sobs and tears. “Help! Help!” he cried. “Oh, poor me! Won’t

someone come to save me?”

“Who is there to help you, unhappy boy?” said a rough voice, like a guitar out of tune. “Who is talking?” asked Pinocchio, frozen with terror.
“It is I, a poor Tunny swallowed by the Shark at the same time as you. And what kind of a fish are you?” “I have nothing to do with fishes. I am a Marionette.”
“If you are not a fish, why did you let this monster swallow you?”

“I didn’t let him. He chased me and swallowed me without even a ‘by your leave’! And now what are we to do here in the dark?” “Wait until the Shark has digested us both, I suppose.”
“But I don’t want to be digested,” shouted Pinocchio, starting to sob.

“Neither do I,” said the Tunny, “but I am wise enough to think that if one is born a fish, it is more dignified to die under the water than in the frying pan.”

“What nonsense!” cried Pinocchio.

“Mine is an opinion,” replied the Tunny, “and opinions should be respected.” “But I want to get out of this place. I want to escape.”
“Go, if you can!”

“Is this Shark that has swallowed us very long?” asked the Marionette.
“His body, not counting the tail, is almost a mile long.”
While talking in the darkness, Pinocchio thought he saw a faint light in the distance. “What can that be?” he said to the Tunny.
“Some other poor fish, waiting as patiently as we to be digested by the Shark.” “I want to see him. He may be an old fish and may know some way of escape.” “I wish you all good luck, dear Marionette.”
“Good-by, Tunny.”

“Good-by, Marionette, and good luck.” “When shall I see you again?”
“Who knows? It is better not to think about it.”

34
Nadat Pinokkio in die see gegooi is, eet die visse hom op, en toe word hy weer n pop soos tevore, maar terwyl hy probeer om weg te swem, sluk n tamaai groot haai hom in.

Nadat die eseltjie vyftig minute onder water was, sę die koper by homself:

Nou sal my eseltjie seker dood wees en kan ek hom optrek
om die trommel van sy vel te maak.
En hy begin te trek aan die tou wat hy aan die poot van die esel vasgemaak het. En hy trek en trek en trek … en wat dink julle kom bo die water uit ? … Raai n bietjie ? … Nie n dooie esel nie, maar n lewendige houtpop wat kronkel soos n paling.
Toe hy die pop sien, dink die man hy droom en hy bly doodstil met oop mond en uitpuil-oë staan.
En waar is die eseltjie wat ek in die see gegooi het? snik en
stotter hy toe hy weer n bietjie tot verhaal gekom het.
Ek is daardie eseltjie! lag die pop.
Jy?
Ja, ek!
Jou skelm, hou jy my miskien vir die gek?
Nee, regtig, my goeie man, ek is doodernstig!
Maar hoe is dit moontlik dat jy wat eers n esel was, nou n pop geword het?
Dis seker van die seewater. Die see het sulke streke!
Pas op vir jou, pop! Moenie jou plesier soek deur my te terg nie. Bewaar jou as ek my geduld verloor!
Nou, wil u dan die hele waarheid hoor ? Maak dan my been
los en ek sal dit vertel.
Die goeie koper is nuuskierig om alles te hoor en knoop dadelik die tou los, sodat Pinokkio so vry soos n voëltjie is. Toe vertel hy:
Ek was eers n pop, maar ek was op die punt om n regte seun
te word. Toe het ek na slegte maats geluister en weggehardloop van die huis … en op n goeie dag het ek wakker geword en gesien dat ek n esel is met groot ore en n lang stert! Ek het my amper dood geskaam. Hulle het my mark toe gebring, waar die baas van n sirkus my gekoop het om my te leer om deur hoepels te spring en te dans. Maar op n aand het ek lelik geval en som-mer kruppel gebly. Toe stuur die baas, wat gn kruppel esel wou hę nie, my mark toe, waar u my gekoop het.
Helaas, ja, ek het tien sent vir jou betaal. Wie gee my dit terug?
Waarom het u my gekoop ? U het my gekoop om n tamboer
van my vel te maak! n Tamboer!
Helaas, ja! En waar kry ek nou n ander vel ?
Moenie so moedeloos word nie, baas, daar is nog baie esels in die węreld.
En nou, vrypostige seun, is jou storie uit ?
Nee! antwoord die pop. Nog n paar woorde, dan is ek klaar. Nadat u my gekóop het, het u my hierheen gebring om my dood te maak. Toe het u darem jammer gevoel en liewers
n klip om my nek gebind en my in die see gegooi. Hierdie
bewys van fyn gevoel doen u eer aan en ek sal u altyd daarvoor

dankbaar bly, maar hierdie keer het u nie met die Fee rekening gehou nie.
Wie is die Fee?
Sy is my moedertjie, wat altyd goed vir my is, selfs as ek verdien om in die steek gelaat te word. Toe sy sien dat ek gevaar
loop om te verdrink, het sy n hele skool visse gestuur - hulle het gedink ek is regtig n dooie esel en begin my toe opeet. En was hulle gulsig! Nog erger as seuns! Die een hap my ore af, die ander my pote en nog ander eet my rug en een vissie het hom selfs verwerdig om my stert te eet.
Van vandag af eet ek nooit weer vis nie, sę die koper.
Stel jou voor dat ek n vis oopsny en n esélstert in sy maag kry!
Ek voel daar net so oor soos u! lag Pinokkio.
U weet dat die visse, toe hulle die vleis afgeëet het, en by die been kom, of liewers by die hout, want soos u sien, is ek van baie harde hout gemaak - toe hulle na die eerste paar happies merk dat dit nou nie juis kos vir hulle is nie, swem hulle sommer na alle kante weg, sonder om eens soveel as dankie te sę. En nou sien u hoe dit gekom het dat u nie n dooie esel nie, maar n lewendige pop opgetrek het.
Wat n bespotlike storie! roep die koper woedend. A1 wat
ek weet, is dat ek tien sent op jou gemors het en ek wil my geld terughę ... Weet jy wat ek sal doen? Ek neem jou weer mark toe en verkoop jou daar as goeie droë hout om vuur mee te maak!
Verkoop my maar weer! sę Pinokkio. Dit kan my nie skeel nie.
Maar terwyl hy dit sę, duik hy in die water in en swem al hoe verder van die kus af weg. Toe skree hy vir die arme koper:
,,Tot siens, baas; as jy weer n trommelvel nodig het, dink dan aan my!
En hy lag en swem verder en na n rukkie draai hy hom om en skree weer, harder as tevore: Tot siens, baas; as jy altemit goeie droë hout nodig het, dink dan aan my!
In n oomblik het hy amper uit die gesig verdwyn, of liewers daar is op die water net n swart puntjie te sien wat allerhande fratse maak nes n vrolike dolfyn.
Terwyl Pinokkio nog sommer voortswem, sien hy in die middel van die see n rots wat lyk soos wit manner en daar bo-op staan n mooi bokkie wat blęr en vir hom tekens gee om nader te kom.
Die eienaardigste van alles is dat die bokkie se hare nie wit
of swart of tweekleurig soos dié van ander bokke is nie, maar helder, skitterend blou, nes die hare van die mooi meisie. Julle kan dink hoe Pinokkio se hart begin klop het! Met verdubbelde inspanning begin hy na die rots te swem en hy is al halfpad toe
n vreeslike seemonster met n gapende bek soos n afgrond en
drie rye tande sy kop uit die water oplig.
En weet julle watter monster dit is ?

Dis niemand anders nie as die reusagtige haai waarvan julle al meermale in hierdie verhaal gehoor het. Om sy wreedheid en onversadigbare vraatsug het hulle hom genoem die Attila van die visse en die vissers.
Pinokkio het hom amper doodgeskrik toe hy die monster sien.
Hy probeer nog om hom te ontwyk, om sy rigting te verander, maar die onmeetlike oop bek kom al nader met die snelheid van n pyl!
Maak gou, Pinokkio, in hemelsnaam! roep die bokkie. En Pinokkio swem wanhopig voort en werk met arms, bene, bors en voete.
Gou, Pinokkio, hy kom nader!
En Pinokkio span al sy kragte in en verdubbel sy snelheid.
Pas op, Pinokkio! Hy pak jou! Daar is hy…! Daar is hy…! In hemelsnaam, gou, anders is jy verlore!
En Pinokkio swem soos n koeël uit n geweer! Hy is al amper
by die rotse en die bokkie steek al haar voorpootjies uit om hom uit die water te help.
Maar dit is te laat! Die monster het hom ingehaal en hom so
gulsig ingesluk asof hy n hoendereiertjie was. En hy land met so
n slag teen die binnekant van die monster se lyf dat hy n kwartier lank bedwelmd bly lę.
Toe hy weer bykom, weet hy glad nie waar hy eintlik beland
het nie. Orals om hom is dit donker, so donker dat dit voel of hy met sy kop in n inkpot geval het. Hy luister en hoor gn enkele geluid nie, net so nou en dan voel hy n sterk wind in sy gesig waai. Eers kon hy die wind nie verstaan nie, maar later word dit vir hom duidelik dat dit uit die monster se longe kom. Want julle weet die arme haai het baie erg aan asma gely en as hy asemhaal, is dit soos die noordewind wat waai.
Eers probeer Pinokkio om moed te hou, maar toe hy nou die
vaste bewys kry dat hy in die monster opgesluit sit, begin hy te huil en gil en snik:
Help, help! O, arme ek, kom daar dan niemand om my te
help nie ?
Wie sou jou kan help, ongelukkige ? sę daar in die donker
n stem, hees soos n vals ghitaar.
Wie praat daar? vra Pinokkio, wat yskoud word van skrik.
Dis ek, n arme tornyn wat saam met jou deur die haai ingesluk is. Waiter soort vis is jy ?
Ek is gn vis nie! Ek is n pop.
Nou ja … en hoekom het jy jou dan deur die monster laat insluk?
Ek het my nie lááť insluk nie, hy het my ingesluk! En wat moet ons nou hier in die donker maak?
Tevrede wees met ons lot en maar wag tot die haai ons verteer het!
Maar ek wil nie verteer word nie! skree Pinokkio en begin weer te

huil.
Ek ook liewers nie! merk die tornyn op. Maar ek troos
my met die gedagte dat dit vir n tornyn eervoller is om onder die water as in olie te sterwe!
Dis dwaasheid! roep Pinokkio.
Dis n oortuiging, antwoord die tornyn, en oortuigings moet gerespekteer word!
Maar … ek wil hier weg… ek wil vlug.
Vlug maar, as jy kans sien!
Is die haai wat ons ingesluk het, baie groot ? vra Pinokkio.
Ek sou so dink! Sy lyf is meer as n myl lank en dis sonder sy stert gereken!
Terwyl hulle so in die donker praat, meen Pinokkio dat hy ver weg n ligskynseltjie sien.
Wat se liggie sou dit wees ? vra Pinokkio.
Dit sal wel van een of ander ongelukkige wees wat ook wag om verteer te word.
Ek gaan n bietjie soontoe. Wie weet, is dit een of ander ou vis wat my n uitkomplek kan wys.
Ek hoop dit is so, Pop!
Tot siens, Tornyn.
Tot siens, Pop, en geluk op jou tog!
Waar sal ons mekaar weer sien?
Wie weet…! Dis maar beter om nie daaraan te dink nie.

CHAPTER 35

In the Shark's body Pinocchio finds whom? Read this chapter, my children, and you wi l know.
Pinocchio, as soon as he had said good-by to his good friend, the Tunny, tottered away in the darkness and began to walk as well as he could toward the faint light which glowed in the distance.

As he walked his feet splashed in a pool of greasy and slippery water, which had such a heavy smell of fish fried in oil that Pinocchio thought it was Lent.

The farther on he went, the brighter and clearer grew the tiny light. On and on he walked ti l finally he found—I give you a thousand guesses, my dear children! He found a little table set for dinner and lighted by a candle stuck in a glass bottle; and near the table sat a little old man, white as the snow, eating live fish. They wriggled so that, now and again, one of them slipped out of the old man's mouth and escaped into the darkness under the table.

At this sight, the poor Marionette was fi led with such great and sudden happiness that he almost dropped in a faint. He wanted to laugh, he wanted to cry, he wanted to say a thousand and one things, but all he could do was to stand sti l, stuttering and stammering brokenly. At last, with a great effort, he was able to let out a scream of joy and, opening wide his arms he threw them around the old man's neck.

"Oh, Father, dear Father! Have I found you at last? Now I shall never, never leave you again!"

"Are my eyes really telling me the truth?" answered the old man, rubbing his eyes. "Are you really my own dear Pinocchio?"

"Yes, yes, yes! It is I! Look at me! And you have forgiven me, haven't you? Oh, my dear Father, how good you are! And to think that I—Oh, but if you only knew how many misfortunes have fallen on my head and how many troubles I have had! Just think that on the day you sold your old coat to buy me my A-B-C book so that I could go to school, I ran away to the Marionette Theater and
the proprietor caught me and wanted to burn me to cook his roast lamb! He was the one who gave me the five gold pieces for you,

but I met the Fox and the Cat, who took me to the Inn of the Red Lobster. There they ate like wolves and I left the Inn alone and I met the Assassins in the wood. I ran and they ran after me, always after me, ti l they hanged me to the branch of a giant oak tree. Then the Fairy of the Azure Hair sent the coach to rescue me and the doctors, after looking at me, said, 'If he is not dead, then he is surely alive,' and then I told a lie and my nose began to grow. It grew and it grew, till I couldn't get it through the door of the room. And then I went with the Fox and the Cat to the Field of Wonders to bury the gold pieces. The Parrot laughed at me and, instead of two thousand gold pieces, I found none. When the Judge heard I had been robbed, he sent me to jail to make the thieves happy;
and when I came away I saw a fine bunch of grapes hanging on a vine. The trap caught me and the Farmer put a collar on me and made me a watchdog. He found out I was innocent when I caught the Weasels and he let me go. The Serpent with the tail that smoked started to laugh and a vein in his chest broke and so I went back to the Fairy's house. She was dead, and the Pigeon, seeing me crying, said to me, 'I have seen your father building a boat to look for you in America,' and I said to him, 'Oh, if I only had
wings!' and he said to me, 'Do you want to go to your father?' and I said, 'Perhaps, but how?' and he said, 'Get on my back. I' l take you there.' We flew all night long, and next morning the fishermen were looking toward the sea, crying, 'There is a poor little man drowning,' and I knew it was you, because my heart told me so and I waved to you from the shore—"

"I knew you also," put in Geppetto, "and I wanted to go to you; but how could I? The sea was rough and the whitecaps overturned the boat. Then a Terrible Shark came up out of the sea and, as soon as he saw me in the water, swam quickly toward me, put out his tongue, and swallowed me as easily as if I had been a chocolate peppermint."

"And how long have you been shut away in here?"

"From that day to this, two long weary years—two years, my Pinocchio, which have been like two centuries."

"And how have you lived? Where did you find the candle? And the matches with which to light it—where did you get them?"

"You must know that, in the storm which swamped my boat, a large ship also suffered the same fate. The sailors were all saved, but the ship went right to the bottom of the sea, and the same Terrible Shark

that swallowed me, swallowed most of it."

"What! Swallowed a ship?" asked Pinocchio in astonishment.

"At one gulp. The only thing he spat out was the main-mast, for it stuck in his teeth. To my own good luck, that ship was loaded with meat, preserved foods, crackers, bread, bottles of wine, raisins, cheese, coffee, sugar, wax candles, and boxes of matches. With all these blessings, I have been able to live happily on for two whole years, but now I am at the very last crumbs. Today there is nothing left in the cupboard, and this candle you see here is the last one I have."
"And then?"

"And then, my dear, we'll find ourselves in darkness."

"Then, my dear Father," said Pinocchio, "there is no time to lose. We must try to escape." "Escape! How?"
"We can run out of the Shark's mouth and dive into the sea." "You speak well, but I cannot swim, my dear Pinocchio."
"Why should that matter? You can climb on my shoulders and I, who am a fine swimmer, wi l carry you safely to the shore."

"Dreams, my boy!" answered Geppetto, shaking his head and smiling sadly. "Do you think it possible for a Marionette, a yard high, to have the strength to carry me on his shoulders and swim?"

"Try it and see! And in any case, if it is written that we must die, we shall at least die together."

Not adding another word, Pinocchio took the candle in his hand and going ahead to light the way, he said to his father: "Follow me and have no fear."
They walked a long distance through the stomach and the whole body of the Shark. When they reached the throat of the monster, they stopped for a while to wait for the right moment in which to make their escape.

I want you to know that the Shark, being very old and suffering from asthma and heart trouble, was obliged to sleep with his mouth open. Because of this, Pinocchio was able to catch a glimpse of the sky fi led with stars, as he looked up through the open jaws of his new home.

"The time has come for us to escape," he whispered, turning to his father. "The Shark is fast asleep. The sea is calm and the night is as

bright as day. Follow me closely, dear Father, and we shall soon be saved."

No sooner said than done. They climbed up the throat of the monster till they came to that immense open mouth. There they had to walk on tiptoes, for if they tickled the Shark's long tongue he might awaken—and where would they be then? The tongue was so wide and so long that it looked like a country road. The two fugitives were just about to dive into the sea when the Shark sneezed very suddenly and, as he sneezed, he gave Pinocchio and Geppetto such a jolt that they found themselves thrown on their backs and dashed once more and very unceremoniously into the stomach of the monster.

To make matters worse, the candle went out and father and son were left in the dark. "And now?" asked Pinocchio with a serious face.
"Now we are lost."

"Why lost? Give me your hand, dear Father, and be careful not to slip!" "Where wi l you take me?"
"We must try again. Come with me and don't be afraid."

With these words Pinocchio took his father by the hand and, always walking on tiptoes, they climbed up the monster's throat for a second time. They then crossed the whole tongue and jumped over three rows of teeth. But before they took the last great leap, the Marionette said to his father:

"Climb on my back and hold on tightly to my neck. I' l take care of everything else."

As soon as Geppetto was comfortably seated on his shoulders, Pinocchio, very sure of what he was doing, dived into the water and started to swim. The sea was like oil, the moon shone in all splendor, and the Shark continued to sleep so soundly that not even a cannon shot would have awakened him.

35
Pinokkio vind in die liggaam van die haai… wie? Lees hierdie
hoof stuk en julle weet dit.

Sodra Pinokkio vir Tornyn vaarwel gesę het, wankel hy voel-voel in die liggaam van die haai verder na die kant van waar hy die lig sien skyn het. En onder die loop merk hy dat sy voete deur vet, glibberige water plas, wat sterk ruik na gebakte vis.

En hoe verder hy gaan, hoe helderder skyn die lig; hy loop en
loop … totdat hy naby kom en … wat kry hy daar? Dit raai julle in gn honderd keer nie: hy vind daar n klein gedekte tafeltjie met n brandende kers in n fles, en aan die tafeltjie sit
n ou, grys mannetjie lewende vissies en eet! Sommige van hulle is nog so lewendig dat hulle weer uit sy mond glip.
By dié gesig word Pinokkio oorweldig deur so n onverwagte,
groot vreugde dat hy amper mal word.
Hy wou huil, wou iets sę, maar kon net verwarde, gebroke klanke uitstoot sonder sin. Eindelik gee hy n gil van vreugde, vlieg die ou man om die nek en begin te roep:
0, Vadertjie, eindelik vind ek jou weer terug! Nou gaan ek nooit, nooit, nooit, weer van jou weg nie!
Is dit wáár wat my oë sien? antwoord die ou man en vrywe sy oë uit. Is dit werklikjy, my liewe Pinokkio?
Ja, ja, dis ek, ek self! En het jy my tog alles vergewe? O,
Vadertjie, jy is log ie goed Í As ek daaraan dink dat ek , . . O. as jy maar weet van ai die ongelukke en teenspoed wat ek gehad het! Verbeel jou, Vader, dat ek op die dag toe jy jou baadjie verkoop het om vir my die ABC-boekie te kry . . e n Pinokkio vertel in een asem al sy droewige wederwaardighede tot op die huidige oomblik. Toe vra hy: En hoe lank is Vadertjie al hier?
Dit sal nou wel twee jaar wees … twee jare wat soos eeue lyk, my liewe Pinokkio!
En hoe het jy aan die lewe gebly? En waar het jy die kers
en die vuurhoutjies gekry?
Dit sal ek jou vertel. Jy weet van die storm wat my skuitjie laat omslaan het … dit het ook n handelsboot laat sink. Die matrose is almal gered, maar die haai het daardie dag glo n besondere eetlus gehad, want ná my het hy ook nog die hele skip ingesluk.
,,Wat? Die hele skip in een hap?
Ja, net die groot mas het hy uitgespoeg, want dié het soos n visgraatjie tussen sy tande bly sit. Maar tot my geluk was die skip vol gelaai met blikkieskos, wyn, rosyntjies, kaas, koffie, suiker, kerse en vuurhoutjies. Met al dié goeie gawes kon ek twee jaar lank hier lewe, maar nou is ek aan die end van alles en hierdie stukkie kers is die laaste …
En wat dan?
Dan, my kind, sal ons in die donker moet sit.
Vadertjielief, maar dan moet ons geen oomblik versuim nie. Ons moet probeer vlug …
Vlug? … Waarheen, en hoe?
Uit die bek van die haai en dan in die see gaan swem.
Jy kan maklik praat, maar ek kan nie swem nie, my liewe kind!

Dis niks nie. Jy gaan sit op my rug en ek, wat n baie goeie swemmer is, bring jou veilig aan land.
Onmoontlik! antwoord Jaap en glimlag droewig onderwyl hy sy kop skud.
Sou jy nou regtig dink dat n pop wat skaars n jaart lank is, die krag sal hę om met my op sy rug te kan swem ?
Probeer maar en jy sal sien! En in elk geval, as ons dan tog
moet sterwe, sterwe ons op dié manier in mekaar se arms!
En sonder om verder te praat, neem Pinokkio die kers van die tafel en terwyl hy met die lig voorloop, sę hy vir sy vader:
Volg my en moenie bang wees nie.
En so loop hulle deur die ganse liggaam en die maag van die haai. Maar toe hulle op die plek kom waar die reusagtige keel van die monster begin, bly hulle so n rukkie staan en kyk rond om n gunstige oomblik af te wag vir die vlug.
Nou moet julle weet dat die haai, wat baie oud was en asma gehad het, met oop mond moes slaap, sodat Pinokkio toe hy by die begin van die keel kom en sy kop net oplig, buite deur die groot oop mond n mooi stuk sterrehemel en pragtige maanlig kon sien.
Dis net die geskikte oomblik om te ontsnap. fluister Pinokkio vir sy vader. Die haai slaap soos n os, die see is kalm en die maanlig so helder asof dit dag is. Kom maar agter my aan, Vadertjie, en binnekort is ons vry.
Hulle klim teen die keel van die monster op, loop op hul tone oor sy tong, wat so breed en lank is dat dit soos n tuinpad lyk, en wil juis die groot sprong waag, toe die haai skielik nies en só daarvan ruk dat Pinokkio en Jaap agteroor weer in sy maag terugval.
Die skok het die kers laat uitgaan en daar sit vader en seun in
die donker.
Wat nou? vra Pinokkio besorg.
Ag, my seun, nou is ons verlore!
Verlore? Hoekom? Gee my jou hand, Vader, en pas op dat jy nie gly nie.
Waarheen neem jy my?
Ons gaan weer probeer. Kom maar en moenie bang wees nie.

Na hy dit gesę het, neem Pinokkio sy vader se hand en op hul tone klim hulle weer langs die keel op; weer loop hulle oor die lang tong en klouter oor drie rye tande. Maar voor hulle die sprong doen, sę Pinokkio:
Klim op my rug en sit jou arms styf om my nek. Vir die res
sorg ek.
Skaars het Jaap veilig gesit, of Pinokkio gooi homself, heeltemal seker van sy saak, in die water en begin te swem. Die see lę so kalm soos n

spieël; die maan skyn helder en die haai slaap so vas dat selfs n kanonskoot hom nie sal wakker maak nie.

CHAPTER 36

Pinocchio finally ceases to be a Marionette and becomes a boy

“My dear Father, we are saved!” cried the Marionette. “All we have to do now is to get to the shore, and that is easy.”

Without another word, he swam swiftly away in an effort to reach land as soon as possible. A l at once he noticed that Geppetto was shivering and shaking as if with a high fever.

Was he shivering from fear or from cold? Who knows? Perhaps a little of both. But Pinocchio, thinking his father was frightened, tried to comfort him by saying:

“Courage, Father! In a few moments we shall be safe on land.”

“But where is that blessed shore?” asked the little old man, more and more worried as he tried to pierce the faraway shadows. “Here
I am searching on all sides and I see nothing but sea and sky.”

“I see the shore,” said the Marionette. “Remember, Father, that I am like a cat. I see better at night than by day.”

Poor Pinocchio pretended to be peaceful and contented, but he was far from that. He was beginning to feel discouraged, his strength was leaving him, and his breathing was becoming more and more labored. He felt he could not go on much longer, and the shore
was still far away.

He swam a few more strokes. Then he turned to Geppetto and cried out weakly: “Help me, Father! Help, for I am dying!”
Father and son were really about to drown when they heard a voice like a guitar out of tune call from the sea: “What is the trouble?”
“It is I and my poor father.”

“I know the voice. You are Pinocchio.” “Exactly. And you?”
“I am the Tunny, your companion in the Shark’s stomach.” “And how did you escape?”
“I imitated your example. You are the one who showed me the way and after you went, I followed.”

"Tunny, you arrived at the right moment! I implore you, for the love you bear your children, the little Tunnies, to help us, or we are lost!"

"With great pleasure indeed. Hang onto my tail, both of you, and let me lead you. In a twinkling you wi l be safe on land."

Geppetto and Pinocchio, as you can easily imagine, did not refuse the invitation; indeed, instead of hanging onto the tail, they thought it better to climb on the Tunny's back.

"Are we too heavy?" asked Pinocchio.

"Heavy? Not in the least. You are as light as sea-shells," answered the Tunny, who was as large as a two-year-old horse.

As soon as they reached the shore, Pinocchio was the first to jump to the ground to help his old father. Then he turned to the fish and said to him:

"Dear friend, you have saved my father, and I have not enough words with which to thank you! A low me to embrace you as a sign of my eternal gratitude."
The Tunny stuck his nose out of the water and Pinocchio knelt on the sand and kissed him most affectionately on his cheek. At this warm greeting, the poor Tunny, who was not used to such tenderness, wept like a child. He felt so embarrassed and ashamed that he turned quickly, plunged into the sea, and disappeared.

In the meantime day had dawned.

Pinocchio offered his arm to Geppetto, who was so weak he could hardly stand, and said to him:

"Lean on my arm, dear Father, and let us go. We wi l walk very, very slowly, and if we feel tired we can rest by the wayside." "And where are we going?" asked Geppetto.
"To look for a house or a hut, where they will be kind enough to give us a bite of bread and a bit of straw to sleep on." They had not taken a hundred steps when they saw two rough-looking individuals sitting on a stone begging for alms.
It was the Fox and the Cat, but one could hardly recognize them, they looked so miserable. The Cat, after pretending to be blind for so many years had really lost the sight of both eyes. And the Fox, old, thin, and almost hairless, had even lost his tail. That sly thief had fallen into

deepest poverty, and one day he had been forced to sell his beautiful tail for a bite to eat.

“Oh, Pinocchio,” he cried in a tearful voice. “Give us some alms, we beg of you! We are old, tired, and sick.” “Sick!” repeated the Cat.
“Addio, false friends!” answered the Marionette. “You cheated me once, but you wi l never catch me again.” “Believe us! Today we are truly poor and starving.”
“Starving!” repeated the Cat.

“If you are poor; you deserve it! Remember the old proverb which says: ‘Stolen money never bears fruit.’ Addio, false friends.” “Have mercy on us!”
“On us.”

“Addio, false friends. Remember the old proverb which says: ‘Bad wheat always makes poor bread!’” “Do not abandon us.”
“Abandon us,” repeated the Cat.

“Addio, false friends. Remember the old proverb: ‘Whoever steals his neighbor’s shirt, usually dies without his own.’”

Waving good-by to them, Pinocchio and Geppetto calmly went on their way. After a few more steps, they saw, at the end of a long road near a clump of trees, a tiny cottage built of straw.

“Someone must live in that little hut,” said Pinocchio. “Let us see for ourselves.” They went and knocked at the door.
“Who is it?” said a little voice from within.

“A poor father and a poorer son, without food and with no roof to cover them,” answered the Marionette. “Turn the key and the door will open,” said the same little voice.
Pinocchio turned the key and the door opened. As soon as they went in, they looked here and there and everywhere but saw no one.

“Oh—ho, where is the owner of the hut?” cried Pinocchio, very much surprised.
“Here I am, up here!”

Father and son looked up to the ceiling, and there on a beam sat the Talking Cricket. “Oh, my dear Cricket,” said Pinocchio, bowing politely.
“Oh, now you call me your dear Cricket, but do you remember when

you threw your hammer at me to ki l me?” “You are right, dear Cricket. Throw a hammer at me now. I deserve it! But spare my poor old father.”
“I am going to spare both the father and the son. I have only wanted to remind you of the trick you long ago played upon me, to teach you that in this world of ours we must be kind and courteous to others, if we want to find kindness and courtesy in our own days of trouble.”

“You are right, little Cricket, you are more than right, and I shall remember the lesson you have taught me. But will you tell how you succeeded in buying this pretty little cottage?”

“This cottage was given to me yesterday by a little Goat with blue hair.” “And where did the Goat go?” asked Pinocchio.
“I don’t know.”

“And when wi l she come back?”

“She wi l never come back. Yesterday she went away bleating sadly, and it seemed to me she said: ‘Poor Pinocchio, I shall never see him again…the Shark must have eaten him by this time.’”

“Were those her real words? Then it was she—it was—my dear little Fairy,” cried out Pinocchio, sobbing bitterly. After he had cried a long time, he wiped his eyes and then he made a bed of straw for old Geppetto. He laid him on it and said to the Talking Cricket:

“Tell me, little Cricket, where shall I find a glass of milk for my poor Father?”

“Three fields away from here lives Farmer John. He has some cows. Go there and he wi l give you what you want.” Pinocchio ran all the way to Farmer John’s house. The Farmer said to him:
“How much milk do you want?” “I want a fu l glass.”
“A fu l glass costs a penny. First give me the penny.”

“I have no penny,” answered Pinocchio, sad and ashamed.

“Very bad, my Marionette,” answered the Farmer, “very bad. If you have no penny, I have no milk.” “Too bad,” said Pinocchio and started to go.
“Wait a moment,” said Farmer John. “Perhaps we can come to terms. Do you know how to draw water from a well?” “I can try.”
“Then go to that well you see yonder and draw one hundred

bucketfuls of water." "Very well."
"After you have finished, I shall give you a glass of warm sweet milk."

"I am satisfied."
Farmer John took the Marionette to the well and showed him how to draw the water. Pinocchio set to work as well as he knew how, but long before he had pulled up the one hundred buckets, he was tired out and dripping with perspiration. He had never worked so hard in his life.

"Until today," said the Farmer, "my donkey has drawn the water for me, but now that poor animal is dying." "Wi l you take me to see him?" said Pinocchio.
"Gladly."

As soon as Pinocchio went into the stable, he spied a little Donkey lying on a bed of straw in the corner of the stable. He was worn out from hunger and too much work. After looking at him a long time, he said to himself: "I know that Donkey! I have seen him before."

And bending low over him, he asked: "Who are you?"

At this question, the Donkey opened weary, dying eyes and answered in the same tongue: "I am Lamp-Wick." Then he closed his eyes and died.
"Oh, my poor Lamp-Wick," said Pinocchio in a faint voice, as he wiped his eyes with some straw he had picked up from the ground.

"Do you feel so sorry for a little donkey that has cost you nothing?" said the Farmer. "What should I do—I, who have paid my good money for him?"

"But, you see, he was my friend." "Your friend?"
"A classmate of mine."

"What," shouted Farmer John, bursting out laughing. "What! You had donkeys in your school? How you must have studied!" The Marionette, ashamed and hurt by those words, did not answer, but taking his glass of milk returned to his father.
From that day on, for more than five months, Pinocchio got up every morning just as dawn was breaking and went to the farm to draw water. And every day he was given a glass of warm milk for his poor old father, who grew stronger and better day by day. But he was not satisfied with this. He learned to make baskets of reeds and sold them.

With the money he received, he and his father were able to keep from starving.

Among other things, he built a rolling chair, strong and comfortable, to take his old father out for an airing on bright, sunny days.

In the evening the Marionette studied by lamplight. With some of the money he had earned, he bought himself a secondhand volume that had a few pages missing, and with that he learned to read in a very short time. As far as writing was concerned, he used a long stick at one end of which he had whittled a long, fine point. Ink he had none, so he used the juice of blackberries or cherries. Little by little his diligence was rewarded. He succeeded, not only in his studies, but also in his work, and a day came when he put enough money together to keep his old father comfortable and happy. Besides this, he was able to save the great amount of fifty pennies. With it he wanted to buy himself a new suit.

One day he said to his father:

“I am going to the market place to buy myself a coat, a cap, and a pair of shoes. When I come back I’ l be so dressed up, you wi l think I am a rich man.”

He ran out of the house and up the road to the vi lage, laughing and singing. Suddenly he heard his name called, and looking around to see whence the voice came, he noticed a large snail crawling out of some bushes.

“Don’t you recognize me?” said the Snail.
“Yes and no.”

“Do you remember the Snail that lived with the Fairy with Azure Hair? Do you not remember how she opened the door for you one night and gave you something to eat?”

“I remember everything,” cried Pinocchio. “Answer me quickly, pretty Snail, where have you left my Fairy? What is she doing? Has she forgiven me? Does she remember me? Does she sti l love me? Is she very far away from here? May I see her?”

At all these questions, tumbling out one after another, the Snail answered, calm as ever: “My dear Pinocchio, the Fairy is lying i l in a hospital.”

"In a hospital?"
"Yes, indeed. She has been stricken with trouble and illness, and she hasn't a penny left with which to buy a bite of bread." "Really? Oh, how sorry I am! My poor, dear little Fairy! If I had a mi lion I should run to her with it! But I have only fifty pennies.
Here they are. I was just going to buy some clothes. Here, take them, little Snail, and give them to my good Fairy." "What about the new clothes?"
"What does that matter? I should like to se l these rags I have on to help her more. Go, and hurry. Come back here within a couple of days and I hope to have more money for you! Until today I have worked for my father. Now I shall have to work for my mother also. Good-by, and I hope to see you soon."

The Snail, much against her usual habit, began to run like a lizard under a summer sun. When Pinocchio returned home, his father asked him:
"And where is the new suit?"

"I couldn't find one to fit me. I shall have to look again some other day."

That night, Pinocchio, instead of going to bed at ten o'clock waited until midnight, and instead of making eight baskets, he made sixteen.

After that he went to bed and fell asleep. As he slept, he dreamed of his Fairy, beautiful, smiling, and happy, who kissed him and said to him, "Bravo, Pinocchio! In reward for your kind heart, I forgive you for all your old mischief. Boys who love and take good care of their parents when they are old and sick, deserve praise even though they may not be held up as models of obedience and good behavior. Keep on doing so well, and you wi l be happy."

At that very moment, Pinocchio awoke and opened wide his eyes.

What was his surprise and his joy when, on looking himself over, he saw that he was no longer a Marionette, but that he had become a real live boy! He looked all about him and instead of the usual walls of straw, he found himself in a beautifu ly furnished little room, the prettiest he had ever seen. In a twinkling, he jumped down from his bed to look on the chair standing near. There, he found a new suit, a new hat, and a pair of shoes.

As soon as he was dressed, he put his hands in his pockets and pu led

out a little leather purse on which were written the following words:

The Fairy with Azure Hair returns fifty pennies to her dear Pinocchio with many thanks for his kind heart. The Marionette opened the purse to find the money, and behold—there were fifty gold coins!
Pinocchio ran to the mirror. He hardly recognized himself. The bright face of a tall boy looked at him with wide-awake blue eyes, dark brown hair and happy, smiling lips.

Surrounded by so much splendor, the Marionette hardly knew what he was doing. He rubbed his eyes two or three times, wondering if he were sti l asleep or awake and decided he must be awake.
“And where is Father?” he cried suddenly. He ran into the next room, and there stood Geppetto, grown years younger overnight, spick and span in his new clothes and gay as a lark in the morning. He was once more Mastro Geppetto, the wood carver, hard at work on a lovely picture frame, decorating it with flowers and leaves, and heads of animals.

“Father, Father, what has happened? Tell me if you can,” cried Pinocchio, as he ran and jumped on his Father’s neck. “This sudden change in our house is all your doing, my dear Pinocchio,” answered Geppetto.
“What have I to do with it?”

“Just this. When bad boys become good and kind, they have the power of making their homes gay and new with happiness.” “I wonder where the old Pinocchio of wood has hidden himself?”
“There he is,” answered Geppetto. And he pointed to a large Marionette leaning against a chair, head turned to one side, arms hanging limp, and legs twisted under him.

After a long, long look, Pinocchio said to himself with great content:

“How ridiculous I was as a Marionette! And how happy I am, now that I have become a real boy!”

36
Eindelik hou Pinokkio op om ‘n pop te wees en word hy ‘n egte seun.

Maar terwyl Pinokkio so vinnig moontlik voortswem, merk hy dat sy vader, wat op sy rug sit met sy voete in die water, vreeslik bewe asof hy kouekoors het.
Sou hy van koue of van angs so bewe ? Wie weet ? Miskien n

bietjie van altwee. Maar Pinokkio dink dis van angs en om hom gerustestel, sę hy:
Sterkte, Vader! Oor n paar minute is ons veilig aan land.
Maar waar is die geseënde land dan? vra die ou man, wat al onrustiger word en sy oë toeknyp soos n kleremaker wat n garingdraad insteek. Ek kyk orals rond en sien niks as lug en
water nie!
Maar ék kan al die strand sien, sę die pop, , jy weet dat ek, nes n kat, snags beter kan sien as oordag.
Pinokkio maak maar of hy so opgewek voel, want … hy
begin ook al moed verloor: sy kragte word minder, hy begin te hyg… Hy kan nie meer nie en die strand is nog so ver weg.
Hy swem totdat sy asem hom begewe; toe draai hy om na sy vader en sęfloutjies:… Help, Vadertjie …! Eksterf…!
En vader en seun was op die punt om te verdrink toe hulle n
hees stem soos dié van n vals ghitaar hoor sę:
,,Wie praat hier van sterwe?
Ek en my arme vader!
,,Maar daardie stem ken ek! Dis Pinokkio!
Ja, en wie is jy?
Ek is Tornyn, jou tronkmaat in die haai se maag.
En hoe het jy uitgekom?
Wel, ek het jou goeie voorbeeld gevolg: jy het my die pad gewys en ek het toe ook gevlug.
,,Beste Tornyn, jy kom net op die regte oomblik. Ek smeek
jou, help ons of ons vergaan …
Graag en van ganser harte. Hou julle maar aan my stert vas, ek sal julle trek, en oor vier minute is ons by die strand.
Jaap en Pinokkio neem natuurlik dadelik die aanbod aan, maar hulle het dit makliker gevind om op die vis se rug te sit as om aan sy stert vas te klou.
Is ons nie te swaar nie ? vra Pinokkio.
Swaar? Nee, glad nie! Dit voel of ek twee skulpies op my rug dra, antwoord die tornyn, wat so stewig gebau is soos n tweejaaroud kalf.
By die strand gekom, spring Pinokkio eerste af om sy vader te
help. Daarop keer hy hom na die tornyn en sę aangedaan:
Vriend, jy het my vader gered. Ek het geen woorde om jou te bedank nie. Laat my toe om jou n soen te gee as teken van my ewige dankbaarheid.
Hierdie opreg bedoelde bewys van teerheid bring die tornyn,
wat aan so iets nie gewoond is nie, só van stryk dat hy sy kop onder die water steek om nie te laat sien dat hy huil nie, en sommer verdwyn.
Intussen het dit dag geword.

Pinokkio neem sy vader se arm, want die arme ou Jaap kon skaars meer staan, en sę:
Leun op my, Vadertjie, en laat ons begin stap. Ons sal só stadig loop dat n mier kan byhou, en net soos jy moeg voel, sit ons dadelik en rus.
Waar gaan ons heen? vra Jaap.
Ons gaan soek na n huisie waar hulle ons seker n stukkie brood sal gee om te eet en n bietjie strooi om op te slaap.
Nog geen honderd tree het hulle geloop nie, of hulle sien aan
die kant van die pad twee bedelaars met afstootlike gesigte. Dit was Jakkals en Kat, maar hulle het amper onherkenbaar ge word. Verbeel julle dat Kat, wat haar altyd blind gehou het, nou regtig blind geword het, en Jakkals was oud, skurf en kaal aan die een kant en het selfs gn stert meer nie. So gaan dit in die węreld! Die skandelike dief, wat nou in die bitterste armoede sit, was op n sekere dag genoodsaak om sy pragtige stert aan n man te verkoop wat daar n vlieëslaner van wou maak!
0, Pinokkio, kerm die Jakkals, gee ons tog n aalmoes,
ons is tog so gebreklik!
Gebreklik, herhaal Kat.
As julle arm is, het julle dit verdien. Onthou maar die spreekwoord: ,Gesteelde goed bring gn seen nie. Goeiendag!
Medelye tog met ons, asseblief. .
Met ons!
,,Tot siens! Dink maar weer aan die spreekwoord: ,Gesteelde goed bly nie by jou nie.
Moenie vir ons in die steek laat nie!
Steek laat nie, herhaal Kat.
Gegroet, hoor! Ken julle altemit die spreekwoord: ,Wie sy naaste van sy baadjie beroof, sterf miskien sonder hemp ?
En met hierdie woorde stap Pinokkio en Jaap voort, totdat
hulle omtrent honderd tree verder n mooi hutjie met n pandak sien.
In daardie hutjie is bepaald mense, sę Pinokkio. Kom
ons gaan aanklop. Hulle doen dit.
Wie is daar? vra n stem van binne.
,,n Arme vader met sy seun wat geen kos of herberg het nie,
antwoord die pop.
Draai net die sleutel en die deur sal oopgaan, sę die stem. Pinokkio draai die sleutel en die deur gaan oop.
Binne gekom, kyk hulle orals rond, maar hulle sien niemand nie.
Waar sou die baas van die hutjie wees ? vra Pinokkio ver-wonderd.
Hierbo sit ek!
Vader en seun kyk op en daarbo op n balk sien hulle die
Praat-Kriek sit.
0, my liewe Kriekie! sę Pinokkio en groet beleef.

Ja, nou noem jy my ‚liewe Kriekie! Maar onthou jy nog dat jy met n houthamer na my kop gegooi het om my weg te ja?
Dis waar, Kriekie …! Ja my dan nou ook maar weg … of gooi my met n houthamer teen my kop, maar toon tog medelye met my arme vader.
Ek sal die vader en die seun medelye betoon. Ek wou jou net daaraan herinner hoe onhebbelik jy was en jou leer dat n mens teenoor álmal beleef moet wees as n mens later self met beleefdheid behandel wil word.
Jy het gelyk, Kriekie, honderd maal gelyk, en ek sal hierdie les nooit weer vergeet nie. Maar hoe het dit gekom dat jy hier die fraai hutjie gekoop het ?
Ek het dit gister van n bevallige bokkie met helderblou hare gekry.
En waarheen is die bokkie nou ? vra Pinokkio nuuskierig.
Dit weet ek nie.
En wanneer kom sy terug?
Nooit. Gister het sy hier bedroef blęr-blęr weggegaan asof sy wou sę: Arme Pinokkio … Nou sal ek hom nooit weer sien nie. Die haai het hom seker ingesluk!
En het sy regtig so gesę ? Dan was dit ook sy …! Sy self… My liewe Fee . . bars Pinokkio uit en snik en huil jammerlik.
Toe hy hom uitgehuil het, vee hy sy oë af, maak n lekker
bedjie van strooi vir Jaap reg en vra vir die Praat-Kriek:
Kriekie, sę n bietjie vir my, waar kan ek n glas melk vir my vader kry ?
,,n Ent hiervandaan woon n boer met die naam Jan; daar
sal jy melk kan kry.
Pinokkio hardloop so al wat hy kan na die boer, en dié vra:
Hoeveel melk wil jy hę ?
,,n Goeie glasvol, asseblief.
,,n Glasvol kos een sent. Gee dit eers.
Maar ek het nie eens n halwe sent nie, antwoord Pinokkio beskaamd en bedroef.
Dis nou ongelukkig, sę die boer, want as jy gn halwe sent
het nie, het ek gn druppel melk nie.
Dan is daar niks aan te doen nie, sę Pinokkio en wil weggaan.
Wag n bietjie, sę Jan. Miskien kan ons n plan maak.
Wil jy die windas vir my draai?
Wat is n windas?
Dis n houttoestel waarmee ek water uit die put optrek om my plante nat te gooi.
Ek sal probeer …
Jy haal vir my honderd emmers water op, dan is jou beloning n glas melk.

Goed!
Jan bring Pinokkio na die groentetuin en wys hom hoe hy die emmer moet ophys.
Pinokkio begin dadelik, maar voor hy die honderd emmers
opgetrek het, tap die sweet van hom af. Soe! hy het nog nooit in sy lewe so swaar gewerk nie.
Tot nou toe het my eseltjie nog altyd hierdie werk gedoen, maar hy is vandag so siek dat ek vrees hy gaan sterwe.
Mag ek na hom gaan kyk? vra Pinokkio.
Ja, seker.
In die stal sien Pinokkio n mooi klein eseltjie op strooi lę,
uitgeput van honger en swaar werk. Toe hy hom goed aangekyk het, sę hy verskrik by homself:
Maar ek ken daardie eseltjie! Waar het ek tog sy gesig ge
sien?
Hy buig oor hom en sę in eseltaal:
Wie is jy tog?
Die eseltjie maak sy brekende oe oop en stamel sag in dieselfde taal:
Ek … is … Oliepit. . En hy sluit sy oë en sterf.
Ag, arme Oliepit! sug Pinokkio en met n handjievol
strooi vee hy die trane weg wat oor sy wange rol.
Is jy so hartseer oor n esel wat jou niks gekos het nie ? Hoe hartseer moet ek dan nie wees nie wat kontant vir hom betaal het!
Ek sal u sę … dit was n vriend van my.
,,n Vriend?
,,n Skoolmaat.
Wat? lag Jan. Wat? Het jy esels vir skoolmaats gehad? Julle het darem seker pragtig geleer!
Die pop, bitter verneder deur hierdie woorde, sę niks nie,
maar vat die glas met vars, warm melk terug na die hutjie. En van daardie dag af het Pinokkio vyf maande lank elke dag voor dag en dou opgestaan om die pomp te gaan draai, en op dié manier die melk verdien wat sy vader se swak gesondheid nodig gehad het.
Maar dit was nog nie genoeg nie. Hy het mettertyd mandjies leer vleg en met die geld wat hy daarmee verdien het, het hy ewe verstandig in hul daelikse behoeftes voorsien. Hy het ook self n netjiese karretjie gemaak om op mooi dae sy vader uit te stoot sodat hy van die fris lug kan geniet.
Saans oefen hy om te lees en te skrywe. Hy het in die dorp vir
n paar sent n dik boek sonder omslag of inhoudsopgawe ge-koop en daaruit het hy gereeld gelees. Wat die skrywe bétref,
het hy n skerpgemaakte rietjie gebruik en omdat hy geen ink of inkpot gehad het nie, het hy dit gedoop in n flessie met braam-en kersiesap.
Hy was so fluks en begerig om vooruit te kom dat hy nie alleen daarin

geslaag het om sy sieklike vader n amper gemaklike lewe te besorg nie, maar hy het nog veertig sent opgespaar om nuwe klere te koop.
Op n oggend sę Pinokkio met n glimlag aan sy vader:
Ek gaan dorp toe om n nuwe pak klere, n mus en n paar skoene te koop. As ek tuis kom, sal ek só netjies lyk dat jy my vir
n groot meneer sal aansien!
Vol blydskap stap hy vinnig weg, toe hy skielik sy naam hoor roep en daar onder die heining n mooi slak sien sit.
Ken jy my nie? vra Slak.
Ja en nee . .
Onthou jy vir Slak wat diensmeisie was by die Fee met die blou hare ? Onthou jy nog die keer toe ek ondertoe gekom het omjou binne te laat, en toe jy in die deur vasgesit het?
Ja, baie goed! roep Pinokkio. Vertel my gou, liewe Slak, waar jy die goeie Fee laat staan het. Wat doen sy? Het sy my vergewe? Dink sy nog aan my? Is sy ver van hier? Sou ek haar kan opsoek?
Op al hierdie haastige vrae antwoord Slak met haar gewone kalmte.
Pinokkio-lief, die Fee lę siek in n hospitaal.
In n hospitaal?
Helaas, ja! Die ongeluk het haar agtervolg. Sy het ernstig siek geword en het nie eens n sent om brood mee te koop nie.
Werklik? O, maar dis vreeslik! My arme Feetjie … As ek
n miljoen rand gehad het, sou ek dit gou vir haar gaan bring het… Maar ek het net veertig sent… Kyk maar! Ek wou juis
n nuwe baadjie gaan koop het. Vat dit gou saam, Slak, en gee dit dadelik aan die Fee.
En jou nuwe klere dan?
Wat kan nuwe klere my skeel! Ek sou selfs die flenters wat ek aanhet, wil verkoop om haar te kan help … Gou, Slak, haas jou … en kom oor twee dae weer hier terug: dan hoop ek om weer n paar sent te he. Tot nou toe het ek gewerk om my vader te onderhou; van vandag af gaan ek vyf uur meer werk om my moedertjie ook by te staan. Vaarwel, Slak, oor twee dae wag ek hier vir jou.
Teen haar gewoonte begin Slak te hardloop, net so vinnig
soos n akkedis in die warm Desemberweer.
Dié aand werk Pinokkio tot middernag, en vleg nie agt nie, maar sestien rottangmandjies. Daarop gaan hy na bed en raak aan die slaap. En in sy droom sien hy die Fee; sy is mooier as ooit tevore, en na sy hom hartlik gesoen het, sę sy:
Mooi so, Pinokkio! Om jou goeie hart vergewe ek jou al jou
kwajongstreke. Seuns wat vol liefde hul ouers in tyd van siekte en nood bystaan, verdien altyd lof en toegewendheid; ook al was hulle tevore nou nie juis altyd volmaak gehoorsaam en goed nie. Wees van nou af verstandig en jy sal gelukkig word!

Hier eindig sy droom. Pinokkio word wakker en rek sy oë
wawyd oop, want stel julle sy verbasing voor toe hy merk dat hy gn houtpop meer is nie, maar dat hy n egte seun geword het, soos alle ander seuns.
Hy kyk rond en sien in plaas van die strooimure van die
hutjie n mooi kamertjie, eenvoudig maar smaakvol gemeubi-leer. Hy spring uit die bed en daar lę n splinternuwe pak klere,
n nuwe mus en egte leerskoene wat hom pragtig pas.
Sodra hy aangetrek het, steek hy sommer vanself sy hande in sy sakke en daar voel hy n klein ivoorbeursie waarop hierdie
woorde staan:

Die Fee met die blou hare
gee aan Pinokkio sy veertig sente terug en bedank hom vir hierdie bewys dat hy n goeie hart het
En toe hy die beursie oopmaak, vind hy in plaas van veertig koperstukke veertig splinternuwe goue rande …
Toe gaan hy homself in die spieël bekyk en dit was net of hy
iemand anders sien. Hy sien nie meer die bekende houtpop nie, maar n slank, mooi, verstandige seun, met bruin hare, blou oë en n gesig wat straal van blydskap.
Onder al hierdie verrassings weet Pinokkio nou nie meer of hy
droom of wakker is nie. Hy stap die kamer langs syne binne, en daar sit Jaap, ewe gesond, fluks en goedgehumeurd soos vroeër. Hy het. al dadelik weer sy ou vak van houtsnyer hervat en was juis besig om n pragtige lys te teken, met blare, blomme en dierekoppies daarop.
Vertel my tog hoe dit alles so skielik verander het, Vader,
vra Pinokkio en val hom om die nek.
Hierdie skielike verandering in ons huis is alles jou verdienste! sę Jaap.
Waarom my verdienste ?
Omdat seuns wat van stout soet word, die vermoë besit om aan hul huis n nuwe, vrolike voorkoms te gee.
En wat het van die ou hout-Pinokkio geword ?
Daar staan hy, antwoord Jaap, en hy wys na n groot pop, wat teen n stoel leun, met hangende kop, slap arms en gekruiste bene. Die pop is half deurgeknak, sodat dit n wonder is dat hy nog bly staan.
So n rukkie staan Pinokkio daarna en kyk, toe sę hy met groot tevredenheid by homself:
Watter dwase pop was ek tog nie! En hoe bly is ek om nou
n regte seun te wees!

INHOUD

1. Hoe dit gekom het dat baas Kers, die timmerman, die stuk hout gevind het wat kon lag en huil soos n kind
2. Baas Kers gee die stuk hout aan sy vriend Jaap
present
.3. Tuis gekom, het Jaap dadelik aan sy houtpop begin en hom die naam Pinokkio gegee. Eerste kwajongstreke van die pop
4. Die geskiedenis van Pinokkio en die Pratende Kriek, waaruit n mens kan sien hoe stout kinders nie ore het nie
5. Pinokkio het honger en soek na n eier om te bak, maar onverwags vlieg die eier by die venster uit . .
6. Pinokkio raak aan die slaap met sy voete op die tessie en die volgende more toe hy wakker skrik, is sy voete heeltemal verbrand
7. Jaap kom tuis en gee vir die pop die ontbyt wat die
arme man vir homself saamgebring het
8. Jaap maak nuwe voete vir Pinokkio en verkoop sy eie baadjie om vir hom n ABC-boek te koop
9. Pinokkio verkoop die ABC-boek om na n poppekas te gaan kyk
10. Die marionette herken hul broertjie Pinokkio en
haal hom juigend binne; maar as die pret op sy hoogste is, verskyn die poppekasman, Vuurvreter, en Pinokkio kom daar amper sleg van af ..
11. Vuurvreter nies en vergewe vir Pinokkio, wat daar-na sy vriend Harlekyn so goed verdedig dat hy 00k nie hoef te sterf nie.... .:
12. Die poppekasman, Vuurvreter, gee vir Pinokkio vyf
goudstukke om vir sy vader, Jaap, te gee; maar Pinokkio laat hom iets wysmaak deur Jakkals en Kat en gaan met hulle saam
13. Die Herberg Die Rooi Kreef
14. Nadat Pinokkio nie wou luister na die goeie raad van die Praat-Kriek nie, ontmoet hy n paar rowers
15. Die rowers agtervolg Pinokkio en toe hulle hom in-haal, hang hulle hom op aan die tak van n groot eikeboom
16. Die Mooi Meisie met die blou hare laat die pop haal, sit hom in die bed en ontbied drie dokters om uit te vind of hy dood of lewend is
17. Pinokkio eet die suiker op, maar wil die purgasie nie drink nie. Hy drink dit egter as hy die doodgrawers sien wat hom kom haal. Dan vertel hy n leuen en as straf gaan sy neus aan die groei
18. Pinokkio vind Jakkals en Kat en gaan met hulle saam om die vier goudstukke in die Wonderveld te saai
19. Pinokkio word van sy goudstukke beroof en kry boonop vier maande tronkstraf
20. Uit die gevangenis verlos, gaan Pinokkio op pad na die goeie Fee, maar onderweg ontmoet hy n vreeslike slang en word 00k nog in n slagyster gevang . .
21. Pinokkio word deur n boer gevang, wat hom dwing om waghond by sy hoenderhok te speel

22. Pinokkio ontdek dat daar diewe is en ter beloning van sy getrouheid kry hy sy vryheid terug
23. Pinokkio betreur die dood van die Mooi Meisie met die blou hare; ontmoet daarna n duif, wat hom na die strand bring en daar gooi hy homself in die see om Jaap, sy vader, te help
24. Pinokkio kom op die eiland van die Vlytige Bye en vind die Fee terug………………………… .,
25. Pinokkio belowe die Fee om soet te wees en te leer, omdat dit hom verveel om langer n pop te bly en hy n goeie seun wil word
26. Pinokkio gaan met sy skoolmaats na die strand om die vreeslike haai te sien
27. Groot geveg tussen Pinokkio en sy maats; een van hulle word gewond. Pinokkio word deur die kon stabels gevang
28. Pinokkio loop gevaar om soos n vis in die pan gebak te word
29. Pinokkio kom in die huis van die Fee terug, en sy belowe dat hy op n sekere dag nie meer n houtpop sal wees nie, maar n seun sal word, n Groot koffieparty om hierdie gelukkige gebeurtenis te vier
30. In plaas van n seun te word, vertrek Pinokkio stilletjies met sy vriend Oliepit na Speelgoedland
31. Ná vyf maande in luilekkerland voel Pinokkio tot sy groot verbasing dat hy n mooi paar eselsore kry en n esel word met n stert en alles
32. Pinokkio kry eselsore. Hy word daarna regtig n esel en begin te balk
33. Toe hy nou n regte esel geword het, word Pinokkio mark toe gebring en aan n sirkus verkoop om te leer dans en deur hoepels te spring. Maar een aand word hy kruppel en toe koop iemand hom om van sy vel n tamboer te maak
34. Nadat Pinokkio in die see gegooi is, eet die visse hom op, en toe word hy weer n pop soos tevore; maar ter wyl hy probeer om weg te swem, sluk n tamaai groot haai hom in ..
35. Pinokkio vind in die liggaam van die haai… wie?
Lees hierdie hoofstuk en julle weet dit
36. Eindelik hou Pinokkio op om n pop te wees en word hy n egte seun ,, ,.